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THAT you may read in the comfort of your easy chair the story of the men who can your salmon, The Daily News sent Max Stern, reporter, to Alaska on a "hell ship." He signed a contract to work for a Chinese boss through the salmon season for \$170. He landed his job by buying his outfit from agents of the Chinese boss. He lived in the stinking hold of an ancient ship for a month, while the vessel plowed her way north. A miserable shanty, with roof so low he could not stand upright, housed him in the far north. Gambling, bootlegging, profiteering, exploitation, disease, danger, even death, marked the voyage that Stern took for readers of The Daily News. Stern's trip was the most unusual newspaper assignment of the year. His story—colorful, interesting, instructive—starts in The Daily News on Wednesday.

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V. WILLIAMS

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ave Excuses

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Jas. E. Percy, 715
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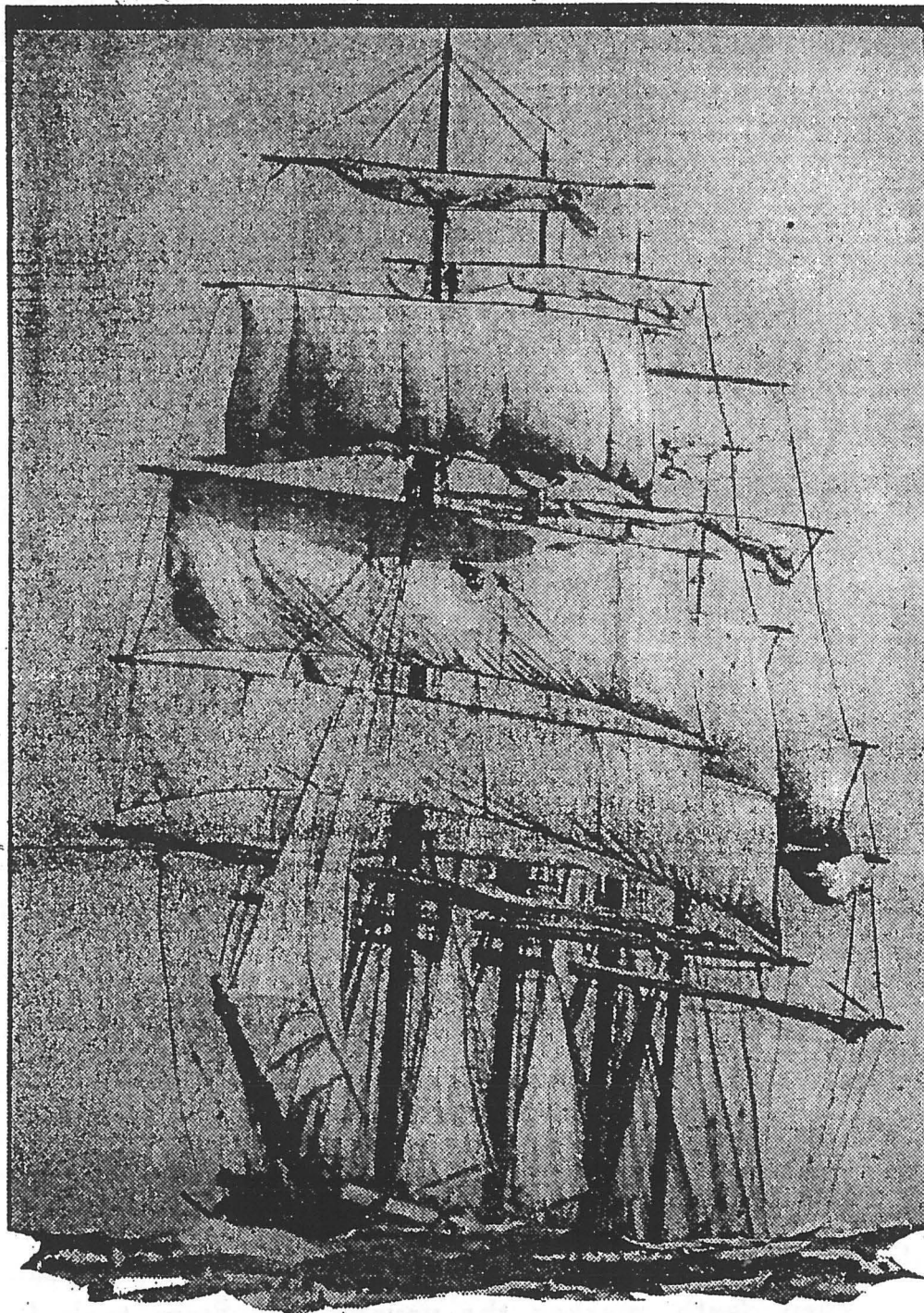
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OFF FOR ALASKA ON A WINDJAMMER



ON a nightmare voyage to isolated fish-
eries beyond Behring Sea sailed Max
Stern for readers of The Daily News. Be-
calmed, then storm-driven, Stern encoun-
tered many adventures, learned much of
man's inhumanity to man on his trip. For two
weeks one cup of water was issued to each
man—one cup of water for drinking and

washing. The food—two meals a day—was
next to impossible to eat, except the tempting
mince pie or the canned food FOR SALE
to the men. Disease, gambling, danger, even
death, sailed north from San Francisco bay
when he started on the most unusual news-
paper assignment of the year. Read it, every
chapter. It's more interesting than fiction,
more colorful, more instructive.

THE PRICE OF SALMON STARTS WEDNESDAY IN THE DAILY NEWS

FEDERATION WILL IGNORE G.O.P. LEA

Wilson Also to Be
Down, But Woolwine
Not a Certainty

BY VID LARSEN

Friend Richardson, re-
candidate for governor, w-
to make his fight without
port of the State Federation
bor, it seemed certain today
Saturday he broke with
of his party.

Every indication pointed
the federation's refusal to
Richardson at the convent
week.

Whether Thos. Lee W-
democratic candidate will
endorsement, is another m-

Labor leaders of the st-
here yesterday "to disc-
political situation."

While nothing definite
cided in the governor fl-
consensus of opinion seems
that Richardson could
trusted by labor.

Not for Wilson

Labor is equally certain
Stitt Wilson, striving to be
independent candidate, will
the federation's endorsement

Whether Woolwine will
can't be said, but it is al-
tain that if he doesn't, no

In the mixup which follow-
Richardson's repudiation
state republican central co-
because it named Alb't
chairman of the state cor-
Woolwine has gained cons-
strength, politicians were
to think today.

Called Names

Richardson, in his st-
called a lot of the boys
names—and these boys are
trol of the state republican
zation.

"We'll support the entire
litan ticket," said one of
gest men of the Boynton
Johnson group today.

But everyone seems agre-
the state committee will
much more time and money
ting Hiram Johnson electe-
senator than in getting Ric-
elected governor.

Will Forget Friend W

In fact, it is believed t-
Johnson organization in co-
the republican state party
get Richardson almost com-

This will, of course, work
Woolwine's advantage.

Richardson today was on l-
to Los Angeles to begin h-
paign independently of th-
committee.

And Woolwine, more co-
than ever, arrived in San Fr-
for the meeting of the den-
committee tomorrow. Much
democrats' confidence come
Richardson's bolt of Saturda-

TABS ON TOI

	Sun ris
	a m; at
	6:04 p m
	TIDES
	3:04 a
	2:27 p n
	8:03 a
	9:15 p m

MINERS AND WIDOWS



HOTEL LOBBY

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CLASH NEAR WITH TURKS

Kemalists Entrenching in In- vaded Neutral Zone

Constantinople, Sept. 27.—Reinforcements of Kemalists were reported here today entrenching in the neutral zone to strengthen the positions that have been seized in defiance of the allies.

Guns of the British in the waters adjacent to the Chanak area, where the British are entrenched, have been trained upon the Turks.

A clash is expected as soon as

Daily News Man Sails for North On Salmon Ship

FOREWORD

THOUSANDS of men are shipped each year out of Pacific coast ports to work in the Alaska salmon canneries under conditions as near to slavery as anything since ante-bellum days.

They are under contract to work, not for Americans, nor even for white men. They are hired out for the season to Chinese and Japanese over-lords.

Under that strange and feudal institution, the Chinese contract system, the Chinese boss not only pays the workers—he also feeds them and seeks in every manner to make them live under the labor conditions of his own slumbering civilization.

The workers sign unseen contracts.

They are loaded then into the stinking holds of antiquated wind-jammers that make up the salmon fleet.

The conditions under which the men work have earned for these boats the name, "hell ships."

They are held virtual prisoners for days on board by private guards that they may not escape before the ship sails. Then they are sent over perilous seas for a nightmare voyage to isolated fisheries beyond Bering Sea.

From 6 a m to 6 p m they work. And when the salmon run, work begins at 3 a m.

In some canneries miserable shanties house them.

And for this they receive as little as \$170 a season—\$34 a month.

But they are not permitted to collect that much.

The Chinese labor contractor hires a sub-contractor to do the actual employing of men. This sub-contractor is also an outfitter. And to get a job a man must order generously from him. The worker is not permitted to see the goods he buys and prices are exorbitant, considering the quality.

Gambling, bootlegging, profiteering, exploitation, disease, danger, death mark the voyage of the hell ships into the salmon fields.

To get the story of the salmon fleet The Daily News assigned Max Stern, University of California graduate and newspaperman of years of varied experience, to sign up with the "Chinee gang" and sail to Alaska.

For months he was with the cannery workers, aboard ship, in Alaska. He worked in the worst cannery in the northern territory and in the best. Stern and 71 others were packed into the dark, unventilated hold of an ancient ship, living on two miserable meals a day, for weeks given one cup of water a day for both drinking and washing, becalmed, storm driven—

That, in brief, is the story which Stern will unfold for The Daily News readers. Here is his first chapter.

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forcements of Kemalists were reported here today entrenching in the neutral zone to strengthen the positions that have been seized in defiance of the allies.

Guns of the British in the waters adjacent to the Chanak area, where the British are entrenched, have been trained upon the Turks.

A clash is expected as soon as the 48-hour ultimatum expires.

Sir Chas. Harrington, commander-in-chief of the British forces, is confident he will be able to cope with the situation if hostilities start.

He pointed out that the British fleet entirely dominates the area.

Fear Peace Endangered

Paris, Sept. 27.—Fears that the allied plan for peace in the near east would tumble like a house of cards were expressed today on receipt of the news that the Greek revolutionists had driven King Constantine from his throne.

The fact that the revolution was caused by army officials who wanted to fight the Turks to a finish to prevent their occupation of Thrace gave rise to these fears.

In case the rebels gain complete control, it was believed certain that an attempt would be made to defend Thrace, which the allies favored giving to Turkey.

POWER BILL FRIENDS TO MEET TONIGHT

Friends of the people's water and power bill will meet in the Oak room of the Palace hotel tonight to organize the San Francisco campaign.

TABS ON TODAY



Sun rises 6:02
a m; sun sets
6:01 p m.

TIDES—High,
5:29 a m and
4:31 p m; low,
10:05 a m and
11:29 p m.

WEATHER—
San Francisco,
Oakland and vic-
inity — Today
and Wednesday,

fair; gentle northwesterly winds.

TEMPERATURES

	High	Low
Boston	62	50
Chicago	64	56
New York	64	50
Los Angeles	88	66
Portland	62	52
Sacramento	80	54
San Diego	76	64
San Francisco	70	57
San Jose	78	58
Seattle	62	50

Alaska. He worked in the worst cannery in the northern territory and in the best. Stern and 71 others were packed into the dark, unventilated hold of an ancient ship, living on two miserable meals a day, for weeks given one cup of water a day for both drinking and washing, becalmed, storm driven—

That, in brief, is the story which Stern will unfold for The Daily News readers. Here is his first chapter.

CHAPTER 1

BY MAX STERN

GRANT-AV, San Francisco, is one of the most fascinating streets in the world, for in its short compass of a half-mile you can shop in the atmosphere of three civilizations.



MAX STERN

Its four blocks running north from Market-st are like New York's Fifth-av. It is here that Milady does her afternoon shopping.

The city's most exclusive stores spread gorgeous Parisian gowns in their ample show windows; flower vendors line the broad sidewalks; dainty tea-rooms tempt the smart shoppers into cool and fragrant rest.

The trackless street is filled with monogrammed limousines, driven by liveried chauffeurs. Success, leisure, refined well-being pervade its sunny expanse. It is the apex of a civilization that 150 years of American striving have wrought.

A short walk up a steep hill brings you to Sacramento-st and the gateway to the old world.

Here Grant-av narrows into the main thoroughfare of Chinatown. For a half-dozen blocks you walk, as in a dream, through a lazy maze of strange sights, sounds and odors.

Jade, ivory, silk, sandalwood, dragons and the images of strange gods pass before your eyes. Sidewalk displays of mangoes, mint, watercress, snails and abalones, crates of fowls, crowd you into the narrow, populous street. You pass meat shops filled with eels, cuttle fish, dried shrimp and other impossible creatures of the deep.

You gaze into stores stocked with queer oriental herbs, restaurants with ornate balconies under pagoda-crested eaves and dark basement steps, leading heaven knows where.

And under it and over it and through it swarms, like bees in a hive, the slant-eyed race of the Rising Sun, quiet and inscrutable, but decidedly busy with its own affairs.

At Columbus-av the street changes again. Here is the gateway to Little Italy. Of a sud-

A positive success

are the rimless semi-invisible "Colonials." For style value, design and practicality they have no equal—they are the best made today. They are typical of refinement—decidedly becoming—they lend an air of elegance and dignity, and their advantages from a scientific standpoint over the old style glasses are numerous.

Factory on Premises
Mission St. Merchants' Coupons Given

W. D. Farnsworth A. R. Farnsworth

California Optical
Makers of Eyeglasses
2508 Mission Street
181 Post St. San Francisco
1221 Broadway, Oakland
212 S. Market St. San Jose

IN the borderland between San Francisco's Chinatown and North Beach district is the establishment of Meyer & Young, where one may in the spring of the year secure a job with the Alaska salmon canneries if one purchases sufficiently from their stock. Arrow shows location of the store.



WILKENS JURY
PICKING SI OW

Charges Judge Accused
H: Of D:il: Cl:al

JAP KILLS MAN,
ENDS OWN LIFE

Daily News Man Sails To Alaska With Salmon Fleet

(Continued From Page 1)

den Grant-av has become the marketing street for the Neapolitan fisherfolk of North Beach and Telegraph Hill.

Bakeries of anise-seed bread, baccalatoes and pastries of a hundred shapes alternate with neat stores filled with green olives and olive oil, strong scented cheeses, dried fish, garlic sausages and green groceries, and through the street floats a pervasive, pungent smell, suggestive of cellars of good red wine.

BUT STRANGEST OF ALL IS SHOP WITHOUT STOCK WHICH SELLS ONLY "UNSIGHT, UNSEEN"

The stores of the three nations that line the sides of Grant-av are many and strange, but the strangest of them all is a certain gents' furnishing shop, run by J. S. Meyer and Solomon Young.

This store stands at a point on Grant-av where the exotic charm of the orient is fading into the picturesqueness of the Latin quarter. It is just north of Columbus-av, where for the moment the street becomes ugly and ordinary through the presence of a group of cheap lodging houses and shoddy shops.

It is a sort of Alice-in-Wonderland store.

It does a tremendous business and yet it needs only one clerk. This clerk can barely speak the English language.

Unlike any other store on the avenue its shelves are barren of goods, and its show windows hold no tempting display or design to attract the buyers.

In this store, customers may not see what they are buying until it is delivered to them, and then it is too late to exchange it if it does not fit or suit.

JOBS IN ALASKAN SALMON FIELDS, TOO, MAY BE BOUGHT IN THIS ESTABLISHMENT

In this store, tremendous profits are made on cheap goods and there are practically no bad debts to worry the proprietors. It is a sure-thing store.

It is in this store that is held the key to the labor situation in the Alaska salmon fields, and it was hither that I was walking one fine day last April in search of a job in the salmon canneries.

As I walked down Grant-av...

In the borderland where one may their stock. Arro



WILKENS JU PICKING

Apposition of Tal Hanging Brings

Just as everyone predicted that a jury to try took on a charge of...

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Negroes, Chinese, Mexicans and a few Americans form the "Chinee gang" of the Alaska salmon fleet. Here's a typical group, photographed in front of Meyer & Young's Chinatown store.

pty boy had finally succumbed to least have that waiting for, "But they're more expensive
A fat, his arguments and was being them when they get back. Ain't suits than working men need,"
measured by the Chinese boy, it better to have a suit on their I suggested.

neries.

As I walked down Grant-av toward this store I realized that I was in for the adventure of my life. I had been assigned by The Daily News to ship aboard one of the 40 wind jam-mers that each spring sail forth from San Francisco bay for the salmon fisheries of northwest Alaska. I was to go "incog" as one of the army of common laborers who put up the annual salmon pack for America.

Each year, for years, some bit of scandal indicating that all is not well with these workers had broken up through the undercrust and found its way into print.

STORIES OF NEGLECT, DISTRESS, DANGER AND EXPLOITATION COME FROM ALASKAN "HELL SHIPS"

In 1919 a crowd of college boys from the University of California, thinking that the voyage would be a lark, shipped on one of the Alaska Packers' ass'n barks. They planned to spend their vacations working in the canneries of Alaska.

But one night in the hold of the ship had been enough.

Two of them jumped over the side of the vessel as she lay one night in China Basin on the eve of sailing, and, swimming ashore, notified the police of conditions they had found.

A police launch was immediately dispatched and rescued the rest. Safe on shore again they described what they had seen, and what they told made good newspaper copy. Their stories confirmed much that had been told by returning workers, and it earned for the Alaska salmon boats the name they still bear—"Hell Ships."

The tales of neglect, distress, danger, privation and exploitation had not been confined to doings aboard the "Hell Ships." Life in the canneries on the shores of bleak Alaskan rivers and bays held its secrets, and some whispers of these secrets had come to be heard by social workers and even by the law-makers. My job was to uncover these secrets, if possible.

WHISKERS, SHABBY CLOTHES, ROOM IN CHEAP LODGING HOUSE PREPARE STERN FOR ADVENTURE

At the same time I had to keep my own secret. I had rented a room in a cheap lodging house, south of Market-st, and had taken an assumed name. I had raked together my oldest clothes and was wearing them. I had let my whiskers grow, and presented what I considered the picture of a regular blanket bum.

I had been directed to the store of Meyer & Young as the proper place to get myself hired. It seemed a strange thing to do, to go to Chinatown to get a job with the Alaska salmon packers. But I was expecting strange things.

When I got to the store, I'd ask some of the other white men about it. But when I hove in sight of this store, the sights that met my eye filled me with wonder.

(More tomorrow)

RICCARDI'S CASE

ILAROR INFORMATION

kens, on a charge of v would be selected before esmen summoned to th to show a disposition death penalty and fell peremptory challenges

Wilkins, rigid in his tened his eyes with a g on the faces of the me en who announced that decidedly opposed to circumstantial evidence

No Personalit

The third day of W opened quietly. Judge W torneys on both sides w

Eleven jurors were passed in the jury box fense had exercised five peremptory challenges, three of its 10.

"We'll have a jury be confidently predicted M sel for the defense an state knocked Michael Army-st, out of the b fourth challenge.

Clarence Hunt, 164 had a fixed opinion: 466 18th-av, was a form Asst. Dist. Att'y Golden McShane, 160 Carl-st, would place full credenc Castor's story; Robt. B lace-st, had a fixed op Deal, 251 14th-av, had a lon. All were excused.

Those in the box pa rarily, were:

MAXWELL BUOBER, 111 JAS. R. DUNCAN, 1071 P. MRS. ANNA MURRAY, 401 MRS. KATHLYN MCKER, 1 HOWARD C. TIBBETTS, 1

wich-st. CATHCART MAQUIN, 111 JOHN J. FITZGERALD, 1

son-st. H. A. A. MUNS, 1111 Sac HARRY WILLIAMS, 111 FRANK J. WARD, 1111

to See Great Father and Shak

Called From Washington, Sept Chief Hawnianas, from falo, N. Y., reserving Seneca Indians in Seneca is stalking home today for a with the Great White

Big Chief, who says to be called Charley first turned up at house in April. He has

WORKER MUST BUY JOB WITH ORDER FOR OUTFIT PLACED WITH LABOR CONTRACTORS

Article 2

READ THIS FIRST

MAX STERN, reporter, is assigned to go on a "fact ship" to Alaska salmon fields. He is told that workers are standing up at the store of MEYER & YOUNG, located on the boundary line between San Francisco's Chinatown and Little Italy. (NOW GO ON WITH STORY)

BY MAX STERN

IN front of the Alice-in-Wonderland store of Messrs. Meyer and Young stood a big crowd of men. As I came closer, I scanned the group for one of my own race. There was not an American in the crowd.

Most were Mexicans.

There were several colored men and two who appeared to be Polynesians. They

were idling in the sun, chatting among themselves or reading several paper signs pasted on the front of the glass show case.

Shelves Practically Empty

I entered the store. A fat, very dusky Mexican stood behind a glass show case, writing something at the direction of another Mexican on the opposite side. The show case was empty.

The shelves in back of the fat Mexican were barren of everything but an assortment of cheap suit cases. On the op-



Negroes, Chinese, Mexicans and a few Americans form the "Chinee gang" of the Alaska salmon fleet. Here's a typical group, photographed in front of Meyer & Young's Chinatown store.

boy had finally succumbed to his arguments and was being measured by the Chinese boy, "if I didn't sell 'em suits, they'd gamble all their money away with the Mexican boss on the way to Alaska."

Suit Better Than Nothing

I perceived that Young was really a philanthropist and was, through his sartorial efforts, saving the Alaskan workers from themselves. I indicated

least have that waiting for them when they get back. Ain't it better to have a suit on their backs than nothing at all?"

"But," I asked, "how are you sure of your money? If they are broke, you'll lose what you've put into the suit, won't you?"

Young beamed complacently.

"Don't worry, my friend."

"But they're more expensive suits than working men need," I suggested.

Young looked shocked, and I saw that I had offended the philanthropist in him.

Ah! Labor's Defender

"Nothing ain't too good for a working man," he replied. "A fine suit like that is just what they need. And ain't it better to have a fine suit like that for the winter than noth-

stocky man who appeared to be partly Spanish. Like his partner, Young, he wore a ring set with a magnificent-looking diamond. He looked hard at me. "What do you want?" he demanded. I told him I was out of work and wanted to go to Alaska. I said I had been doing clerical work, but that my eyes had given out and I had to have a rest.

"We ain't hiring any white men here, only Mexicans," he said.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well," he explained, "the Mexicans are very clannish and they don't like white men. It's dangerous to send white men along with 'em."

"But you do send white men," I insisted.

No Whites This Year

"Some," he admitted, "but this year there's plenty of Mexicans and we ain't sending any new whites along. You better try the Alaska Packers' office."

Discouraged, I turned toward the big offices of the A. P. A.

About 25,000 men were to be hired this year to gather in the Alaska salmon harvest. The biggest catch in four years was expected and great preparations were under way to ship full crews of fishermen and cannery workers.

I should have been hired without much trouble. I was

FIRST CHANCE
 Falls, Sept. 28.—From
 service men will have
 in filing on the 10,000-
 be opened here Oct. 27
 ment.

Sept. 28.—Posses are hunt-
 for Chas. Campbell,
 for days. He's been in

Sept. 28.—It was not until
 reached an alleged shop-
 the merchants of town
 been robbed.

Sept. 28.—Rumors
 eastern Pacific, now own-
 Sacramento Northern
 tends to shove its lines
 and thus tap 200,000
 es. is denied today by
 of the railroad.

PORT
 Sept. 28.—Fruit men
 by freight car short-

Sept. 28.—The county
 to buy furniture for
 use on a two-year pay-
 But there's a big row
 her such a purchase
 gal.

SENT TO JAIL
 Sept. 28.—J. J. O'Hearn
 ability to driving a car
 Superior Judge King
 him to from one to 10
 an Quentin.

IS WORRY
 Sept. 28.—Grape
 with a bumper crop on
 are worrying over the
 e.

WO NOW
 Sept. 28.—Chas. Otterson
 police and fire chief and
 But now this town has
 chief, A. F. Herritt, who
 a month, and Otterson
 his efforts to putting
 \$150 a month.

Sept. 28.—Harry Hesse
 pal, Emerson Fish, 25,
 Shot. Fish is dead.

OLD
 Sept. 28.—J. H. Stenes
 to be the oldest Odd Fel-
 state. He's belonged for

RING
 Sept. 28.—Opal Mc-
 16, lone survivor of the
 uto crash in which 14
 tren were killed, is re-
 wly, it is reported. The
 us on Nov. 30, 1921.

DAL
 Sept. 28.—Miss
 Spencer, 15, swam the
 er to save a dog that
 aught in a muskrat trap
 island. Now she has a
 l, presented by the San
 lumene society and

The shelves in back of the
 fat Mexican were barren of
 everything but an assortment
 of cheap suit cases. On the op-
 posite side of the store was an-
 other show case, practically
 empty, and on the shelves be-
 hind it was nothing. In the
 back of the store was an office
 and upstairs to the rear was a
 mezzanine floor. It was evi-
 dently a combination employ-
 ment agency and outfitting
 store, but where were the out-
 fits?

I asked the fat Mexican for
 Meyer, who did the hiring. He
 indicated in broken English
 that he was out. Upstairs on
 the mezzanine floor I noted
 signs of life.

Business of taking measure-
 ments and orders for tailor-
 made suits was evidently un-
 der way. I went up to have a
 look. A very busy little Jew,
 wearing horn-rimmed glasses,
 was trying to sell a suit to a
 Mexican lad. At intervals he
 would give instructions to a
 Chinese boy, who was measur-
 ing another Mexican for a suit.

I glanced into a big adjoining
 room, and was surprised to see
 there two long rows of finished
 suits extending the entire
 length of the room. There
 must have been 250 of them.
 They all appeared to be cut in
 the most extreme fashion, but
 the goods was of the ordinary
 cheap sort.

The little Jew hustled in. He
 was evidently Young, and I so
 addressed him.

I told him I was looking for
 a job in Alaska as a cannery
 hand.

"You see Meyer," said
 Young. "He tends to that."

All for \$75

Young seemed affable and
 was inclined to be friendly. I
 noticed that he wore a gor-
 geous diamond ring. The Mex-
 ican boy didn't want the suit,
 and Young appealed to me.

"Ain't that a fine piece of
 goods for him?" he urged.
 "Say, he couldn't buy that suit
 ready-made for \$75 and here I
 am giving it to him tailor-made
 for that."

It looked like an ordinary
 piece of blue serge, but I didn't
 say so.

"You see," he began confi-
 dentially, when the Mexican

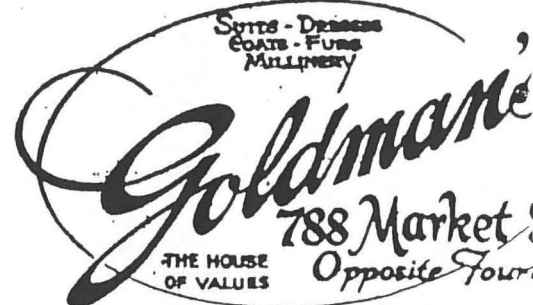
I perceived that Young was
 really a philanthropist and was,
 through his sartorial efforts,
 saving the Alaskan workers
 from themselves. I indicated
 that his was a noble calling.

"Yes," he continued, "these
 Mexicans are awful gamblers.
 Sometimes they come back
 from Alaska with nothing at
 all. Well, if I can get them to
 order a good suit, they'll at

you!"
 Young beamed compla-
 cently.

"Don't worry, my friend,"
 he assured me, tapping me
 gently on the collarbone.
 "They get paid off right here
 strength, or our age and ex-
 in this store. And I'm the first
 man on the job. Even if they
 owe the Mexican boss every-
 thing, I come first, see!"

This Store
 will be
 Closed
 all day
 Monday.



FRIDAY AND SATURDAY, "THE HOUSE OF
 GREAT MONTH-END

**Suits---Dresses
 Coats and Wraps**

\$25

*A big new shipment of Fashion
 Masterpieces at an almost
 unbelievably low price.*

Suits of Poiret Twills, Tricotines and Velours
 —some fur-trimmed—braided and
 embroidered—women's and misses' sizes.

Dresses of Satin-back Crepes, Canton Crepes
 Crepe Romaine, Poiret Twill, Tricotine and
 Chiffon Velvet. New styles for all occasions.

Coats and Wraps—Normandies, Fashona,
 fine Velours—most of them with Wolf or
 Beaverette collars—modish garments, all sizes.

*Received just in time, and very specially
 priced for the Month-End Sale—*

Plain Tailor Suits

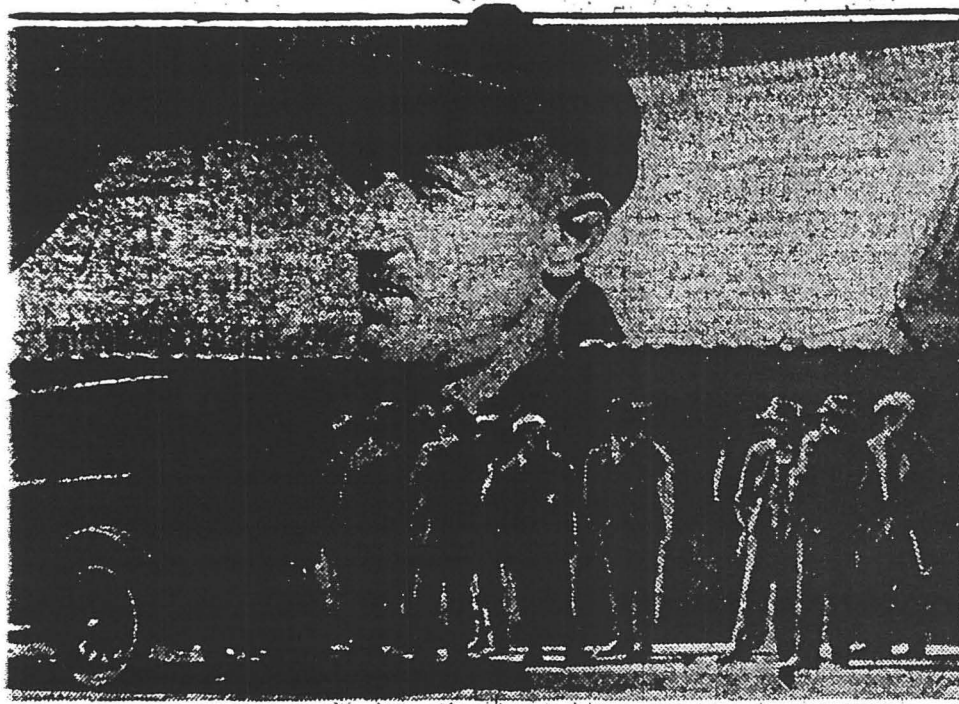
—of fine Poiret Twill, in latest long-length coat models **\$29.50**

Sealine Co.
 like picture

\$69.50

MUST BUY JOB WITH ORDER FOR PACKED WITH LABOR CONTRACTORS

Article 2



groes, Chinese, Mexicans and a few Americans form the "Chinee gang" of the Alaska salmon here's a typical group, photographed in front of Meyer & Young's Chinatown store.

finally succumbed to the temptations and was being led by the Chinese boy. He didn't sell 'em suits, but he amble all their money with the Mexican boss on to Alaska."

Better Than Nothing

I lived that Young was a philanthropist and was, by his sartorial efforts, he Alaskan workers themselves. I indicated was a noble calling.

he continued, "these are awful gamblers. As they come back to Alaska with nothing at all, if I see another man

"But they're more expensive suits than working men need," I suggested.

Young looked shocked, and I saw that I had offended the philanthropist in him.

Ah! Labor's Defender

"Nothing ain't too good for a working man," he replied. "A fine suit like that is just what they need. And ain't it better to have a fine suit like that for the winter than nothing at all!"

Meyer entered below and I went after my job.

Meyer was a dark-skinned

No want too large
No want too small

stocky man who appeared to be partly Spanish. Like his partner, Young, he wore a ring set with a magnificent-looking diamond. He looked hard at me.

"What do you want?" he demanded. I told him I was out of work and wanted to go to Alaska. I said I had been doing clerical work, but that my eyes had given out and I had to have a rest.

"We ain't hiring any white men here, only Mexicans," he said.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well," he explained, "the Mexicans are very clannish and they don't like white men. It's dangerous to send white men along with 'em."

"But you do send white men," I insisted.

No Whites This Year

"Some," he admitted, "but this year there's plenty of Mexicans and we ain't sending any new whites along. You better try the Alaska Packers' office."

Discouraged, I turned toward the big offices of the A. P. A.

About 25,000 men were to be hired this year to gather in the Alaska salmon harvest. The biggest catch in four years was expected and great preparations were under way to ship full crews of fishermen and cannery workers.

I should have been hired without much trouble. I was young and husky. That was in my favor, I thought. And I was an American.

The companies were hiring

their own skilled workers. These included fishermen, the beach gangs, cooks, mechanics and their helpers. The Alaska Packers' ass'n was the largest company on the coast and last year operated 15 canneries and twice that many ships.

The freight elevator took me to the superintendent's offices. The hallway and rooms were packed as tight as a salmon can with men. We were told that for the skilled jobs there were 10 men for every place.

Rejected

For several days I stood in line with the rest. We were willing to sell our youth and perience at the company's own figure, but we were not wanted at any price. I tried two other companies with the same result. I was told that they were filled up.

The unskilled hands for the salmon canneries form the bulk of the labor shipped to Alaska. There are between 12,000 and 15,000 of these. About 5000 ship out of San Francisco and the rest hire out of Seattle, Portland, Astoria and other Columbia river points. A small number is recruited from the native population of Alaska.

I walked back to Chinatown and mingled with the crowd in front of Meyer's store. Presently I spied a frowsy little man, very old and feeble, but through the dirt on his face I could discern that he was white.

Must Buy a Job

"Are ye goin' to Alaska?" he asked me.

I told him I wanted to go, but

that the prospects weren't any too good. To my surprise, he informed me that he had just signed to go on Saturday. He was being sent to the "salt station" on the Beulah, a neat little schooner, he remarked. He said he had been to Alaska a number of times. Just what a rickety little man, past 70 years, could do to make himself useful in strenuous Alaska, was a puzzle to me.

"How are conditions in Alaska?" I asked.

"Fine," he said, eyeing me suspiciously.

"Gawd, I'm thirsty," he remarked after a while. "Got any money?"

I had a little, so he beckoned me to follow him. We entered a saloon a few doors down and he ordered whisky at 50c a throw. After a couple of drinks of bootleg, he remarked that I was a pretty good fellow.

"You say things are all right up in Alaska?" I asked again.

"No, they're rotten," he confessed under the mellow spell of the bootleg. "I go because I can't do anything else. I'm too old, and I'm not much good."

So this was the secret! Men bought their way to Alaska jobs by ordering suits and outfits from Meyer and Young, sub-contractors. I determined to try to buy my way. Perhaps even under the handicap of being an American and a white man, I could enter with the same key.

(More tomorrow)

"Most Heat for Money" — HI-HEAT COAL. Ask your dealer. CENTRAL COAL CO., 656 Eighth St. Phone Park 218.—Adv.



**NOW--EVERY WOMAN
CAN LOOK SLENDER!**

Stylish Stout

Sizing System

WHEEL ORTER SIGNS UP WITH S. F. FIRM TO WORK IN ALASKA FOR CHINESE BOSS

Article 3

READ THIS FIRST

MAX STERN, reporter, is assigned to ship to the Alaska salmon fields on a "hull ship" sailing out of San Francisco. He learns that men are signed up at the shop of MEYER & YOUNG, outfitters located at the boundary between San Francisco's Chinatown and little Italy. He applies there but is rejected. He is turned down at the offices of the salmon canning companies, but an old man, made friendly by the purchase of moonshine, tells Stern that a job can be secured if one buys liberally at the store of Meyer & Young.

(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

BY MAX STERN

THE rickety little white man had given me the key to unlock the door of an Alaska salmon job. It was the same sort of a key that unlocks most doors in America. It was a silver key.



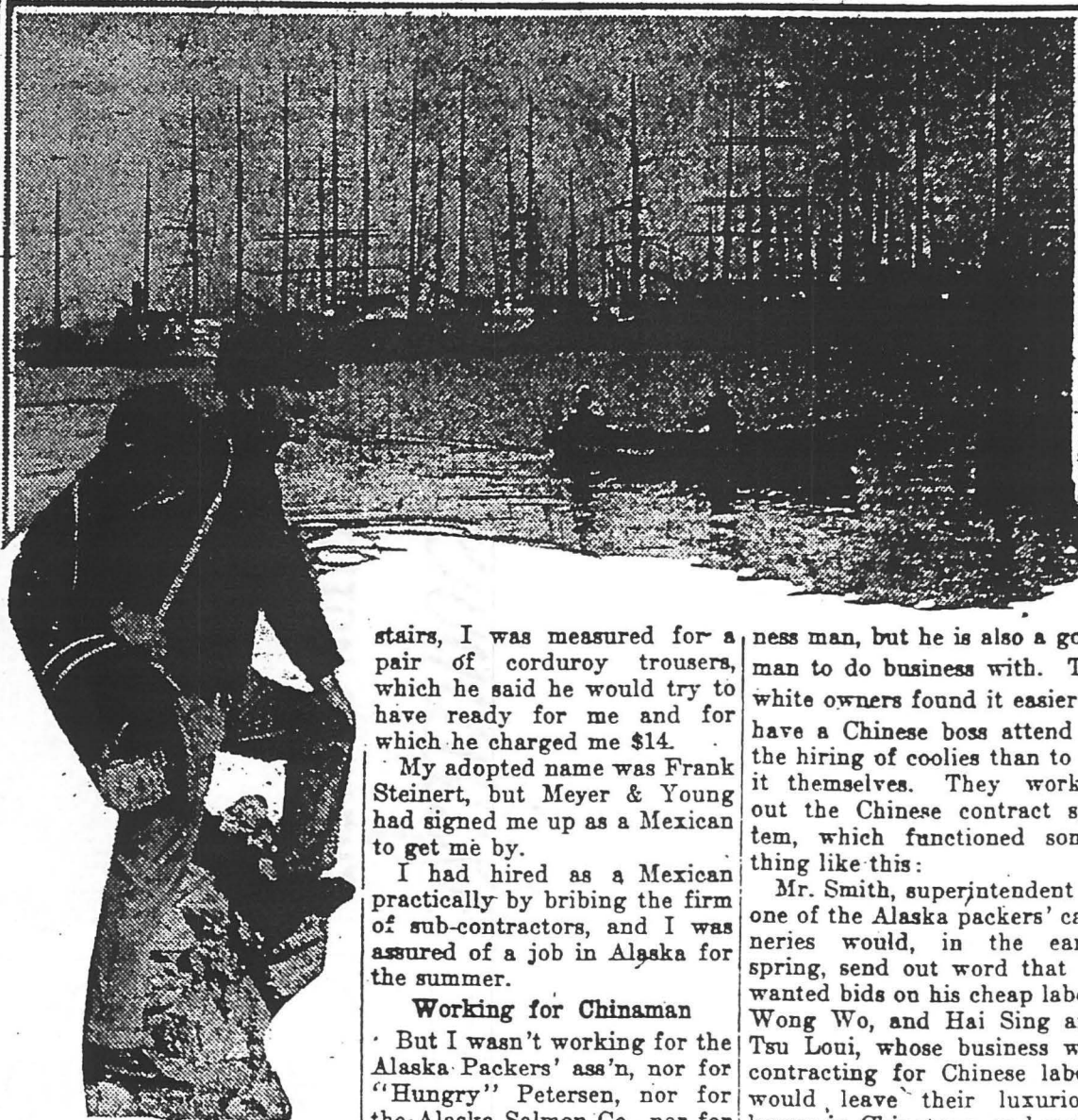
MAX STERN

But I had been turned down once by Meyer, and I could think of no way to insert the key. What I needed was a pull.

As I was walking down Howard-st again, I passed several little one-horse employment agencies, almost deserted because of the lack of jobs on file. A sudden whim made me turn into one of them.

"I want to go to Alaska," I told a stout, overdressed man, who emerged from the rear.

He told me to try the Alaska Packers' ass'n. I told him I



In fall these boats are towed to some quiet spot in San Francisco

stairs, I was measured for a pair of corduroy trousers, which he said he would try to have ready for me and for which he charged me \$14.

My adopted name was Frank Steinert, but Meyer & Young had signed me up as a Mexican to get me by.

I had hired as a Mexican practically by bribing the firm of sub-contractors, and I was assured of a job in Alaska for the summer.

Working for Chinaman

But I wasn't working for the Alaska Packers' ass'n, nor for "Hungry" Petersen, nor for the Alaska Salmon Co., nor for any other duly incorporated firm of salmon packers. Neither was I working for the firm

ness man, but he is also a good man to do business with. The white owners found it easier to have a Chinese boss attend to the hiring of coolies than to do it themselves. They worked out the Chinese contract system, which functioned something like this:

Mr. Smith, superintendent of one of the Alaska packers' canneries would, in the early spring, send out word that he wanted bids on his cheap labor. Wong Wo, and Hai Sing and Tsu Loui, whose business was contracting for Chinese labor, would leave their luxurious homes in Chinatown and make for the offices of the superintendent. He wanted the labor.

southeastern Alaska a number of crews are all Japanese. But these work for a Japanese boss.

The dwindling of the Chinese labor is shown by figures for 1920. There were 27,482 workers employed in Alaskan fisheries, out of which 16,052 were whites; 3733 natives; 2369 Chinese; 1445 Japanese; 1587 Filipinos; 1679 Mexicans; 307 negroes and 310 miscellaneous workers.

More Mexicans Now

In western Alaska or the Bristol bay region, where the newest developments have taken place, there were 1227 Mexicans to 691 Chinese. This year the proportion was nearer three to one.

But the new workers didn't work for the Chinese boss as well as the old ones. The Occidentals don't relish rice, tea and seaweed. Each year "belly strikes" and mutinies enlivened the trips to Alaska. At one cannery, it became necessary one year for the U. S. marshal to step in and order the Chinese boss to feed his new workers suitable food, under threat of calling in the revenue cutter and having them all taken to their homes in San Francisco.

It was not only the food that led to dissatisfaction. The idea of being hired to work by and for a Chinese boss didn't appeal to the Americans.

Chinese Use Ruse

Instead of giving up the system, a ruse was resorted to.

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CAPE LCATRAZ

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turn into one of them.

"I want to go to Alaska," I
told a stout, overdressed man,
who emerged from the rear.

He told me to try the Alaska
Packers' ass'n. I told him I
had and failed to get a job.

"I'd be willing to go Chinese
gang, if they'd hire a white
man," I remarked. "I've got
a little money I'd be glad to
spend on an outfit with any-
body who'd help me sign up."
I jingled several dollars in my
pocket.

"Pull" Costs \$2

"I'll see what I can do," he
said briskly, and retired to a
phone in the rear.

I heard him call up Young in
Chinatown. He said something
about a friend who wanted to
go to Alaska. Then his voice
dropped and I could not hear
the rest.

Presently he came out with a
note he had written to Young.
He handed it to me with in-
structions to see Young. He
charged me \$2, a fee for "fur-
nishing correct information to
secure employment."

My informant was R. S.
Mitchell of the firm of Mitchell
& Co.

I had my pull. It had cost
me only \$2, but it did the work.

I recrossed Market-st to
Chinatown again. At the store
I handed the letter to Young.
It acted like magic. He nodded
toward the fat Mexican who
stood like a wooden Indian be-
hind the glass showcase.

"Sign Up" Order Slip

"Go over and sign up," he
said.

"Signing up" was a lengthy
process. I expected that my
name and address would be
taken with the name of some
member of my family, possibly.
But, instead, the Mexican
fished out a blue order slip and
set it before me.

He took only my name, an
assumed one. I had gone to the
trouble of renting a room, but
it was an entirely unnecessary
precaution. Not once in the
entire trip was I asked where
I lived; nor was I asked to give
the name of anyone to notify in
case of illness or death.

But I was given a number,
which I bore like a convict all
throughout the season. I was
No. 514.

While I was ordering, Meyer
came in. He looked suspicious-
ly at me and muttered some-

In fall these boats are towed to
some quiet spot in San Francisco
bay for the winter. In spring
they're pulled out for a trip to the
Alaska salmon fields. Fit for
nothing else are these ancient
vessels. Below, Max Stern, as he
landed on the pier, back from the
fisheries.

thing to Young. But Young
assured him that I was "a
friend of Mr. Mitchell" and it
was "all right."

I remembered what the rick-
ety little old man had told me
about buying heavily, but hav-
ing only a few dollars I sug-
gested that I come back later
to buy the outfit.

Credit Good

The Mexican reassured me
that, the money for the outfit
would come out of my wages
and I didn't need the cash.

The slip was in the form of
a printed bill. On the head was
the firm's name, "The S.
Young Tailoring Co., Alaska
Outfitters, Gents' Furnishing
Department."

The prices seemed pretty
high, but I figured that the
articles must be exceptionally
good. I was going to a rigor-
ous climate and on a cold trip,
and needed clothing and covers
of the best and heaviest variety
even if they did cost more.

I asked the Mexican where
the things were. I thought I'd
like to see them before I
bought.

Buy Unseen Articles

"We send 'em to you on
boat," he assured me. "No got-
tem here." I had to be satis-
fied.

My bill totaled \$62.75. It
was a big one for a summer job
that would only net me \$170 at
most, but I needed everything
I had ordered and more, too.
I had many of the things on
Young's list and had I been a
bona fide down-and-outer I
would have needed many more
things, to keep me in comfort.
Later, I learned that my bill
was not exceptional in size.
Most of them ranged from \$20
to \$60, but some went as high
as \$100.

From Young's tailor shop up-

If it's gas in
your stomach
EOPA GAS TABLETS
will antidote it.

Alaska Packers' ass'n, nor for
"Hungry" Petersen, nor for
the Alaska Salmon Co., nor for
any other duly incorporated
firm of salmon packers. Neith-
er was I working for the firm
of Meyer & Young.

I had hired out to a myster-
ious and wealthy Chinaman.

I did not know my boss. In
the entire trip, I did not once
hear his name. It was days be-
fore I knew that my boss was
an unknown Oriental. But,
here was I, a white man and an
American, in the direct employ
of one of a race whose stan-
dards of living and whose so-
cial ideals are as widely differ-
ent from ours as day is from
night.

I was part of one of the
strangest and most un-Ameri-
can institutions that still sur-
vive to mock our democracy—
the Chinese contract system of
the Alaskan fisheries.

In the old gold rush days of
California, the cheap labor of
the foot-hill placer camps was
all done by Chinese coolies.
When in the '70's the first sal-
mon canneries were opened in
the Sacramento river, it was a
natural thing that the labor
should be done by Chinese. The
white owners had no other
workers to do their work. The
"Chinks" were good fishermen
and they were good workers.
In spite of Bret Harte's songs
from Truthful James "Chinese
cheap labor" didn't ruin the
white man in those days.

More salmon canneries were
put on the Sacramento river
and the fish soon gave out. The
industry moved to the Colum-
bia river and Puget Sound.
Then it pushed on to Alaska.

The first happy hunting
ground was southeastern Alas-
ka, then central Alaska, and
now it is Bristol bay and the
rivers that feed it with its un-
told millions of fish. In each
legion of the pioneer cannery,
the Chinese worker went along
to do the mucking and grilling
work in the canneries. They
became specialized, and the
same coolies went in the holds
of the salmon fleet year after
year. I met one Chinaman who
had been to Alaska each season
for 30 years.

Contract System Used

A Chinaman is a good busi-

contracting
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 ract System Used
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F. F. T. H.

Wong Wo, and Hai Sing and
 Tsu Loui, whose business was
 contracting for Chinese labor,
 would leave their luxurious
 homes in Chinatown and make
 for the offices of the superin-
 tendent. He wanted the labor,
 on, say, 45,000 cases of salmon.
 The orientals would submit
 bids. Tsu Loui would do the
 work for 35c a case. His bid
 was lowest and he got the con-
 tract. Henceforth all the wor-
 ry of hiring workers fell on his
 shoulders. He not only hired
 his men, but he fed them, and
 paid them off. The only res-
 ponsibility the superintendent
 had was to furnish them quar-
 ters in the forward hold of the
 ship and at the cannery.
 There was no signed agree-
 ment. The Chinese boss' word
 was sufficient.
 As long as the "China boss"
 hired only Chinese help the sys-
 tem proved fairly satisfactory.
 The coolies ate very little. Plen-
 ty of tea and rice and a little
 fish and seaweed sufficed to
 keep them in working order. At
 least there were no strikes.
 Then Coolies Barred
 But, as the years went on, the
 coolie labor situation became a
 social problem for California,
 and congress passed the Chi-
 nese exclusion act. The coolies
 began to thin out, and other la-
 bor had to be sought for the
 canneries. Negroes, whites,
 Filipinos and finally Mexicans
 were taken to fill in the ranks
 of the aging and dying Chinese
 veterans. With new canneries
 springing up each year, the sup-
 ply of yellow labor began to
 dwindle rapidly. But the con-
 tract system persisted.
 Japanese were tried, but they
 failed utterly to get along with
 the Chinese boss and the Chi-
 nese workers. In San Francis-
 co no Japanese laborers have
 been hired for several years. In
 the Puget Sound region and in



THE stenographer often suf-
 fers from headaches with-
 out realizing that the eyes
 may be the source of the trouble.
 If the eyes are imperfect, the

led to dissatisfaction. The idea
 of being hired to work by and
 for a Chinese boss didn't appeal
 to the Americans.

Chinese Use Ruse
 Instead of giving up the sys-
 tem, a ruse was resorted to.
 Tsu Loui let out the business of
 hiring his labor to a white sub-
 contractor, and himself retired
 into the dim background.

Hence the firm of Meyer &
 Young.
 The Chinese contractors of
 the salmon industry have made
 and are still making hundreds
 of thousands of dollars. Many
 of them have become million-
 aires, and ride about China-
 town in their limousines. In
 Seattle, Goon Dip, the Chinese
 consul general, is an Alaskan
 labor contractor. They have
 prospered and waxed fat in the
 land of their adoption. Their
 work has been purely parasiti-
 cal, and their road to prosper-
 ity has been paved with suffer-
 ing, privation and even death.
 But no step in the salmon in-
 dustry has, I am now convinced,
 proven more destructive to
 American labor ideals than this
 latest one.

I was to learn next day just
 how much new suffering had
 been added to the burdens of
 the salmon workers by the in-
 troduction of a second middle-
 man into the relations between
 master and man.
 (More tomorrow)

turn to page **6** *AND* **7**

"What happens
 when an irresist-
 ible force meets
 an immovable
 body?"
 The force—
 Foreman & Clark.
 The body—High
 clothing prices.
 The smash—Just
 see pages 6 and 7.

Foreman & Clark

Diamonds Cut Glass Jewelry
 Watches Silverware
 Expert Watch Repairing
PERCY F. CAHILL
 Diamond Setter and
 Manufacturing Jeweler
 2011 15TH AT MISSION
 San Francisco, Cal.

**WESTERN COLLEGE
 OF CHIROPRACTIC**
 Book Concern Bldg.
 1414 Broadway at Leavenworth

Max Thelen, former member of
 the railroad commission, spoke for
 the Southern Pacific. He said it
 was the plan of those opposing the
 separation to have the interstate
 commerce commission approve a
 plan which would include the Cen-
 tral Pacific in a consolidation with
 the Southern Pacific.



New Arrivals in
Shoes for V
 PRICED SPECI
\$4.85 *and* **\$**
 Many Styles to Cl
 in Black Kid and
 LATEST arrivals—the newest in
 Kid and Patent Colt. Smart
 Strap and Two-Strap effects! R
 ish, French and Walking Heels.
 at these prices! Let us show them

See our large line of Sat
\$4.85 \$5.85
Men's FIT-EEZ
 Now at LOWERED
\$3.75 \$4.75

ON OVER CEMETERY

le Over Laurel Hill oval of Dead

records of the Laurel y ass'n must be brought prior court next Friday. antime the legal fight ee who would sell a rel Hill cemetery and against the sale will

fight started late yese Superior Judge War. Crescent City, sitting lood, who is ill.

de is former Appellate n. chief owner of the cemetery and representation, which officially a strip of its property ray.

her side are a number rs. represented by Atty Sargent, whose father n the cemetery, and Easton, also interested against cemetery re-

shes to sell the prop- 50,000. Sargent and that if it's sold the d be spent in beautify- erty.

they are fighting removal of the bodies itions.

ge that the old rural is still in effect. Hal- isn't because of later

oks Ordered rday W. V. Reese, secie association, was on The protestants against ed him a flock of ques- where money collect- what attorney's fees paid, what they were

wanted to know in the cemetery the bod- nderick, Fair and S- ed. didn't tell them so the brought in. legal fight is whether metery law is still in

MINDED? YOU'RE LUCKY?

ndedness is an indicat- to concentrate, ac- Prof. C. E. Chapman iversity of California. out the large num- bers who go through etting pencils, eraser, nd graduate with gra-

s and students are ted to absent-minded- average individual," hapman. "It is a state e to absorption in a ct."

FEDERATION RIVE FOR CASH

ation of Jewish Char- nounced a deficit of he year 1922. Accord- budget, the federation 0,000 yearly and has an- ly \$230,000. The work- pled themselves to ough canvass of the munity, beginning Oct- rt to raise the amount the efficient carrying ous activities of the

LIGHTING R. Y. M. I. DANCE

ighting will feature the a to be given Tuesday e Y. M. I. ballroom by ation. atties in charge is com-

Twiford, Mrs. Fritz P- Madeline Braxton, Isabelle Holian, Mary Burke, Marie le Fraser, Elizabeth Roy- ard, Rita Podesta, Estelle Podesta, Camille Landy, and Helen Degregoria.

ATION SAYS DEFEAT NO. 16

THE PRICE OF SALMON

ANCIENT SHIPS FORM FLEET THAT SAILS NORTH EACH SPRING

Article 4

READ THIS FIRST MAX STERN, representative of the Alaska fishing fleet. By ordering \$2.15 worth of squid from the labor sub-contractors and suppliers MEYER & YOUNG, in San Francisco's Chinatown, he is able to land the job. (NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

ARTICLE IV

BY MAX STERN ON Saturday morning I set out for the store of Meyer & Young.



I had not expected to start so early. It was only Apr. 15 and the greater part of the salmon fleet was not due to sail before the first of May. Only two or three ships had set out up to that time.

When I arrived at the store, I found that the "gang" had already gone. A few stragglers like myself were there, however.

Calling to a tall Mexican, Meyer told him to get into an automobile that had drawn up to the curb in the narrow street and drive us to the wharf. There were two of us in the back seat, a swarthy Mexican lad and myself.

Lands on Three-Masted Bark

We wound around strange byways and over streets that skirted Telegraph Hill. I had expected to be taken to one of the piers south of the San Francisco Ferry building, from which the Alaska Packers' ass'n ships set out. Mitchell, of the employment agency, had specified this company, and I had understood from Meyer that I was going on one of the A. P. A. ships.

Instead, we drew up at Pier 29, a few blocks north of the Ferry building.

It was a lazy spring morning, as I stepped out on the pierhead for the first look at my ship, drawn up beside the dock. She was a three-masted wooden bark of medium length. Her sides were dingy red with a black and yellow border, and her furled sails a dirty gray.

Good Only for Fishing

She was one of a great fleet of superannuated wind-baggers which have been driven from the byways of the sea by steel and steam. Unfit for any other trade they are sent into the "boneyard" of the Oakland estuary, or to the flats off Belvedere across from the Golden Gate. Here they lie during the winter months. In the spring, they are hauled forth, given a going-over and sent up to the Alaskan fisheries.

Many of them are ex-whalers, but some are right proud and noble old craft which, in their day, have battled their way around the Horn, or to the South Seas and China in mer-



The stuff with which Meyer & Young's mattresses are made forms lumps, and skids about—not an ideal bed to lay on bare boards in a chilly Alaska spring. Here's Max Stern holding up his translucent mattress.

chant service, with precious cargoes in their holds.

One 60 Years Old

One ship, which made the trip this year, the Star of Chile, was built in England in 1863, nearly 60 years ago. Several others which took the voyage were built in the 70s. The one on which I had shipped was built in New Boston in 1882.

As she lay there, being lapped by the blue ripples of San Francisco bay, she seemed strangely out of place. In the bright surroundings of that gorgeous spring day, she suggested a pirate ship that had slipped into harbor in the dead of night.

I climbed aboard over a rope-ladder, hauled up my suitcase with me and dropped onto the deck. The decks were dirty and the smell of pigs permeated the air.

A flat-faced Chinaman, wearing carpet slippers, was feeding a covered penful of swine, lashed aboard just forward of the boat deck. Aft was another penful, being tended by a white man. The two were en-

gaged in a violent quarrel over some feed, and were calling each other vile names across the length of the ship.

"Gang" There

I found that the "gang" had come, but had left because the "papers" were not ready. I deposited by suitcase with a greasy-looking youth, I later learned was second cook of the Chinese-galley, and told him I would call for it later on. The tall Mexican was waiting for me ashore and instructed me to return in the afternoon.

As I wandered around the dock, I noticed another and much smaller ship tied along-shore on the opposite side. She was a little schooner Beulah bound, I learned, for the "salt station" 90 miles farther north than our own destination.

The schooner was much neater and cleaner than our old bark and was filled with a cargo of lumber, but her size made me shudder when I thought of the seas through which we were about to plow.

I determined that I would not go to the salt station if I could

help it. I was relieved to learn later that all the "Chinese gang" would go on the bark. I went uptown for my last meal ashore.

At about 2 o'clock in the afternoon I showed up again at the dock. I was a bit late, for already a big crowd of men had gathered on the forward part of the deck.

\$10 for Each

I hung on the outskirts of the gang and watched proceedings.

Meyer was in the center, directing operations. Near his side was a Mexican I had not seen before, holding a paper to which the members of the "crew" were signing their names. Nearby was a tall, lean Chinaman. As soon as they had signed the paper, the Chinaman handed them a little paper book, containing inside a \$10 bill. A policeman stood nearby.

The crowd was mostly made up of Mexicans. There were a number of negroes, however.

One old negro, a veteran of 10 Alaskan seasons, was about to be left out by Meyer. The Chinaman had entered some objection to him. He appealed to the policeman.

"He's all right," asserted the officer. "He was in that trouble up at 'Hungry' Petersen's when the strike was on. You remember, he kep' right on working!"

"All right," the Chinaman assented and the colored man was signed up.

Big Order Big Help

Another dasker, even older, looked like a loser. Meyer continually avoided him. Finally, the Chinaman interceded and he was given his book and \$10. I later learned that he had tried to be "foxy" and had ordered only \$3 worth of outfit from Meyer & Young.

As soon as the men were signed up they were hurried toward the hold and sent down into the companion way.

Presently Meyer spied me. There were at least a dozen men ahead of me in the line, but he beckoned violently and I went toward him.

He seized my shoulder and pushed me ahead of all the rest. "Sign here," he said.

I realized the reason for my popularity. I had ordered \$62.75 worth of merchandise from his store and more than a third of what I would make for the season would go into his till.

(More tomorrow)

3 BALLS FOR MINER FAN

Stage Folk Will At in Each Hot

Tonight the drive f aid the Argonaut mine will end in three balls at the Fairmont, St. Palace hotels.

The theaters of Sa have offered the use o on their bills this week folk will perform at balls, traveling from other in automobiles.

The honor guests of will be the five res who were brought to cisco by The Daily i in raising funds. Th be at all the balls du ing.

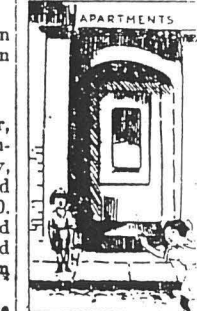
A delegation from J ed by Wm. D. Tam wi at the dances. They invited by the commit of the balls to attend atives of Jackson.

Mayor Rolph is to different affairs. Va and organizations will pentatives.

INSTITUTE WILL

The autumn dansat Institute No. 2 will b Y. M. I. ballroom, 50 day evening, Oct. 17. ment committee incl Agnes M. Haley, chair- rari, Lucile M. Donahue, Loreta Collins, Julia Mur luemini, Angelina Bine, J hua, Gladys Myers, Flore- sen, Florence Barry, Cui- Marie O. Neill, Julia B- Kenna, Emily Hearnay, Anna Bradley, Ethel Gra- ette Riley.

No want too large No want too small THE DAILY NEWS Can supply them al



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THE PRICE OF SALMON

SIGNS UNSEEN CONTRACT, HELD LIKE PRISONER ABOARD SHIP

Article 5

READ THIS FIRST
MAX STERN, reporter, is assigned to ship in the "Chinese gang" on one of the Alaska "hoi ships," running to the salmon fields. By buying a large outfit from the labor sub-contractors and outfitting.
MEYER & YOUNG, he is able to get a job. He goes aboard his ship, tied to a San Francisco pier.
(NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

BY MAX STERN

THE Mexican assistant to Meyer held out a paper for me to sign. It had no reading matter on it as far as I could see. It appeared to be only a list of names.

I didn't like to sign it without knowing what it was, but I noticed all the others signed hurriedly and without question, and the rest were crowding me from behind. I did what the rest had done. I took the pen that was handed me and signed my assumed name.

The thing I had signed I learned later was the contract. Not one of the "crew" as far I could see had been given an opportunity of reading it. And yet it was an agreement to work for from five to six months at any unspecified number of hours a day.

Sign "Sight Unseen"

If one quit he would be breaking the contract he had signed "sight unseen." We had simply bound ourselves over for the season to work for a Chinese labor contractor for \$170 and board. His power it was to set the length of the season, the number of hours a day we should work, the kind of and the amount of food we should eat, and the sort of places we would sleep in.

All the terms of our "servitude" were in his hands. We did not know his name or address. And we had not seen the contract that bound us.

"Shan't I give my address?" I asked anxiously.

"Never mind," answered Meyer over my shoulder.

Here we were, about to leave family and friends to sail to an unknown land, to go on one of the most perilous paths which the ships of the earth traverse, our lives would be beset with dangers of infection and disease. And yet our "boss" had not taken the trouble to write down our addresses.

Goes "Below"

If I became one of those hundreds whose bodies have been



Off for Alaska. Men of a score of nationalities make up the "Chinese gang" of the Alaska fishing fleet. Here are types.

left in the frozen earth of Alaska by the salmon packers, my family would be none the wiser until the end of the trip in mid-September.

I was handed a small paper-bound book. On the outside was something written in Chinese. It was, I believe, my number. Inside was the \$10 green-back, an advance on my \$170 wage.

Meyer pushed me toward the companion way leading to the "China Hold" and told me to go below. I got my suit case and descended.

It was dark, save for a stream of light that came through the hatchway. Scourrying about in the dim recesses of the ship's insides were the figures of my shipmates. They were holding candles they had bought from a caged in "store" in the corner.

No Ventilation

Each was selecting his bunk from a series of four rows that took up nearly all the space. Between the rows of bunks a passageway extended back into darkness. The passageway was about two and a half feet wide.

The bunks, the sides and roof had been whitewashed at one time, but they were far from clean now. The bunks were made for two men and were in tiers extending to the deck-bottom, three high.

I could see no means of ventilation, so I selected the one nearest the hatch-hole I could find.

I had also heard that "coot-

ies" are rarer on the top bunks than on the bottom ones, so I climbed up to the top one and deposited my baggage.

I then returned to get some fresh air. As I walked up the companion-way, I noticed Meyer standing above me near the opening of the hole.

Guamense Is Boss

He frowned and motioned me to stay below.

I did not understand why. It was probable that he wanted to be protected against any complaint about my color. Whether the big Chinese boss had come aboard or whether it was the superintendent, I did not know. I only knew that Meyer did not want me to be seen on deck right then.

The air was very bad and some moments later I tried again to ascend. Meyer had gone from his post and I went up into the sun. Meyer was some feet away, speaking with a slight little man with a dark skin, well dressed in a blue serge suit and giving forth a generally friendly appearance. Meyer beckoned to me.

"Here is your boss," he said. "You do everything he tells you and you'll keep out of trouble."

My boss was a native of Guam, Uncle Sam's little island in the South seas. He could talk a fluent Spanish and had been promoted this year from

cook to head of the Chinese gang. He answered to the name of Ben.

Prisoner on Ship

Ben was one of a half dozen Guamense on board. These included the second boss, and the first and second cook of the Chinese Gang galley. They were a gentle, kindly group of little brown men, and were much superior in mind and physique to the Filipinos aboard.

I asked Ben when were we going to sail. He told me Tuesday. That meant three days tied up to the dock.

I was desperately anxious to go ashore for these days, so I broached it to Ben, my boss. He shook his head emphatically.

"You've been given \$10," he said. "You can't go ashore."

I offered to leave the \$10, my luggage and even a \$100 watch I had foolishly brought along, as an earnest of my return. He refused positively.

I looked longingly over the side of the ship. I thought I'd chance going ashore to see what would happen. As I started down the gang plank, a guard halted me.

"Can't go ashore," he said.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Rules of the company," he replied.

The \$10 bill had made me a prisoner.

(More tomorrow)

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NEW

THE PRISONER ABOARD SHIP

Article 5

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pier, and signs a con-
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(WITH THE STORY)

X STERN

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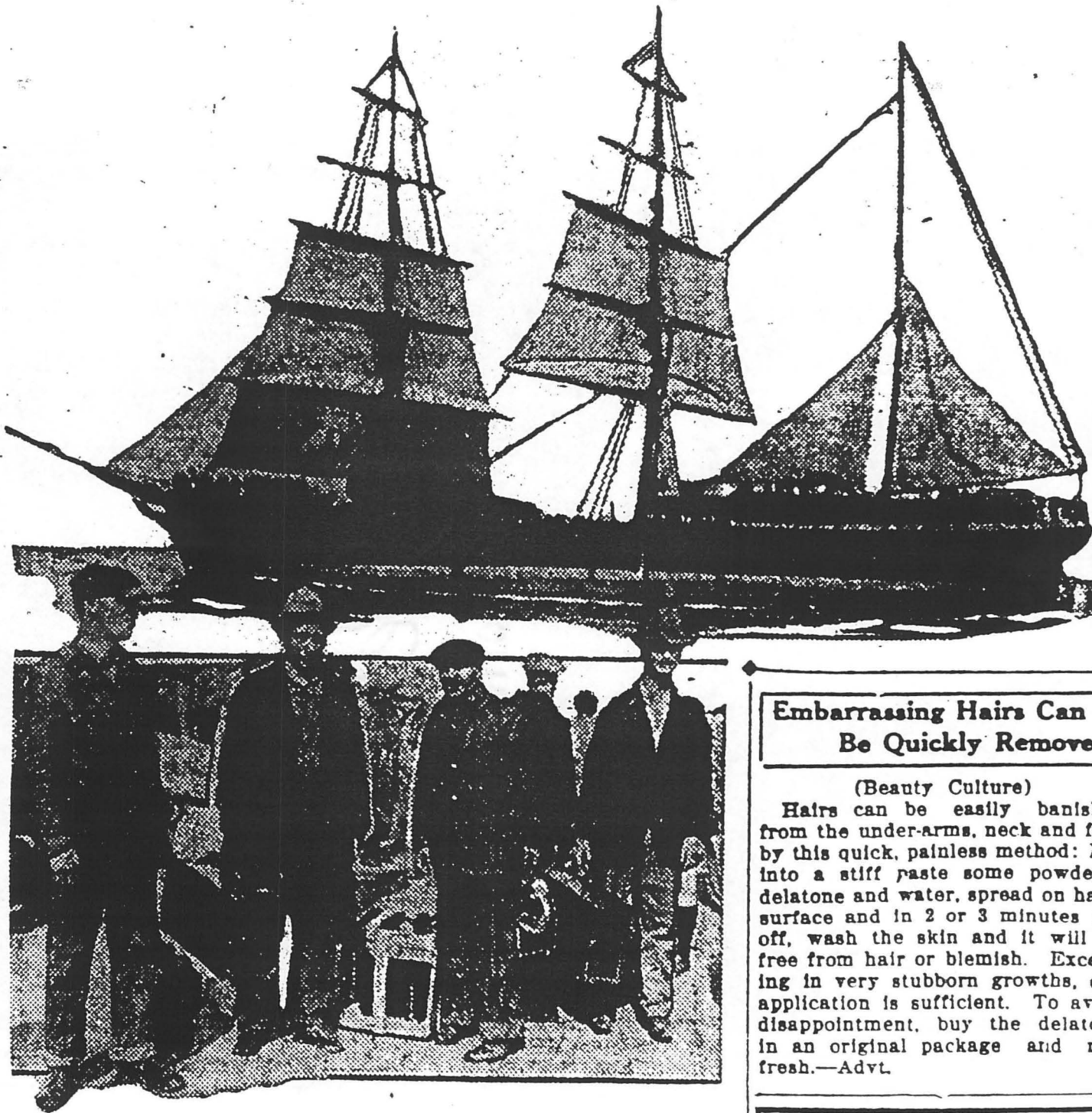
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Embarrassing Hairs Can Be Quickly Removed

(Beauty Culture)

Hairs can be easily banished from the under-arms, neck and face by this quick, painless method: Mix into a stiff paste some powdered delatone and water, spread on hairy surface and in 2 or 3 minutes rub off, wash the skin and it will be free from hair or blemish. Excepting in very stubborn growths, one application is sufficient. To avoid disappointment, buy the delatone in an original package and mix fresh.—Adv't.

Diamonds Cut Glass Jewelry
Watches Silverware
Expert Watch Repairing

"CHINEE GAN G" THROWS ITS UNEDIBLE FOOD TO GULLS

Article 6

READ THIS FIRST

MAX STERN, reporter, is assigned to ship in the "Chinese gang" on one of the Alaskan "bell ships," running to the salmon fields of the far north. By buying a large outfit from the labor sub-contractor and outfitters, MEYER & YOUNG, he is able to get a job. He goes aboard his ship, tied to a San Francisco pier, and signs a contract which he is not permitted to read. (NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY)

BY MAX STERN

TWO guards paced up and down the dock.

They were part of a cordon of private operatives which the Alaska salmon packers had retained to watch their ships, prior to departure. One of their main duties was to see that none of the Chinese gang escaped to the shore.

There were plenty of us who wanted to go ashore. As I walked back to our quarters in the forward part of the ship, I noticed a little Kanaka pleading with Ben for shore-leave.

He was very young, but he had just been married. His home was perched somewhere on the eastern slope of Telegraph Hill, almost within stone throw of where we lay anchored.

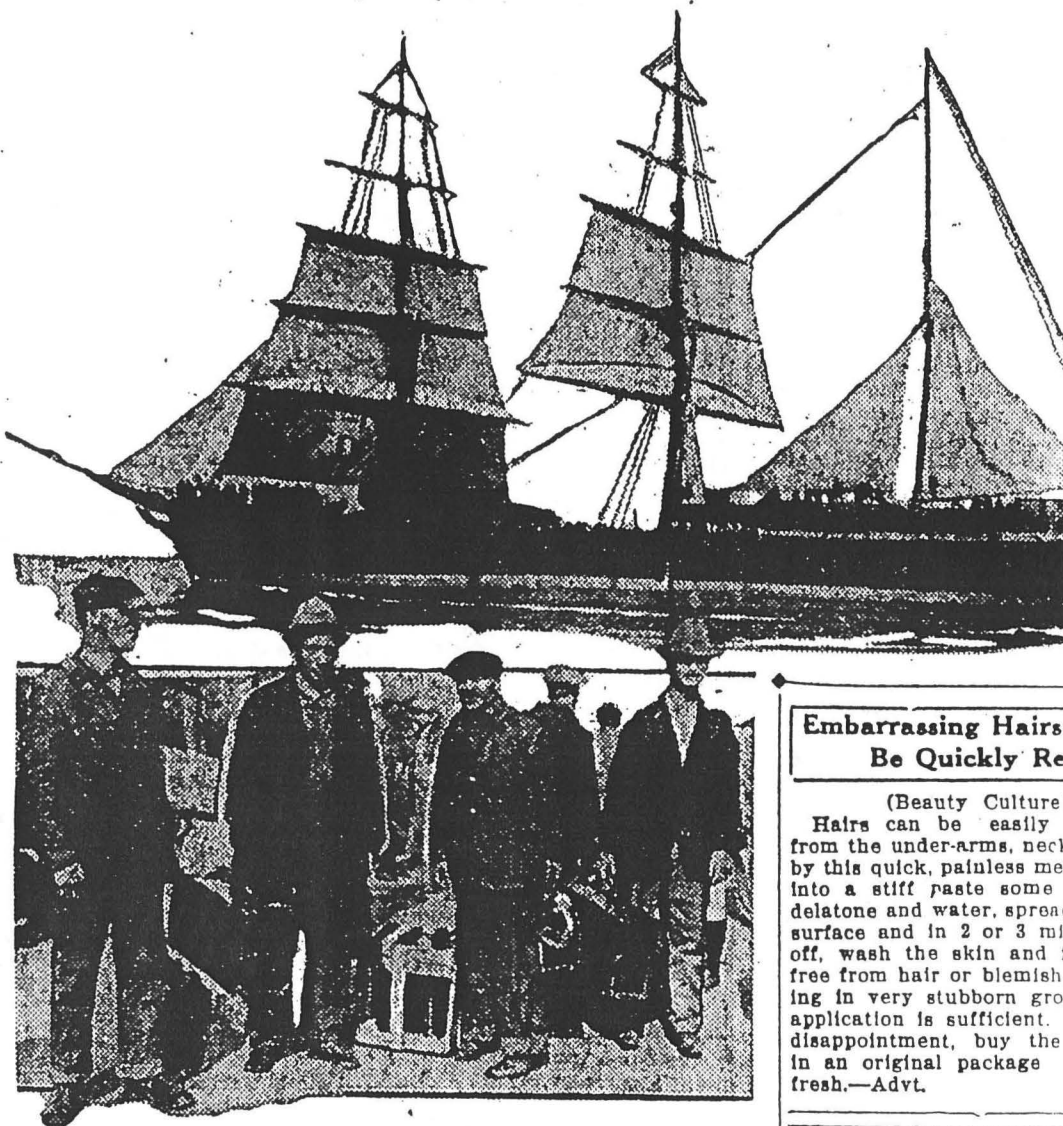
Refused, He Ories

The prospect of spending three days within almost calling distance of his bride, and not being allowed to see her, was more than he could stand.

And when Ben gave him the same answer he had given me the little Kanaka went over to the side of the vessel, put his head in his arms and cried like the boy that he was.

I looked eastward. It was late afternoon and lavender tints had begun to soften the outlines of the Piedmont hills 10 miles across the bay. Over in Berkeley the white obelisk of the Campanile pierced a bluish haze that hung over the university town. This was my home city and all the familiar things of my past life seemed very near.

Supper Time



Steam and steel have driven off the sea the windjammer—except in the Alaska salmon industry. No ship seems too old, none too battered to plow to the northern fisheries. Here's one of them and some of the men who travel in her.

be it full of black spots. The meat was a problem. It was the toughest meat my teeth had ever combatted. After several vain attempts to penetrate it, I flung it overboard to the sea gulls.

There being no butter for the hunk of bread, I dipped pieces of it into the gravy that had now become cold and managed to get away with about half the bread. I then tried the beverage.

Oh, coffee, what crimes are committed in thy name! This mixture had three properties of coffee as I knew it. It was

and I ventured to ask him if he objected to my taking a little walk up and down the pier in his company. He thought it might be all right, if I didn't stay too long off the ship. I clambered over the side and down a rope to terra firma, grateful for only a few moments off the deck of that dingy, smelly vessel.

As I walked into the dark end of the pier-head I encountered one of the weirdest experiences of my whole weird adventure. If anything would have made me turn back from the voyage I had embarked up-

Embarrassing Hairs Be Quickly Re

(Beauty Culture)

Hairs can be easily from the under-arms, neck by this quick, painless method into a stiff paste some delatone and water, spread surface and in 2 or 3 minutes off, wash the skin and free from hair or blemish. ing in very stubborn growth application is sufficient. disappointment, buy the in an original package fresh.—Advt.

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THE PRICE OF SALMON

THREE KINDS OF GAMBLING ON ALASKA "HELL SHIP"

Article 7

BY MAX STERN

"SWIM it, kid, for Christ's sake!"

I was standing in the dark on Pier 29. Before me was one of those most abject of human drift logs that wash up from the seven seas onto San Francisco's waterfront, a "wine bum." He had been on the same misadventure that was calling me, and was seeking to talk me out of it before it was too late.

The friendly guard who had let me come ashore had passed along the word that I was "o. k." to the night guard, and although past 8 o'clock I had lingered on the dock dreading to go back to the vessel.

"Jump and Swim"

"I been all over this world," the wine bum was saying in earnest tones, spoken very low to prevent being overheard by the night guard who was watching us askance.

"And there ain't nothing so bad anywhere as the Alaska Chinese gangs. I been to jail and it was better there. Don't try it, brother. A fellow can't starve in Frisco."

The guard was approaching us and the "wino's" voice sank still lower. It was almost pleading.

"You can jump off the tail o' that ship tonight and swim for the end of that there dock. The ship'll be between you and the dicks and you can sneak around on the other side of that pier-head."

The guard was listening. He was a benevolent-looking Britisher, one of the same force of private watchmen who guarded the Alaska fleets by day. He had been telling me a few mo-

ments before of his goodly deeds when he was a Y. M. C. A. war worker over in France. He had dwelt long on his happy home life, and upon his wife. Although white-haired and past 60, he called her "The Girl," in truly lover fashion.

"You'll Wish Death"

"Say, that stinkin' hold'll turn you sick," the wharf-rat was saying. "Before you're a day out past the heads, you'll wish you was dead. It ain't only the food and the sea-sickness and the cold and the disease. The lice'll damn near eat you up. Why, I've seen 'em so bad—"

Suddenly my benevolent friend, the night guard, turned a tigerish look on the pleader. All the benevolence was gone, and he was red with anger.

"You get to 'ell out o' 'ere," he thundered.

Seizing the bum by the shoulder, and using his knee to propel him along with well-timed kicks, he soon had him thrust out onto East-st and was coming back, panting and scowling at me.

"And—you—ain't—a—goin'—to—swim—it—either," he spoke slowly and menacingly. He had evidently overheard the wino's advice.

I told him I had no intention of breaking away. I assured him that I had signed to go to Alaska with my eyes open and that I intended to see it through.

Watch the Lice

"It ain't so bad," he began, relapsing into his benevolent mood. "That bum was string-in' you. Let me tell you something. As long as you 'ave got lice on you you 'aven't got any cause to worry. It's when they leave you that it's time to get scared. I know all about lice and I know that lice'll live only on people 'oo are 'ealthy. A louse won't never stay on a sick man."

I thanked him for his com-

forting words and said good night. I clambered over the ship's side and made for my sleeping quarters for my first night aboard an Alaskan "Hell Ship."

The belly of the ship was packed tight with shook for the salmon cans and coal to run the machinery of the cannery in far-off Alaska. In the forward hold was stored just as compactly the animate part of the machinery of which I was now one of the cogs, the Chinese gang.

The multi-colored assortment of humans that made up that gang was all below. I surmised that they had gone to sleep. But as I stepped down the companion way into the "China hole," I found I was greatly mistaken.

All Gambling

I shall never forget the sight that greeted my eyes.

The meager space forward of the rows of bunks was alive with men. They had gathered into three groups, each group of standing or crouching creatures was lit by the dim light of candles. The air was tense with the thing that has made the Alaska salmon ships as famous in the western underworld as Monte Carlo is to the sporting rich—gambling.

To the right of the companion way stood the official gaming table conducted by the "Mexican Boss" who, in ours, happened to be the Guamese Ben. Here the game was black jack. A flickering candle stood at each end and around the table crowded a score of my shipmates.

They were Mexicans, Portuguese, Filipinos and Guamese, and as they played, their dusky, eager faces lit up by the candles stood out in sharp relief against the black darkness of the hold.

"Hit me!" shouted one of

the young Mexicans standing up in tense excitement. He had piled three of his ten dollars on the cards in front of running the table for Ben and wearing the poker face of a real gambler, dealt around in silence. The young Mexican seized his hand and sat down limply as the Guamese silently hauled in the \$3.

Chinese, Negroes Busy

Over to the left a more silent drama was going on. The Chinese had set a lantern on a low steamer trunk and were huddled about on inverted buckets and boxes playing their national game of chuck-luck. Not a word was being uttered as the counter slowly scooped lima beans into his lap and the "boss-ee" scooped shiny half-dollar pieces from a red silk cloth into a cigar box, but each of the parchment faces of the gamblers showed as much emotion as is proper for an oriental.

And under the companion way, crouched low on a piece of carpet around a single candle, knelt the negroes muttering low blandishments to Lady Luck as they tossed away their half dollar pieces in a game of African golf.

Bottles of grappa were being passed around and the gaming waxed until daybreak. Into the longest purses of course were slipping the half-dollar pieces, and before the night was over many had gotten rid of their \$10 greenbacks advanced by the Chinaman.

(More tomorrow.)

WHY IS A FISH TO BE EXPLAINED

Why is a fish or the reason a dog barks will be some of the points discussed at the Academy of Sciences in Golden Gate park Sunday afternoon. Dr. S. S. Maxwell, physiologist of the University of California, will be the speaker.

In his book on the "Labyrinth of the Inner Ear," Dr. Maxwell explains how this organ affects the actions of every animal.



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THE PRICE OF SALMON

STERN CAN SEE THROUGH NEW MATTRESS; CHEATED OF COAT

Article 8

BY MAX STERN

THERE were 72 men in our Chinese gang, and all of them had been packed into the little fo'castle in the nose of our ship.



MAX STERN

They had been there only a couple of hours, but already the air was heavy and stale to a sickening point. The place was hot with animal heat. I could hardly breathe. As I walked from one gaming table to another, I was assailed by a number of strange odors. Many of the gang had been drinking heavily and the bottles of strong moonshine were still being passed freely about.

To the stench of booze was added a new odor I had never encountered. It was, I later learned, the smoke of Marahuana weed, the desert flower of the hemp that gives to the Mexican laborer his hours of pleasant forgetfulness. The smoke was unpleasant and extremely irritating to the nostrils.

Many Odors

Back Chapters

BACK chapters of Max Stern's story, *The Price of Salmon*, may be obtained free from *The Daily News*. Call at *The Daily News* office, 340 Ninth-st., or write to the circulation department, enclosing stamped and addressed envelope.

My mattress was made of the cheapest kind of cotton case and filled with gray mill cuttings or waste. As I lay on it the bunched up balls of waste dented my body in spots and in other places allowed me to rest flat on the boards. As I held it up to the candle light I could easily see the candle through it!

I had paid \$3 for the mattress. I believe it could not have cost the retailers more than 75c or \$1 at most.

The red quilt was of the same quality. It was as translucent as the mattress had been. The blanket and pillows were of the same shoddy stuff.

The shoes I had paid \$4 for were made of undressed leather, with thin soles and cheap stitching.

The "woolen" underwear for which I had paid \$4 a suit was

and atrocious to behold it was, but it had ear flaps and was made right for the sub-arctics to which we were bound.

Had I been left free to buy my outfit where I chose, I could have, for much less than \$62.75, purchased good warm bedding, clothing and stout watertight boots.

It was now apparent why the Alice-in-Wonderland store did not show its stock on its shelves!

I stretched out on my knotty mattress and tried to make myself comfortable. A dozen knots poked their way into my flesh. The stench made my head ache and the animal heat of the hold suffocated me.

One Thought Uppermost

I couldn't sleep. A hole a foot square, cut in the head of my bunk, gave me a view of the gamblers below and from my vantage point I watched the weird sight.

Many thoughts passed through my head, but because of my mattress, the Jewish subcontractors and their ways were uppermost. Below me were Guamese, Filipinos, South Americans, Mexicans, negroes, Chinese—all thin-blooded and used to warm and sunny climes near or south of the equator.

They had been gathered and

tian thoughts. But I'm afraid, as I turned over for my first sleep aboard, my thoughts were a bit ironical.

I prayed a malicious little prayer. It was that Meyer and his smiling partner would have to spend their eternities asleep on one of their own mattresses.

(More tomorrow.)

PROBE OF FILM FIRE IS OPEN

Capt. Sullivan, assistant fire marshal, today began an investigation into the causes of the fire swept "film exchange row," C. Gate and Jones-st late yesterday.

The blaze gutted several film change offices, a soft drink and threatened the Hyde driving guests into the street.

Sullivan said today that he had gone over the ground he not venture any theories as to origin of the blaze.

The fire was accompanied several explosions of films, shattered glass and broken walls.

Drapery
Lace

For the things offers se
quissettes
rics tha
Come i
these.

leaded guilty to pass-
s and asked for pro-
continued.

AS
ct. 5.—L. P. Vecker,
of a gas company in
re studying gas ques-

TEN
Oct. 5.—Small daugh-
Mrs. Wm. Logan, bit-
log. Several stitches

ct. 5.—Officers search-
high struck small car
seriously injuring two
d the driver of which
and give aid.

ENTS
ct. 5.—Officers of city
city clerk to be reno-
time in decade.

OKS
Oct. 5.—Six tons of
ig voters of new legis-
roted on at November
ive at County Clerk
r's offices.

E
Oct. 5.—Chamber of
ging "visit-every-mem-
n.

ON SPEAKS
Oct. 5.—Dr. Jas. L. Gor-
francisco divine, ad-
ents and faculty of
s' college today.

GE
ct. 5.—Work on new
s Dry creek to start

TO MEDICINE
Oct. 5.—Rev. Otto
of Lutheran church,
from the ministry and
medicine.

CRE
Oct. 5. — Ninety-five
anch owned by Simon
i to S. M. Alfonso for

mp, Oct. 5.—Residents
ig rseignation of the li-
G. Suan. Anybody
?

ARK
5.—Supt. O. H. Close
n school has put gangs
ork grading the high-
be school.

S
Oct. 5.—Ah Louis, Wal-
inese, and their 38 vis-
ited their ball of \$560
illed to appear in court
rge of traffic in liquor.

TO HOSPITAL
5.—Woman's Relief
American Legion aux-
30 crates of grapes to
s at Letterman hos-

T
Oct. 5.—E. T. Kilgore
he passed had chud-

pleasant forgetfulness. The
smoke was unpleasant and ex-
tremely irritating to the nos-
trils.

Many Odors

Over to the left of the fo'cas-
tle, where the orientals had all
gathered, hung the strong for-
eign odors of Chinatown, a
mixture of tea, fish, opium and
many other elements, but dom-
inated by the overpowering
smell of Chinese tobacco.

The fetid stink of sweating,
unwashed humans arose from
every group and permeated the
farthest corner of the "China
Hole."

There was no wasted space.
In the most unexpected nooks
men had made their beds. Far
up under the fo'castle-head in
the inky darkness some had
spread their mattresses and
blankets, and all the bunks
were full.

Ben, our boss, had made his
bed on a shelf that led off from
a fenced-in corner of the hold.
This wooden cage was the Mex-
ican "store." On another ledge,
directly opposite, slept Charlie,
our Chinese cook and store-
keeper. About him were piled
the things that made up the
stock of the Chinese store.

15 Chinamen

Near the Mexican store, the
other Guamese boys bunked
and along the ship's side at
Charlie's feet slept the orien-
tals in quarters reserved ex-
clusively for them.

Out of the gang of 72 there
were only about 15 Chinamen.

In the center of the hole slept
the major part of the gang. My
bunk was the top one at the
head of one of the middle rows.
I purchased a candle from the
Mexican store for 5c and went
to make up my bed.

As I climbed up, I noticed
my bunk was filthy with dust
and dirt. I borrowed a little
broom from a Mexican neigh-
bor and brushed it out. Then
I spread some newspapers over
it and undid my Santa Claus
bundle.

Even in the light of that can-
dle, I could see that I had been
cheated.

See Through Mattress

Are You Sick?

If so, why suffer? My painless treat-
ments will make you and keep you
well. No drugs.

Dr. E. Camatshos

Rooms 418-19 948 Market St.
Office hours 9:30 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.
Evenings 7 to 8.

HANNAH'S TABLETS

were made of unadorned leather,
with thin soles and cheap
stitching.

The "woolen" underwear for
which I had paid \$4 a suit, was
far from being made of wool
and the "woolen" working
shirt for which I had been
charged \$5 I could have bought
in any San Francisco army
store for \$2. On my return
from Alaska, I asked the lead-
ing haberdasher in Seward how
much he would charge for such
a shirt. He said he had them
for \$2.50 of the exact quality,
and Seward is an expensive
town to shop in.

No Mackinaw

But, worst of all there was
no mackinaw in my bundle. I
had been charged \$12 for one,
and I knew I would need it, but
it was not there.

Neither were there the three
pairs of woolen sox I had been
charged for and the corduroy
pants I had been measured for
also showed up missing.

My bundle contained two
suits of cotton underwear I
did not order and an extra
"woolen" shirt I did not need.

I was setting off for chilly
Alaska in early spring. I need-
ed the stoutest of waterproof
shoes, good thick woolen under-
wear, a good woolen shirt,
woolen sox and a mackinaw
and I needed the warmest of
bedding.

Instead I had been given
shoddy shoes that would let in
the water at first wearing, imi-
tation woolen underwear and
half-cotton shirts, and there
was no mackinaw nor socks at
all. My cheap bedding might
have done service in a Califor-
nia labor camp in summer time.
It would certainly not suffice
for an Alaska spring.

But Cap Was O. K.

Only one article fitted my
trip. That was my cap. A
green and yellow checked thing



Dr. BLUMENBERG

All Obstinate Chronic Conditions
KIDNEY, BLADDER, STRICTURE, NEURALGIA, FITS
LUNGS, BRONCHITIS, Bad Coughs, Hoarseness, Etc.
1895 BUTLER, S. F. 1-7 week days & by app't.

Boils Hurt

MERTE'S BOIL PLASTER
OPENS THEM

Drug Stores Sell Them—25¢

THE NEW
NATIONAL
CANDIED LAXATIVE

"MOVIES"

Chinese—all thin-blooded and
used to warm and sunny climes
near or south of the equator.

They had been gathered and
were being shipped into the far
northwest, where they would
meet icebergs, cold rains and
bitter winds. They were bound
to suffer under the best of con-
ditions. And they had all been
outfitted in the cheap and shod-
dy bedding and clothing of the
kind I had just found in my
surprise bundle.

We are told that we must al-
ways go to our slumbers with
minds filled with sweet Chris-

MOTHER!

Your Child's Bowels Need
"California Fig Syrup"



Hurry mother! Even a sick child
loves the "fruity" taste of "Califor-
nia Fig Syrup" and it never fails to
open the bowels. A teaspoonful
today may prevent a sick child to-
morrow. If constipated, bilious,
feverish, fretful, has cold, colic, or
if stomach is sour, tongue coated,
breath bad, remember a good cleans-
ing of the little bowels is often all
that is necessary.

Ask your druggist for genuine
"California Fig Syrup" which has
directions for babies and children
of all ages printed on bottle. Mother!
You must say "California" or
you may get an imitation fig syrup.
—Adv't.

AILING WOMEN OF MIDDLE AGE

Mrs. Linton Tells How Helpful
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound is at This Period

Denver, Colorado.—"I have taken
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-
pound for seven
years and I cannot
tell you the good
it has done me. It
is good for young
and old and I al-
ways keep a bottle
of it in the house,
for I am at that

THERE'S MORE THAN ONE WAY TO PROFIT OFF CHINEE GANG

Article 9

BY MAX STERN

THE firm of Meyer & Young, agents' furnishings, has several strings to its bow.



MAX STERN

As procurers of assorted labor for the Chinese overlord, their stipend is considerable. A commission of \$5 per head is paid over by the Chinaman for such labor.

One would think that in lean years like this, workers would be so plentiful that a fee would be unnecessary. But be it known, labor for the Alaska canneries under the Chinese contract system must be hand-picked.

It must, first, be cheap labor; second, it must be safe and ignorant labor, preferably foreign; and last, it must be patient and long-suffering.

L. A. Supplies Many

Although San Francisco streets were swarming with unemployed, this year Meyer & Co. operated a drag-net system of employment agencies all over California, and brought in hundreds of these hand-picked workers from branch offices in Sacramento, Stockton, Bakersfield, San Jose and Los Angeles.

The traffic in patient foreigners is heaviest from Los Angeles, the center for newly arrived Mexican workers. The branch office of Meyer & Young there, located at Second and Alameda-st, does a thriving business, and hundreds of young Mexicans new to our land and its language, are enticed into the trip on the promise of "buena trabajo, mucho dinero."

They are shipped north in excursions of from 10 up to 100 in the steerage of steamers.

The parties are all personally conducted by one of Meyer's representatives, who makes hay en route by taking orders for Alaska outfits to be furnished by the store upon arrival.

Kept on Ships

But, on arriving in San Francisco, the Mexican workers are not even allowed to go ashore. They are loaded from the Los Angeles steamer direct to the "Hell Ships" and kept aboard there until the boat departs. As in our own case, their outfits arrive on the eve of departure.

The fare for their passage up from Los Angeles is not paid for by the Chinaman, nor by Meyer. It is only advanced by them and is deducted from the season's wages, when the men are paid off in Meyer's store in Chinatown.

Starting in Los Angeles, they are landed at the end of the season in San Francisco, often with only a few dollars left and facing the winter in a strange city.

Profit on Outfit

The \$5 commission, which should net the Grant-av firm some \$20,000 for the half year, is only a starter, however. They have the clothing and bedding concession and, when the prices charged and the type of outfits are considered, this ought to amount to several times the commission income.

Consider also that there is to this trade no outlay to speak of and practically no overhead, and there are no risks from bad debts.

I had had it from Young's own lips that no matter what is owing the Mexican boss for gambling and other debts, the store bills come first, and as the men usually are paid off in the store their money is about as sure as anything mundane can be.

Store on Ship

But these are not all the amenities. This firm furnishes the goods for the "Mexican

store" aboard ship. To the wholesalers' bill, they add another profit of their own.

This makes the Mexican boss sell things higher than even the Chinaman. In almost every instance the Chinese storekeeper sold better and cheaper goods than did the "Mexican store," and certainly the Chinaman was not very cheap.

Another perquisite to the business of acting as licensed parasite to the Alaska workers is the money-lending concession. One old negro told me he was one of a number who had had to borrow advances from Meyer & Young. He had gotten \$10 this year which he would repay on his return. The firm charged him, he said, 10c on the dollar; that is, 10 per cent for six months, or 20 per cent a year.

Boarding House, Too

But their services do not stop even here. Opposite their store on Grant-av is a boarding house, known among the men as "Meyer's Hotel." One of its purposes is to furnish board and lodgings to the transients who do "the Chinees gangs" every year.

Many of the old timers in the Chinees gangs, especially the negroes and whites, make this their hangout in early spring while awaiting the sailing of the salmon fleet.

These men have mostly made reputations for steadfastness and for their refusal to listen to the voice of the "agitators." They are sure to be shipped and their credit is good. Some of them come in from Sacramento, Stockton, San Jose and other outlying towns as early as New Year's and begin boarding at "Meyer's Hotel" and, by the time the boats sail in May, they are already in debt to the firm for board.

Sleep on Floor

The hotel is presided over by a fat Spanish woman, and the conditions described by the men

are in line with everything else furnished by the firm. The cuisine is exactly the same as we enjoyed aboard boat and at the cannery in Alaska, and makes a good initiation for the novitates.

At night the boarders sleep on benches or on the floor of the basement of the hotel. If they have blankets, well and good. If not, they use their overcoats, or lacking these, their bedding consists of newspapers.

The place is described as greasy and unkempt and a little worse than most of its kind, but its outstanding feature is said to be its vermin that infest the basement dormitory. It is here that are incubated the "cooties" that later multiply in the hold of the salmon boats and which have done so much to earn for them their sobriquet of "Hell Ships."

M. Toto Visits

I had, on my first night aboard the bark, selected a top "berth" in the fond hope that M. Toto would not find me here. Little did I know of the species that incubate in the basement of Meyer's "hotel." They had not only found me, but awoke me from a dead sleep by fairly swarming over my body.

I had a headache, my mouth was parched and my lungs were oppressed by the bad air, but I remembered the words of my benevolent Y. M. C. A. counselor and felt relieved.

"Thank Heaven," I thought. "At least I'm healthy."

(More tomorrow)

C. OF C. TO TELL VALLEY ABOUT IT

"Optimists" who will carry "San Francisco's word of cheer" will go into the Sacramento valley during the chamber of commerce trade expansion excursion, Oct. 15-23. B. M. Rastall will head the group.

L. J. Calender, R. D. Quinlan, S. L. Bernstein, E. S. Newman and Lewis Mendelssohn have already volunteered for the speaking excursion.

Dear Ambish: Bat them with
your mouth—Homer.

storer because he has no head for
business.

we'll all look like camels on
crutches.

THE PRICE OF SALMON

CULLS FORM CHINEE GANG; MUTINY UNLIKELY

Article 10

ARTICLE 10
BY MAX STERN

THE next day was Easter
Sunday, and the weather
was in its most caressing mood.

All about the
greasy bark
that was our
prison could be
seen and felt
the vernal beau-
ty which, in
California, in-
variably marks
the day of the
resurrection.

The bay was
dotted with sail
boats, the Con-
tra Costa - co
hills lay luxuri-
ating in their

new Easter gowns of green,
and over San Francisco hung,
like a benediction, a soft haze
of morning fog, through which
the sun was warmly sifting.

At 9 o'clock the tin pan beat
its mess call, announcing break-
fast. Like seagulls we swooped
down hungrily on Fat, clatter-
ing our tin plates and cups and
adding each other aside in our
eagerness to be fed.

Breakfast Like Supper

Breakfast was just like sup-
per had been. There was the
same muddy brown "coffee,"
the same hunks of dry bread
and the stew with the teeth-
darning meat.

After we had tossed the meat
to the seagulls and cleaned up
the plates, we brought out our
blankets and lolled on the fo-
rehead in the sun to play
and to get acquainted.

My shipmates of the Chinees
were indeed a motley
crew. In color they ranged
from a purple-black worn by

could not have appeared less
able for the trip than they did
now.

"Culls" in Gang

They were the usual "bindle
stiff" types, only a degree more
abject, the sort that society
keeps for its casual jobs in har-
vest time and then forgets
about during the long winter
months. Culls, they were, from
America's "kingly commons."

A Portuguese laborer, named
Souza, was typical. He had
been to Alaska 15 times in the
Chinee gang. Always a little
in debt, he made the summer
trip in the hope of clearing him-
self, and depended on winter
work to get ahead. But this
year he had had only four days
of work all winter. He hung
around the wharves in Stock-
ton, vainly looking for odd
jobs, living in a cheap rooming
house and eating "coffee-and"
instead of good food. Souza
was only 50 and should have
been in his prime. Yet he was
an old man, and climbed fee-
bly in and out of his bunk
with great difficulty.

"Alaska never did me no
good," said Souza. "I keep
coming and I'm just exactly
where I was 15 years ago.
That's nowhere."

Souza had made his trip this
year certain by boarding at
Meyer's "hotel" and by order-
ing more than \$100 worth of
outfit from the store.

From Slums

Another Portuguese was a
youth reared in the Oakland
slums. He came from a huge
family of underfed children
and had never known, he said,
anything but beatings and curs-
es from his drunken father. To
him the trip was an adventure.

had been to France and spoke
in a wide-worldly, blase man-
ner. Their vocabulary was full
of "bokoos," "we-wees," "sna-
ry-anns" and other signs of
French culture. One of them,
who had just come from Ma-
nila, was love-lornly reminis-
cent of a little brown Filipino
miss, whom he hoped to marry
from the proceeds of this
trip.

"Ah mean, she's a chocolate
vamp," he enthused.

The rest were frankly cyni-
cal and generally disgusted
with the ship's fare and quar-
ters beside which the army's
service seemed palatial.

"As Yo Is, Yo' Ain't Nothin'"

"Wafur did I eveh leave Un-
cle Sam's ole ahmy?" drawled
one handsome ex-cavalryman.
"I reckon I mussa been crazy."

"Who is Uncle Sam?" piped
another negro lazily.

"You'd be Uncle Sam ef yo'
haid money enough," answered
a middle-aged darky. He was
one who had given his youth
and strength to stevedoring on
the Mississippi, and was, like
most of the crew, waning. "As
yo' is, yo' ain't nothin'."

The Latins presented a wide
range. Some were Yaqui In-
dians and some were Castilian
Spanish. Most were just Mexi-
cans, patient hewers of wood
and drawers of water. In spite
of what Meyer had told me of
their "clannishness," they were
more than anxious to be friend-
ly.

They seemed too spiritless to
be ugly. The older Mexicans
were halter-broke, and swal-
lowed the coarse food without
a murmur. The younger ones
were sometimes peevish and, if
rebellion could break out any-

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Like seagulls we swooped down hungrily on Fat, clattering our tin plates and cups and digging each other aside in our eagerness to be fed.

Breakfast Like Supper

Breakfast was just like supper had been. There was the same muddy brown "coffee," the same hunks of dry bread and the stew with the teeth-biting meat.

After we had tossed the meat to the seagulls and cleaned up our plates, we brought out our blankets and lolled on the fore-castle head in the sun to play cards or to get acquainted.

My shipmates of the Chinese were indeed a motley crew. In color they ranged from a purple-black worn by a young Colombian to the sickly yellow of a consumptive Chinaman. In nationality they must have represented at least a score of lands.

The thing that impressed me above everything was the general lack of vitality among them. They were going in for a rigorous climate, a trying voyage and the hardest sort of work. They had been a

an old man, and climbed feebly in and out of his bunk with great difficulty.

"Alaska never did me no good," said Souza. "I keep coming and I'm just exactly where I was 15 years ago. That's nowhere."

Souza had made his trip this year certain by boarding at Meyer's "hotel" and by ordering more than \$100 worth of outfit from the store.

From Slums

Another Portuguese was a youth reared in the Oakland slums. He came from a huge family of underfed children and had never known, he said, anything but beatings and curses from his drunken father. To him the trip was an adventure.

A third Portuguese was a lad, bumming his way around the world. He was a New Yorker and proud of his metropolitan origin. One night on the old bark had sickened him and he was ready to "swim it" if the opportunity came.

The younger negroes on the whole were the fittest. Among these was a quartet of young fellows who had just been

and strength to stevedoring on the Mississippi, and was, like most of the crew, waning. "As yo' is, yo' ain't nothin'."

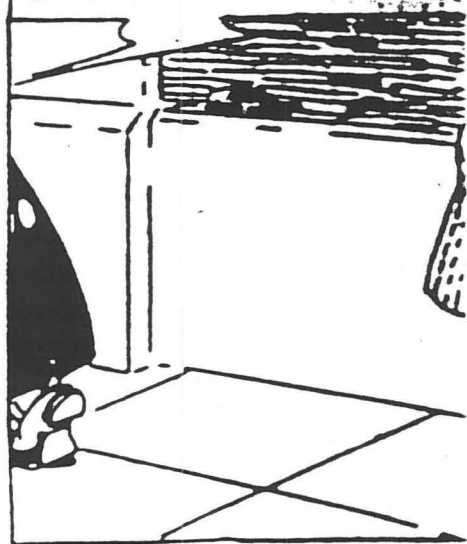
The Latins presented a wide range. Some were Yaqui Indians and some were Castilian Spanish. Most were just Mexicans, patient hewers of wood and drawers of water. In spite of what Meyer had told me of their "clannishness," they were more than anxious to be friendly.

They seemed too spiritless to be ugly. The older Mexicans were halter-broke, and swallowed the coarse food without a murmur. The younger ones were sometimes peevish and, if rebellion could break out anywhere, it would be among these. But three of them to my knowledge were sick with venereal disease, and others were addicted to the marahuana weed. On the whole, the Chinese boys had done well. There would be no mutiny on this trip.

Chinese Old Man

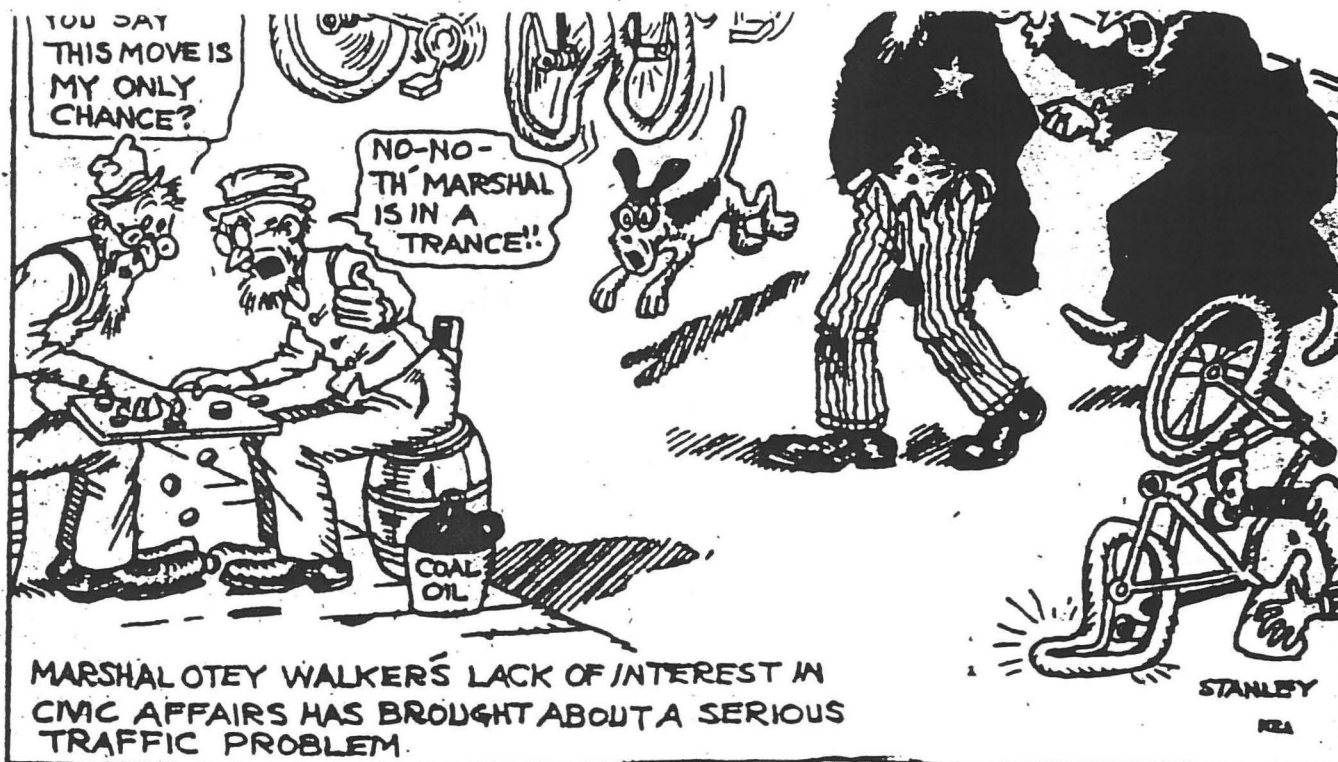
Most ineffectual of all the crew was the Chinese contingent. There was only one

JUST AS SOON AS
CLEAN UP THE OUTS
OF YOUR HOUSE SO
WILL LOOK SAFE TO
EAT A MEAL IN IT.



was about 30. The rest were either past middle age or very old and feeble. They lived in their dark corner, rarely ever coming on deck, even in good weather.

One fat Chinaman wore bed slippers and pajamas with his socks and garters on the outside of the pajama legs. I never saw him change from



thing but the cloth footwear. They spent their days and nights in the hold gambling, chattering together, drinking tea and smoking their strong water-pipes. Several smoked opium, drawing the curtain in front of their bunks and sinking into forgetfulness for hours and days.

At least two of the Chinese had consumption and coughed

incessantly.

Supper time came at 4 o'clock. The meal was varied by an innovation of spoons. Instead of our fingers we now ate with a tablespoon. The Chinaman had loaded two crates of cabbages aboard and our stew contained some of its leaves. Otherwise it was the same.

"Hot Mince-ee Pie"

After supper the games be-

gan again. By 8 o'clock I was desperately hungry again. But we were to have only two meals a day and I turned toward the Mexican store to spend some of my advance money for food.

"Hot mince-ee pie," came a voice from the hatchway. It was Charlie, the Chinese cook. How thoughtful of him, just at

the time when we were growing desperate for food. And how good the pies smelled as he carried them down steaming on a big wooden tray.

We made a rush for Charlie's corner.

Charlie smiled a wide, bland smile.

"One pie fo-tee cent," he droned.

(More Monday)

THE PRICE OF SALMON FISHERMEN FORM CREW ON ALASKA SALMON SHIP

Article 11

BY MAX STERN

On Monday morning the old bark took on new signs of life.

Heretofore a sort of prison boat for the Chinese crew, and manned only by a white hog tender and a sailor or two, suddenly she awoke to action.



MAX STERN

The old man arrived. He was a short, foreign looking skipper of 50 with a dark skin and an accent. His name we never knew, but he was popularly known as "Portugee Joe."

Later arrived the superintendent. Like the skipper, he was also a foreigner. He, too, was short and insignificant looking and spoke with an accent. He was German, but he also answered to the name of Joe.

Each a Boss

The relationship between the two Joes was interesting. Aboard ship the skipper was king and while he entertained the superintendent in his cabin, ate with him at table and showed him every deference, he took no orders from him while the ship was moving.

As soon as the crew went ashore and became the cannery personnel, the relationship was reversed. Skipper Joe was given a tugboat to command at the cannery and Supt. Joe's word became law over everybody.

The relationship had a sort of counterpart in the old Dutch whaling days. "The captain and 'peck-snyder' shared honors. The peck-snyder or fat cutter held no voice on the whaler until a whale was sighted.

Then the chief fat cutter took command and gave orders to the crew, now turned harpooners. And, as in the case of Joe, we are told, often the captain took charge of one of the small boats in the whale hunt and answered "aye, sir" to the pecksnyder's commands.

Crew Arrives

The donkey engine started to churn and spit, and several men under orders from Capt. Joe loaded gasoline tanks aboard with the crane and rope slings.

The crew began to arrive, carrying on their shoulders their dun-

nage bags or trunks. They were stalwart men, and, as they lifted their heavy kits down a companion ladder into the hatch amidships, they made a very striking contrast to our crew of weaklings lolling in the sun on the fo'castle head.

Supt. Joe attended to assigning them their bunks, and by evening all had been disposed of. As they got their quarters they forthwith left the ship, and I noticed with some interest that as they walked off the gangplank they were not halted by the watchmen.

Contempt for Chinese Gang

There was one bunk unclaimed in one of the aft fo'castles and, inasmuch as we were crowded below, I made bold to approach the superintendent to ask if I might occupy it. He snarled a negative, as I had expected, and hardly looked at me.

"You're in the Chinese gang," he said in a nasal growl, full of contempt.

The fishermen were to man the ship as sailors during the voyage, and each man was assigned at once to one of the four watches. There were 52 altogether, about equally divided between Latins and Scandinavians.

These two elements have for years been waging a sort of slow economic warfare for survival in the Pacific coast fisheries. San Pedro and its tuna industry have been taken over by the Japanese, but Monterey and San Francisco bays have been captured by the Italian fishermen. In the Columbia river and Puget sound regions, however, the Scandinavians control.

Norsemen Likely to Win

In Alaska, the tussle for mastery is still on. Now the honors are about even, with the chances in favor of the Norsemen because of the climate there so naturally suited to them.

It is a friendly rivalry, but, just the same, the two elements do not mix any more than oil and water. So on our ship the precaution had been taken of dividing their quarters.

On the port side the fo'castle was assigned to the Finns, Icelanders, Russians, Norwegians, Swedes, Danes and Dutchmen. On the starboard side, the bunks were occupied by the Italians, Portuguese and Sicilians.

Down the middle of each of these two cabins was a table covered with oilcloth. Lamps swung aloft and a bucket of fresh water was always

suspended near the end. The little rooms were crowded, and the bunks were small and cramped, but there was air aplenty and light in the daytime, a thing we would have given our souls for.

Comfort for Captain

Behind the two aft fo'castles was the captain's quarters. It was reached by a companionway that led from the poop deck. In it was the only stove aboard outside the ranges, a neatly fitted cabin with phonograph, a library full of novels, and a table for cards and meals.

With the captain lived the superintendent, the chief cannery mechanic, his assistant, the three mates and the storekeeper. The latter was a brother-in-law of the superintendent, a soft youth with heavy German jowls and a disposition such as made him the most unpopular person aboard. On the trip, he was keeper of the slop-chest and at the cannery ran the company store.

Hector, as he was called, was the ship's only "doctor." He carried a first aid kit and a few bottles, chiefly of laxatives. These and a general ill-will toward everybody but his superiors were his chief assets as guardian of the health of 180 souls for the long and bitter voyage.

Stern Fills Bottles

By evening everybody had come aboard and settled himself for the trip. We ate our second and last meal, this time varied by Spanish frijoles instead of the stew. After supper my friend, the shoreguard, called me over to the bulwarks.

"You'd better take these and fill 'em with fresh water," he advised, offering me three empty beer bottles, "you'll need 'em."

I thanked him, for what I afterward learned was the best advice I had ever been given, filled them and secreted them under my pillow.

I then waited up for Meyer or his representative. I wanted and needed my mackinaw, socks and trousers that I had been charged for and did not get.

Others in our gang were in the same predicament and were calling down curses in many tongues upon the house of Meyer. But we gave up. If Meyer came aboard again I never saw him. Finally we turned in.

We were to sail the next day at 10 o'clock and it was with a mixture of eagerness and anxiety that we hit our bunks for the last night ashore.

(More Tomorrow)

YOUNG DENIES STERN'S STORY

"Mexicans Insulted;" Claims Kearny-st "Merchant"

"A pack of lies—all lies," screamed Myron Young of Meyer & Young, Alaska labor contractors and outfitters de luxe for travelers and laborers in the far north.

"Max Stern is a liar if he says that I take advantage of poor Mexicans."

"I have a legitimate business here. Big business men trade with me."

"And besides, business is business."

"I refuse to make a statement. I have nothing to say, but—Mr. Stern better look out! These Mexican boys are insulted. They have been insulted by Mr. Stern in his articles on Alaska."

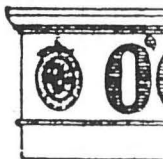
"Mr. Stern said that there was a strong animal-like smell coming from the hold of the ship. The Mexican boys will kill him if they ever meet him. He better look out, that's all."

"Besides," shrilled Young, "that ship wasn't an Alaska Packer ship. It belonged to another cannery."

"There's a mistake he made. But it's no use asking me, I refuse to make a statement."

"Mr. Stern is nothing to me, absolutely nothing."

Join the
Chamber of
Commerce
Now



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MANY WATCHING COMMUNE TRIAL

Defense Has 30 Challenges Remaining

the defense seeks to place liberals on the jury.

All the challenges used by the prosecution so far have been against prospective jurors that have shown during their examination a tendency toward liberalism.

Membership by a prospective juror in the chamber of commerce, Rotary club, national guard or the

NEWS CARRIERS TO SEE SHOW

To March With "Wes" Barry to Warfield

THE PRICE OF SALMON

SALMON BOAT SETS SAIL;
OFF FOR THE FAR NORTH

Article 12

BY MAX STERN

"Cast her off," sang out Portuguese Joe from his quarterdeck.

A handful of people were on the pierhead to see us off. These included only a half-dozen women, wives of the superintendent and the captain, and the family of one of the "monkey-wrench gang."



MAX STERN

There was not a man nor woman to say goodbye to one of our Chinnee gang. There may have been women who cared. There must have been. But there was no moaning at the bar when we put out to sea. We were entirely un-

No Farewell Music

No band played Aloha and no handkerchiefs waved farewells for this departing ship. Nor did the crew sing a merry lay as we slunk away. Only a convoy of seagulls followed us and the chug-chug of a tow-tug at our side churning the water was the only noise to break the silence of the spring noontime.

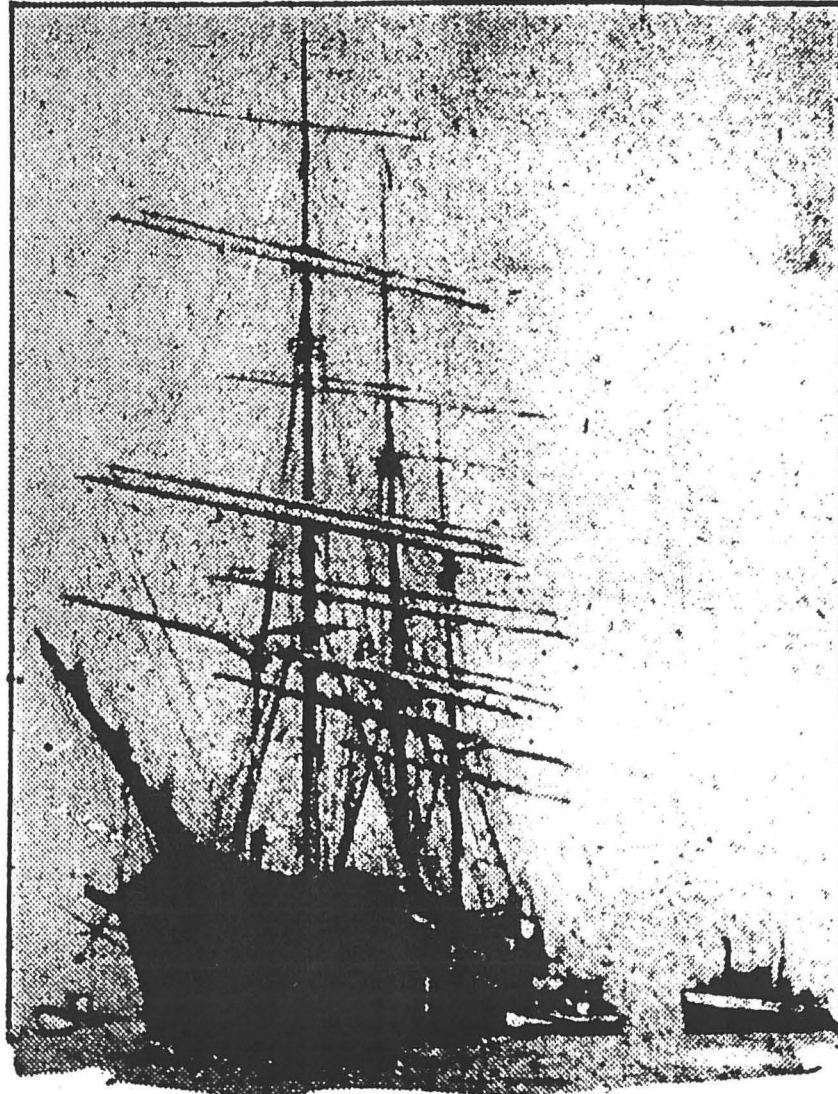
I lolled on the neck of the bowsprit in a coil of furled staysail, and watched the shore slowly recede. We were off.

The tug guided the ancient bark into the stream carefully, like a boy helping an aged woman across the street. Then she was unlashd and the tug took us in tow.

Farewell to Bay

Past the freight and transport docks we crept, leaving Alcatraz, Melggs wharf and finally Lime Point in our wake. On our left lay Marin-co, bathed in sunshine and her hill slopes flaunting the California colors of blue and gold, done in lupins and poppies. White ferry boats were taking autos full of campers and parties of hikers to its playgrounds.

On the left lay the Presidio from which came faint sounds of a band concert. Ahead of us opened the Golden Gate, through which we could see and feel the great gray Pacific. A stiff breeze was coming through and the waters ahead



A salmon bark. Unwept, unhonored and unsung, the salmon ships slink out of San Francisco harbor in early spring and back again in September. Here is one being towed out to the heads on her mission to the far north.

I noticed several of my shipmates leaning over the rail and I joined them. Soon I went below. I found that most of the gang had climbed to their bunks.

Several had vomited on the aisles and no move had been made to clean up the gorge. Utterly miserable, I picked my way to my bunk and rolled in.

No Regard for Others

Opposite me a Mexican lay in his clothes, moaning. Besides being seasick he was suffering from a

the Chinaman. He would save on the food for some days to come. But I reflected, there would not be many hot mince-ee pies sold this evening.

(More Tomorrow.)

ITALIANS PLAN
FETE THURSDAYSTATE
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Lodges C

The 72nd an grand lodge of nia convened to temple.

More than 100 senting 448 lodges a membership were present a

Tonight a is planned for held at the ten sided over by a grand master

Deputy Gran man. San Fran grand master

Grand Sena Crites, Bakers deputy grand Junior Warden tura, will becom den.

Memorial as masters who session will be

Seven new San Francisco sicially consti day of the asse

Last night a was given at grand masters state

ELKS LEAV

One hundred of the San Fran will leave on Alexander to tend the state at Santa Mon

FIND BODY

The body of cide was found road in Golden day. The man a revolver. He old.

WOMAN 88

Lodi, Oct. 1 field is 88 years surprised her.

CO

Lift Off v

in lupins and poppies. White ferry boats were taking autos full of campers and parties of hikers to its playgrounds.

On the left lay the Presidio from which came faint sounds of a band concert. Ahead of us opened the Golden Gate, through which we could see and feel the great gray Pacific. A stiff breeze was coming through and the waters ahead had suddenly become flecked with white caps.

The little tug ahead of us rolled as we passed the Cliff House. The air had so cooled that we shivered and made below for extra coats or sweaters. We were standing out well past the Seal rocks, as we got our last close-up of California. We had left her in her glorious youth of April, and when we returned these hills would be withered and brown.

Canvas Is Spread

Soon the Farallone Islands thrust up their shoulders to our starboard and glided past our stern rail. A half hour later the tug ahead of us blew a whistle as a signal that her job was nearing an end.

The crew clambered aloft, the mainsail, then the foresail and finally the jibs were loosed, shaken out and set. The bark rolled and flapped her wings protestingly. The cordage hummed in the stiff northwest breeze, blocks rattled and orders were bellowed by the mate.

At last she was hitched firm in her harness and stood ready to go on her own. As the cable was loosed from the tug and the little boat steamed past us on her return, the bark gingerly settled herself to work. A dead head wind was blowing strong in our faces and the little square-rigger buckled down on her journey like an old woman starting to climb a long steep hill.

Wind Symbolic of Life

There was something symbolic about it. There was hardly a man aboard who had not been bucking life's headwinds most of his years. Fair winds had been few and short-lived, else why were they taking jobs like this?

The grimness of our departure, and the cold forbiddingness of it typified what life had meant, and what it still had in store for these cannery men of salmon.

Our course was west by north, but of course, we had to tack. As our bark took the bit in her teeth, her nose pointed toward the Hawaiian islands. She lay on her side and slowly plowed through the choppy sea.

As I stood by the port rail straining my eyes for the last glimpses of the coast line, a sickening feeling came over me. I was cold and I itched.

But my troubles had just begun. I turned suddenly deathly sea-sick.

that most of the gang had climbed to their bunks.

Several had vomited on the aisles and no move had been made to clean up the gorge. Utterly miserable, I picked my way to my bunk and rolled in.

No Regard for Others

Opposite me a Mexican lay in his clothes, moaning. Besides being seasick he was suffering from a venereal disease. Every once in a while he would lean over and spit into the aisle. His utter disregard for the health of others enraged me, but I was too sick to protest.

I turned over on my knotty mattress and tried to sleep. New stenches came to my nostrils and the sounds of the men vomiting kept me nauseated. I lit a candle and tried to read.

Now the light of a single candle to read by is not good for a man who is taking a trip to Alaska to "cure his eyes," but I had to read something. I stealthily fished out a book and seeing that no one was looking, read it by the faltering half-light.

It was just the kind of a book I wanted, a romance to take me out of my surroundings. It was Floyd Dell's Briary Bush. I read till my eyes burned. I was sweating from the heat of my companions. I was seasick, I was vermin-covered and I was, I must admit, downright homesick. My heart swelled with self-pity.

Life Given for Toll

"Oh Jesus," moaned the sick Mexican across the way. His voice held a depth of misery even I could not voice. I felt ashamed of my self-pity for I realized how little I had to complain of. This man, now past his prime and ruined in health, could not be homesick, for he had no home.

Like 99 per cent of my companions he had given his life to ceaseless toil relieved by a few violent pleasures and now, when he should have been surrounded with a family and some comforts, he did not even have hope.

There were very few at supper that evening. Only a dozen intrepid souls turned out for their feed. For myself, I was glad that I had no hunger. My stomach would be saved that trial.

The seas were conspiring with

Lose Your Fat, Keep Your Health

Superfluous flesh is not healthy, neither is it healthy to diet or exercise too much for its removal. The simplest method known for reducing the overweight body easily and steadily is the Marmola Method, tried and endorsed by thousands. Marmola Prescription Tablets contain an exact dose of the famous Marmola Prescription, and are sold by druggists the world over at one dollar for a case. They are harmless and leave no wrinkles or flabbiness. They are popular because effective and convenient. Ask your druggist for them or send price direct to the Marmola Co., 4612 Woodward Ave., Detroit, Mich., and procure a case. Advt.

eyening.

(More Tomorrow.)

ITALIANS PLAN FETE THURSDAY

Discovery of America to Be Observed

Little Italy today began "dressing up" for the Columbus day celebration Thursday. Thursday is the 430th anniversary of the discovery of America.

Homes and stores in the north beach are being decorated.

The Italian Catholic Union is directing the concert and ball in Scottish Rite hall Thursday night. This marks the opening of the festival.

Jas. A. Bacigalupi, general chairman, will preside and Louis Ferrari will present Brother Leo.

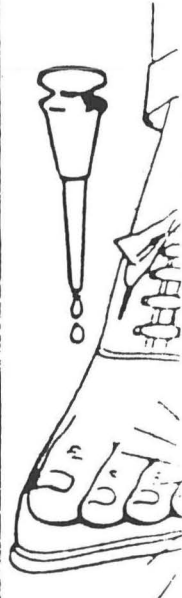
Half of the proceeds of the ball go to the families of the Jackson miners who lost their lives in the Argonaut mine disaster.

The celebration will end Sunday when the cornerstone is laid for the new \$400,000 SS. Peter and Paul church by Archbishop Hanna. An open air mass will be celebrated in Washington Square.

WILL SING OLD SONGS

A special service of old neighborhood singing will be the feature of the meeting of Hope Hall Social Service, 807 Kearny-st., this week. The program begins tonight. Rev. Chas. Kelley will talk each night.

CC
Lift Off



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Crystal Palace Market

Notice-- TO PRIZE CONTEST

It has been decided by the Board of the Crystal Palace Market that the "GUESSING CONTEST" is to be closed was expected. Closing date is to be October 17th.

ALL TEN QUESTIONS will appear News exclusively on Wednesday of Look for them and share in these valuable 404 prizes in all to be awarded. First Second Prize, \$25; Third Prize, \$15; Fourth Prize, \$10, and then 400 "One Dollar

Pain in Your

TEETH

THE PRICE OF SALMON

30 NATIONALITIES ON ALASKA
SALMON SHIP, STERN FINDS

Article 13

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BY MAX STERN

THE second day out broke cold the windy. The little bark was plowing back and forth in the teeth of a stiff nor'wester. She was making very little headway, as we tacked slowly up and down against the head wind.



MAX STERN

Capt. Joe was facing his quarterdeck and cursing the wind. He stamped about in heavy shoes with wooden soles of the sort his countrymen wear in their dairies on the hillsides of the western states, and under his arm he carried a little brindle pup, the mascot of the ship.

Walk to Keep Warm

I was still a little sick and needed fresh air, so I wrapped myself in my red comforter and planted myself shivering on the lee side of the windlass on the fo'castle-head. Many of the crew were out pacing the decks amidships, trying to keep warm by walking swiftly in twos, back and forth.

What a melting pot this old ship was! On her main-mast floated Old Glory, and yet under that flag I believe there were not 10 Yankees.

In the ship I had counted as many as 30 different nationalities represented, and there must have been even more. Chinese, Guamanese, Nicaraguan, Portuguese, Spaniards, Mexicans, Filipinos, Hawaiians, Colombians, Panamanians, Santa Domingans, Hatillans, Finns, Russians, Letts, Swedes, Danes, Dutch, Germans, Norwegians, Irish, Negroes, Icelanders, Sicilians and English—all these went into the brew that made up our polyglot crew of salmon packers.

Mose, a loose-jointed lad with a hangdog expression, was getting his head shaved by the Mexican barber, near the forward pigpen.

Sea Washes Off Lather

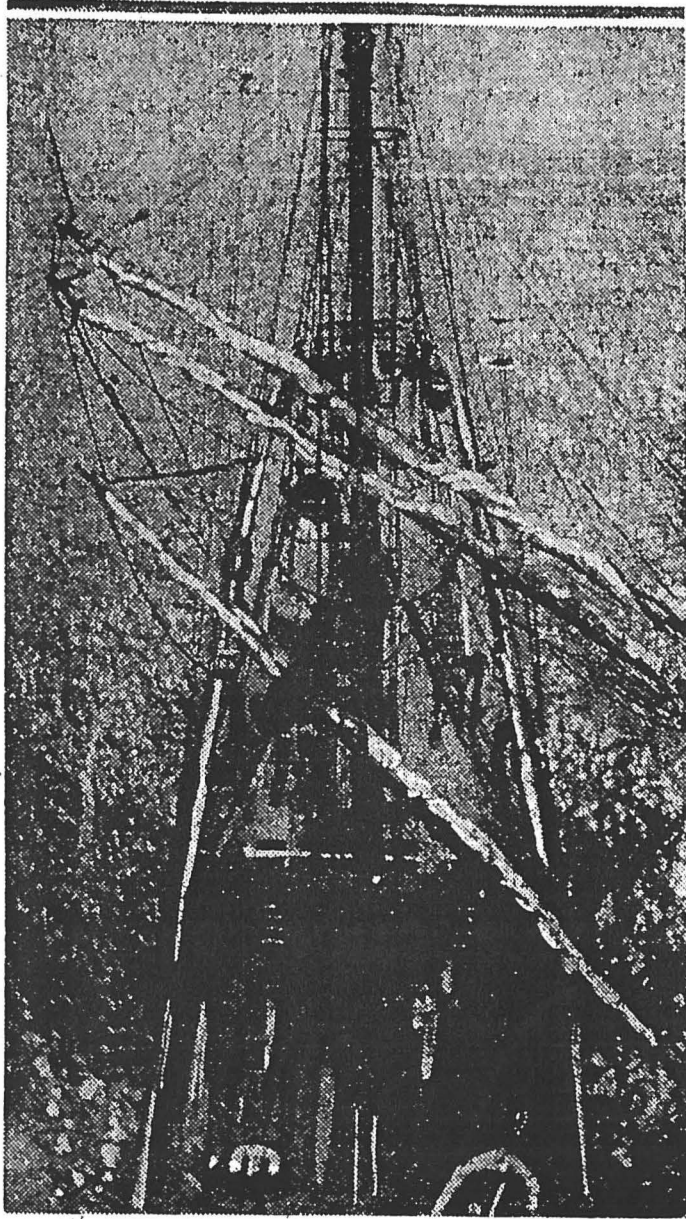
The barber and Mose were both a little drunk, and the seas were very high. Mose's head was a bloody shambles of washes, but he grinned in a friendly waggish way toward everybody. Every once in a while a great comb would dash over the rail and wash the lather from Mose's head, but neither he nor the barber seemed to mind.

"This ain't rough," Mose grinned. "You ought to go around the Horn in a storm. Every greenhorn gets his head shaved then, and oh, boy!"

Mose had shipped as a sailor, but he was assigned the job of water-boy. As Gunga Din he more than carried out the captain's orders to conserve water. He was also the ship's undertaker and was to get \$10 for every "stiff" buried at sea under his direction.

Negro Once Wealthy

The tides that washed this motley crew from the earth's four corners had dumped into our ship many who had seen better days.



A remarkable picture of the bark upon which Stern sailed. It was snapped from one of the yards and shows a sailor's-eye view of her deck.

Photo by Ed GUNTER

on the road to prosperity when the automobile had pushed him and his trade to the wall.

Misfortune Levelled Them

And so on. A stranger assort-

ment of humans it would be hard to gather together in one ship, yet they had all been reduced to a sort of working equality by that most effective democratizer, misfortune.

Sherman, May & Co.

TERMS? You will be lib-
terally and courteously

Holding them together was the great common denominator of hard luck.

It soon became too chilly on the forward deck so I walked around the limited space permitted for the promenade of the Chinese Gang. We were not allowed to go aft any farther than the hatchway amidships. The decks were slimy with sea water and dirt, and I had not made many steps in my \$4 shoes before my feet were good and soaked.

Up to now I had not found one of our Chinese gang who was glad he had signed up.

Left Jail for Trip

I had, in fact, been like Diogenes looking for a contented Chinese gangster.

Leaning up against the pig-pen and gazing into the waves was a boy whose nationality would be hard to guess. He was probably Portuguese, but he was certainly a derelict.

"Well, what do you think of the trip," I asked, "Are you glad you came?"

"Well, I guess I am," he replied uncertainly. "Meyer got me out of jail on probation on the promise I'd take this trip. I reckon this is some better than jail, but I don't know."

(More Tomorrow.)

VISIT THE CALIFORNIA

Hal
MARKET
AT FIFTH
GI

Tried and
Greatly

This three day sale begins tomorrow with a wholesome stock. Extra help and service. We cannot guarantee that quantity.

Do N

Pure Cane Sugar— 10 lbs. 70c
Crystal White Soap— 6 bars 20c
M. M. or Sego Milk—Can, 9c
Snowdrift— 2-lb. 38c
4-lb. 75c
can.

mar slipped off in front of the wheels which ran over his legs, breaking both of them. Hospital.

HIT BOY, CLAIM

Manteca, Oct. 11.—Mannuel Rocka arrested on complaint of P. S. Foster, who claims that Rocka struck his young son during an argument yesterday. Released on \$25 bail.

EXPERT IN SMASH

Stockton, Oct. 11.—Peter Teresani, radiator expert, ran his car into a big truck on the highway. Car turned turtle. His wife hurt.

CAUGHT AT LAST

Lodi, Oct. 11.—Police had been looking for F. C. Paulsen for a long time, but they couldn't find him until he ran into a electrolizer and was brought into court to account for it. He's charged with grand larceny.

10 NABBED

Lodi, Oct. 11.—Chief of Police F. Christensen has had suspicions about Tom Skuras' place for a long time. He led a raiding party the other night and bagged the proprietor and nine visitors for gambling.

SEASON'S HERE

Newman, Oct. 11.—Thos. Murray of San Jose and Robt. Robertson went duck hunting. As they raised their guns to shoot, Robertson changed his gun from one arm to the other and in doing so discharged it, the shot striking his companion in the abdomen. Injuries serious.

SOME COUNTRY!

Jackson, Oct. 11.—Newest produce of Amador-co is yellow ochre obtained from the Tunnel-Hill mine and used in making paint.

DOG BITES THREE

Susanville, Oct. 11.—Dog owned by J. B. French suddenly developed rabies and bit his master, Dr. J. S. Wren and Wren's little son before he could be killed. All taking Pasteur treatment at Berkeley.

PUTS AWAY CLOTHES

Dutch Flat, Oct. 11.—An unidentified body of a nude man was found hanging to a tree here. He piled his clothes neatly at bottom of tree.

RIDER WINS \$500

Dorris, Oct. 11.—Billy Raymond of this place is the champion bucking horse rider of the section, having won a prize of \$500 in the finals of the southern Oregon rodeo.

Marysville, Oct. 11.—Elmer Lim, 12-year-old Chinese student, told the authorities that his grandmother, Mrs. K. F. Tom, wouldn't let him play like other Chinese boys, but forces him to stay about the restaurant run by Sam Lee in order to distribute cocaine and other drugs to his customers.

STEAL CHICKENS

Anderson, Oct. 11.—While Mrs. Lottie A. Barney was absent from her home organizing a poultry club, Harry and Emory McLaughlin, brothers, are said to have stolen 25 pure-bred roosters from her chicken house. The boys confessed and promised to repay her. They turned over \$50 to sheriff, forwarded it to Mrs. Barney.

GRAPE MEN ARE HAPPY

both a little drunk, and the seas were very high. Mose's head was a bloody shambles of gashes, but he grinned in a friendly waggish way toward everybody. Every once in a while a great comber would dash over the rail and wash the lather from Mose's head, but neither he nor the barber seemed to mind.

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Negro Once Wealthy

The tides that washed this motley crew from the earth's four-corners had dumped into our ship many who had seen better days.

One tall negro of the Chinese gang named Bob had been wealthy in a way until misfortune overtook him. He had made thousands of dollars smuggling Chinese coolies across the Mexican border and up to San Francisco and Oakland.

How he packed the contraband Asiatics into the bottom of his Cadillac at Tia Juana, drove furiously over the highways by night and rested in the Chinatowns of Los Angeles and Fresno by day, would make a story in itself.

He had done well at \$1,000 per head delivered in Oakland, but he tried opium and booze as side-lines and was arrested and fined the value of his bank account and car. Now he was trying to recoup at the gambling tables.

Ex-Chief There Too

Another of our crew named Martini, a little fat man of inky-black complexion, had been at one time chief of police of Panama City. Now he was pitifully feeble and lay in his bunk day and night.

There was also an ex-pearl diver from Baja California. He was a beautiful young creature whose black eyes flashed angrily as he softly cursed in strange Spanish the house of Meyer and Young, and called down maledictions on everything Alaskan.

In the fishermen's fo'castle were even more ex-celebrities.

Lying in his bunk, with a broken nose, acquired in a drunken fight, was a Russian Lett, called the "Baron." He had been one of the Lettish landed nobility, but the revolution laid him low. He was now living with and working beside a group of socialist Letts, and apparently forgetting all by-gones.

Works for Education

The bos'n, also a Lett, was called the "Consul." He had been at one time Lettish consul to a European city, but now was a wanderer seeking to make enough money to return to his native land.

In the beach-gang was a splendidly built young Irishman, named Pat. The way he walked gave assurance that he had been a policeman. He had been a San Francisco "cop," and was trying to make a little stake on the trip to Alaska to permit him to go to college to study electrical engineering.

"Yee," the night watchman, had been an innkeeper in Holland and his pal, "Blackie," blacksmith of the Monkey-Wrench Gang, had been

A remarkable picture of the bark upon which Stern sailed. It was snapped from one of the yards and shows a sailor's-eye view of her deck.

Photo by Ed GUNTER

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Sherman, May & Co.

TERMS? You will be liberally and courteously accommodated here. Stocks? Our Victor Victrola and Victor Record departments are as complete as the city offers. Service? We render it gladly, from the heart outward. The main point is: Get your Victrola now—from us, if you feel that you have confidence in us—but get your Victrola. Begin enjoying it.



Sherman, May & Co.

Kearny and Sutter Streets
SAN FRANCISCO

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THE PRICE OF SALMON CUP OF WATER A DAY GIVEN MEN FOR DRINKING, WASHING

Article 14

BY MAX STERN

T was too cold to walk the deck
in my wet shoes and it was too
stifling below. Finally, I found
warm haven in the shanty lashed
on deck, known as our galley. In-
side were the two
Guamese cooks
preparing our eve-
ning meal of rice
and beans.



MAX STERN

The head cook
was a youngster
who had given up
a good position in
a San Francisco
hospital to get ad-
venture in Alas-
ka. He had al-
ready had enough
and was contin-
ually talking of
home.

"Fat," the sec-
ond cook, was al-
so homesick and
wished he had not come.

He Had Sideline
"Soan of a goan," he sighed ev-
ery once in a while. "Why did I
ever leave Freesko?"

"Cookie" had only one consol-
ation. He was going to make some
side money on the trip. He had
carefully filled up a lot of bottles
with San Francisco moonshine. He
had paid \$10 a gallon for it, and
was expecting to sell it to the na-
tive Indians in Alaska at \$7 to \$10
a quart.

Trafficking in grappa was a com-
mon thing this year, and several
Mexicans had brought trunks full
of the contraband for the Eskimos'
peace and comfort during the long
winter months.

When our ship was still in San
Francisco bay, we had been fed by
Fat out of the big pot from the
galley. Now the arrangement was
different. The crew was divided
into seven groups, each with a cap-
tain in charge.

Way Food Was Served

The food was also divided into
seven parts. Each portion would
be dumped into a big tin pan, which,
as time wore on, became black with
rust.

A portion of "coffee" was poured
into a small tin coffee pot and a
dozen hunks of bread were put
into another pan.

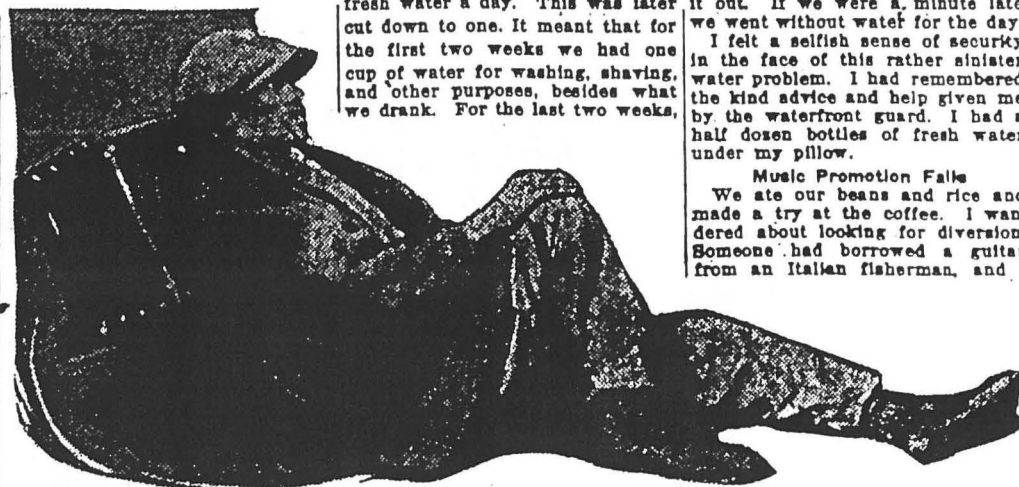
When the meal was announced,
each captain would carry the three
vessels below to some designated
corner and the members of his
group would flock around. We
dipped our spoons into the common
dish, ate from them and often re-
peated. It was an ideal way to
spread disease.

As I have said, several of the
Chinese had tuberculosis and a
number of the Mexicans suffered
from venereal diseases. What other
maladies were being suffered in the
China hole, no one knew.

No Examination

We were supposed to have been
examined by a doctor before sail-
ing. If a doctor came aboard at
all, I never saw him. And if he did
he should have been arrested for
criminal negligence for passing that
crew as it shipped out.

Right here I want to tell a story
that I believe has not been given



fresh water a day. This was later
cut down to one. It meant that for
the first two weeks we had one
cup of water for washing, shaving,
and other purposes, besides what
we drank. For the last two weeks,

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we went without water for the day.
I felt a selfish sense of security
in the face of this rather sinister
water problem. I had remembered
the kind advice and help given me
by the waterfront guard. I had a
half dozen bottles of fresh water
under my pillow.

Music Promotion Fails

We ate our beans and rice and
made a try at the coffee. I wan-
dered about looking for diversion.
Someone had borrowed a guitar
from an Italian fisherman, and I

Effects of an Alaskan salmon cruise. A sick Chinaman just taken from one of the Alaska
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In the Chinese gang of one of the
Alaska Packers' barks, the Star of
Italy, this year smallpox broke out.
The disease began to show itself
about mid-ocean and was most viru-
lent when she arrived at Naknek,
the cannery to which she was
bound.

Unverified reports were that
eight died, either aboard or
ashore. The boat was put under
quarantine for 21 days and the dis-
ease finally died down. Every ef-
fort was made to hush it up, but I
learned of it authoritatively from
the captain of one of Uncle Sam's
revenue cutters.

Epidemic Not Unusual

Every year or so some epidemic
breaks out in these unsanitary holds.
It was the greatest wonder that we
escaped. In the China holes of the
Alaska Packers' ships some disin-
fectant is used. In ours, there
never was any germicide spread
upon the floor.

Twice during the trip the floor
of our quarters was scraped and
the dried sputum and other waste
removed. Otherwise it was only
swept up.

There were three men sick with
mal-de-mer. One old Mexican, in
his dark corner at the end of the
row on which I slept, groaned day
and night. Hector, who was sup-
posed to administer aid to the sick,
I did not once see in our fo'castle.
The old Mexican got a sort of
grudging assistance from his coun-
trymen.

More Dangerous Than Lions?

As I followed our evening meal
down the companion way and re-
alized what a germ infested hole
it was, I felt something like Daniel
must have felt as he entered the
lion's den. Surely lions could be
no more dangerous than the unseen
myriads of disease germs that
lurked in the dark corners of that
damp, warm incubation hole.

Mose, the ship's water boy, had
issued orders that we were to have
only two five gallon buckets of

we had one cup a day for all pur-
poses.

One Cup a Day

Imagine having to bathe, shave,
brush your teeth and drink all out
of one cup of fresh water a day!

It seemed a risky thing for any
ship to leave port with not enough
water to keep its tomatoes healthy.
Surely there was no need of it,
for the ship was not loaded heavily.

In the fishermen's fo'castle, a
bucket was suspended aloft all
the time for drinking pur-
poses. In pur hold, the bucket was
kept, uncovered, under the steps.
When the final orders came for one
cup a day, we were not trusted to
help ourselves.

Every morning we were awak-
ened by a call.

No Water If Late

"Agua!" came the shout from
the scuttle-head. One of the
Guamese would bring the water
down and we would tumble half
dressed to where he stood dipping

tried to get some of the Mexican
boys to sing their native songs. It
was no good. The spell of the cold
heavy sea was on them and there
was no joy aboard.

I climbed up to my bunk. I had
not escaped the cooties by taking
the top bunk, and besides this I had
fallen heir to the most fetid atmo-
sphere.

As I looked through my square
window to the groups of gamblers
below, it came over me that this,
after all, was not so different from
the prison the little derelict had
escaped from. Prison, in fact, would
be in many ways better because it
would be safer and freer from the
dangers of disease.

What crime had we committed
that we had been sentenced to six
months of this sort of life?

None, you will say. But yes, we
were guilty of the inexcusable sin
of this age. We had all committed
first degree poverty.

(More Tomorrow)

SONG OF SALMON GANG

We're a frousy, lousy crew

As head-wind ever blew,

The scrapins of five continents and more;

They have gathered us and shipped us,

And a dirty job they slipped us,

A good two thousand miles from home ashore.

To Naknek, Kvichak, Ugaahik,

To Togiak and Coofee Crick

To tundra flats and mud o' Bristol Bay,

To Kagione and Igigak;

Wood River, Snake and Nushagak,

Wind, skeeters, drizzle, slavin', rotten pay.

They have packed us fore and aft,

In this rollin', leakin' craft,

For a fishin' like Ike Walton never knew.

For we're off to harvest salmon,

For our masters, Man and Mammon,

And we'll work from Hell to breakfast till we're through.

BANKERS COME

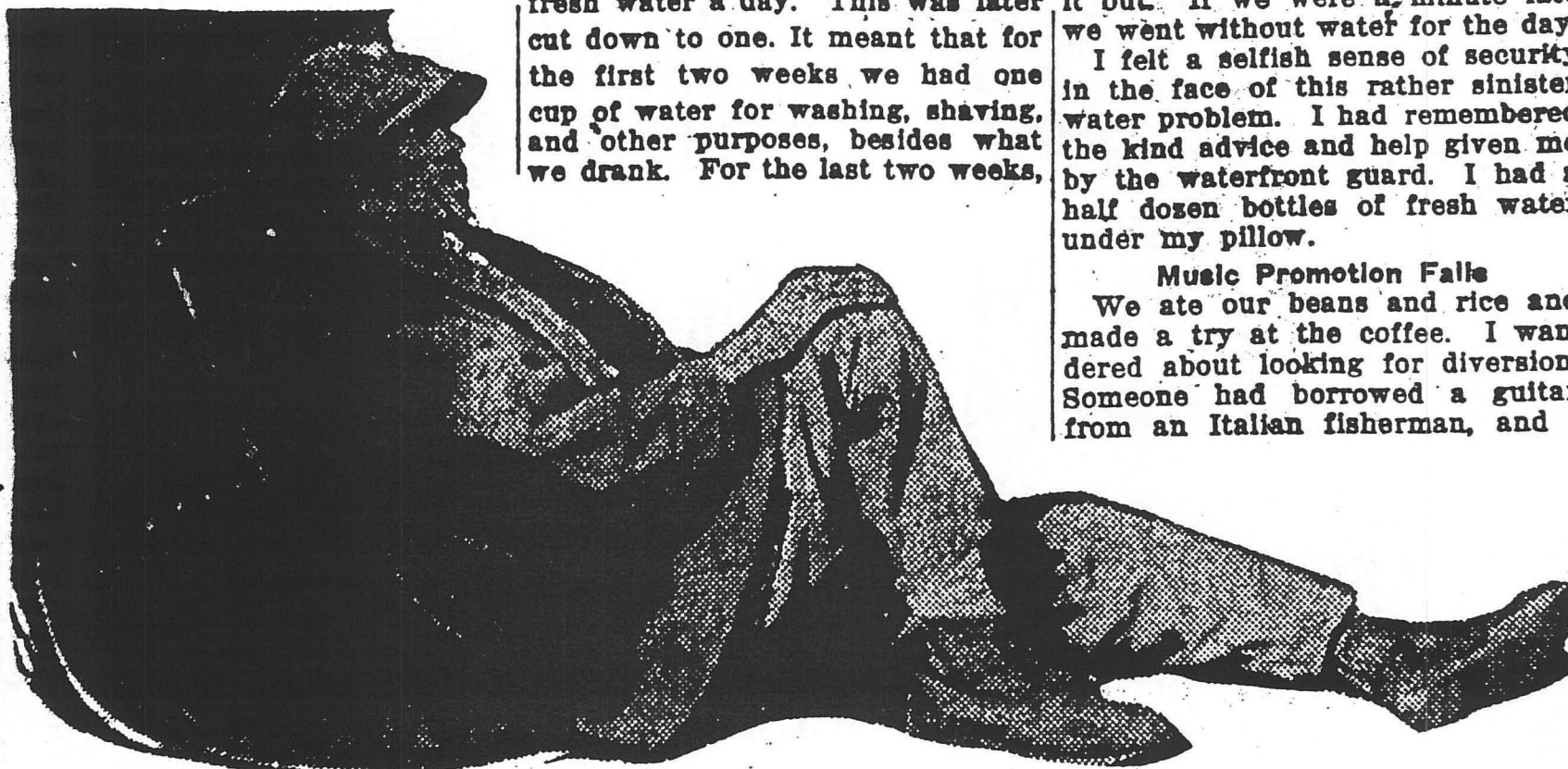
BANKERS TO CLOSE

HANNAH'S TABLETS

OF WATER A DAY GIVEN EN FOR DRINKING, WASHING

Article 14

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Effects of an Alaskan salmon cruise. A sick Chinaman just taken from one of the Alaska ships on her return from Alaska. On the Star of Italy this year smallpox broke out, claiming a score of sick and eight deaths.

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Music Promotion Falls
 We ate our beans and rice and made a try at the coffee. I wandered about looking for diversion. Someone had borrowed a guitar from an Italian fisherman, and I

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 I climbed up to my bunk. I had not escaped the scotches by taking

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STORM HEADWINDS FOLLOWED BY CALM ON SALMON CRUISE

Article 15

BY MAX STERN

MY second night on the high seas was one of the worst I have ever spent.

I had developed a cold as the result of wearing Meyer's \$4 shoes, and I felt as though I had a fever.



MAX STERN

Outside the seas were rolling high and I lay awake most of the night listening to the giant waves smash with their mighty strength against the bosom of the floundering ship. In the flickering candle light I could make out that the bark was well built. The dirty deck bottom was hardly more than a couple of feet from my head and I noticed with no little comfort that the stout beams had been hewn out of live oak and that the oaken knees braced the ship's ribs with a stubbornness like steel. Thank heaven for the good old New England conscience.

Stout Old Ship Creaks

But in spite of her strength the ship was old, and her joints creaked rheumatically under the terrific strain.

I rolled from one side of my bunk to the other with the roll of the boat. As I tumbled over the bumps in my mattress I felt like some early heretics must have felt under the Spanish inquisition.

But, worst of all, was the marahuana weed and the Chinese tobacco and the stale, over-used air. I made up my mind I would try to move my bed into one of the ship's small boats aloft the next day.

I dreamed fitfully. Thank heaven also for dreams. The Freudians

tell us that our dreams are the expression of unfulfilled desire. So was it with me. The uglier my surroundings the more beautiful were my dreams.

I dreamed of tar weed, children at play, fields of poppies, silk-gowned women, music—all the lovely land-given things that I yearned for.

The next morning I started to move, but I found that Meyer's bedding was far too light.

That very morning I had heard one of the colored men complaining about the blankets.

"Ole Meyer's blankets 'll make good mosquito netting up in 'Laska," he had said.

Tries to Buy Blanket

I went aft to purchase another blanket from the "slop-chest." As I entered the sacred captain's quarters, Hector, the storekeeper, hardly looked up from some figures he was writing.

"Whaduhuyuh want?" he growled before I had time to reach the bottom of the stair.

I told him I wanted to buy a blanket. He said he was too busy and to come later.

As I walked past the donkey-engine room I noticed that the engine was going. It was turning a pump out of which a big stream of bilge water was issuing. The water flooded the deck and ran out of the scuppers as the ship listed to leeward.

Friend of London

I asked the donkey-engine man what he was doing. He was built like an ox and had a sort of bovine good nature about him. He had been a friend of Jack London's and had helped Jack build the Snark. One of his priceless possessions was an autographed copy of the "Sea Wolf."

He told me he was pumping out leakage from the ship's bottom.

"A wooden ship ain't no good until she begins to leak," he remarked as I showed surprise.

Every watch, night and day, for the whole trip he had to start the donkey engine and pump the bark out.

Watch Stolen

I went back to the slop-chest and persuaded Hector to sell me a blanket. I paid \$4 for it. It was some better than the one I had bought from Meyer, but it was very thin.

When I went down to my bunk I remembered I had carelessly left my watch under my pillow. I looked there and found it was gone. Worse still, my precious bottles of water had also been stolen in my absence.

My new bed in the small boat was much better. The soot from the smoke stack of our Chinese galley blackened everything about me, including myself, and every once in a while an ambitious wave would spray me, but I covered my bunk with a piece of old canvas and was very snug. The fresh air was tonic and I felt much better.

Hit Calm

For four days we zig-zagged across the Pacific, trying to gain headway against the nor'wester. Finally a fair wind caught us and for two days we held our course, making a good eight knots.

Then suddenly we ran into a dead calm. The bark, with all sails up, rolled on big greasy swells as helpless as a cork.

The deep indigo of the ocean stretched infinitely all about us. Gooney birds had taken the place of the seagulls and were flapping foolishly for what refuse they could snatch. They were silly black creatures, which seemed to come from nowhere by the thousands. We were "a painted ship upon a painted ocean."

For two days we moved not a yard forward. Capt. Joe clattered back and forth in his wooden shoes angrily. Finally in desperation he started to fling corns overboard to propitiate the gods into letting loose the chained winds. But it

was useless.

It was fairly warm and the decks were alive with men. Even several of the Chinamen came up from their dark corner and stopped about in their cloth slippers. We ate our meals in the open, using the covered pig pen for a table. I tried to wash out my black towel in salt water, but only made it blacker.

The meals were getting worse. The cabbage which had helped to make several of the meals edible, was turning black and had to be abandoned.

We had started with bakers' bread, but the dampness had started to turn it mouldy and we could not eat it. One day we had been given fried bacon and boiled potatoes for breakfast, a treat we were allowed once a week.

Most of the time our meals were composed of potatoes, beans or rice with "salt horse," a cheap type of corn beef which most of the time was as inedible as had been the tough stew of our first meal.

One time we had been given tripe, but it was so tough and strong that it went overboard to the gooney biras.

All this meant, of course, good business for the Mexican store and the Chinaman. We were given no fruit, but we could buy canned pears, peaches and pineapples for 60c a can.

We never saw an egg in our meals, but we could buy eggs at 5c a piece. Small oranges could be had at either store for 60c a dozen and apples at the same price.

Peanuts were on sale by the Chinaman. Crackers and cheese were offered by the Mexican store for a consideration, and every evening the thoughtful Charlie would descend just as we were getting hungry with his delectable apple or mince-ee pie, at 40c a piece.

One might make out if he were willing to work for the China boss and his San Francisco understudy for the season for nothing.

(More Tomorrow)

COLUMBUS TO END S

Italians Open Wi
Musical Pr

The Italian Catho conclude its celeb 430th anniversary of America Sunday.

The celebration b with an overflow a literary and musical fish Rite auditorium lowed by a grand b

Sunday the progr gun with a parade ceremonies marking the cornerstone of th Paul church in Filb Archbishop Hanna nerstone and an out be celebrated in Was by Archbishop Wm. delegate to the Phill

OSTEOPATH F TO ATTEN

Announcement th Forbes of Los Angel California Osteopath present at the big Saturday, was made quarters of the ost Golden West hotel. be held at 7 p m cafeteria. Ellis Pu manager for No. 20, act, will preside.

A GOLD G IN FEW

"Pape's Cold Acts Quick, C Never Sick

THE PRICE OF SALMON

STRONG UNION WINS DECENT CONDITIONS FOR FISHERMEN

Article 16

BY MAX STERN

OCCUPIED a strange place in the scheme of things aboard the "Hell Ship."

To the negroes I was known as "Whitey." They thought I was taking the trip to escape the long arm of the law, as some have done in the past.



MAX STERN

To the Mexicans I was an enigma. They called me "Poncho" or "Francisco."

To the fishermen and monkey-wrench gang, I was known as "Slim" and was considered "queer."

But to the captain, the superintendent and Hector I was entirely "persona non grata." They seemed to lose no opportunity to show their contempt for a white man evidently of some intelligence who would ship in the Chinese gang.

"You Don't Belong Here"

As I was walking the deck one day one of the sailors, a youth from Minneapolis, who was taking the trip mainly to watch out for his younger brother who had signed up, was lolling with a group of others of the crew on the poop-deck.

Captain Joe was near the wheel. The Minnesota youth beckoned to me to come aft and join in a card game on the deck. I hesitated but finally climbed up the companionway and sat in the sun with them.

Looking over to the captain I saw him beckon to me. I went back.

Caste System

"You go f'ord," he said gruffly. "You don't belong back here. This place is for the fishermen."

W. L. George, the English novelist, writing of our America says that with all our vaunted belief in democracy, we are a nation of snobs, and hold to our social distinctions more dearly than any other people.

And here, on this ancient, ill-



A strict caste system operates on the Hell Ship. Photo by Max Stern.

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A strict caste system operates on a Hell Ship. Below (left), a member of the Beach Gang, and (right), a fisherman, who because of their union occupy a high place in the system. Above, two of the Chinees Gang, "Sudrahs" among the salmon packers.

salmon fleet sailed the fishermen's fishermen. Their coffee smelled



DOINGS

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W. L. George, the English novelist, writing of our America says that with all our vaunted belief in democracy, we are a nation of snobs, and hold to our social distinctions more dearly than any other people.

And here, on this ancient, ill-equipped wind-bagger, upon which the best man aboard would be considered a failure in the eyes of a landsman, there existed caste system as strict in its codes and its taboos as anything in India.

At the top of the scale was the captain with his guests of the captain's cabin. These were the Brahmins, to whom it was hardly permitted to speak.

Monkey-wrench Gang First

Amidships, in the petty officers' cabin, ate and slept the monkey-wrench gang, the next highest in caste. Chips, the carpenter, the caulker, the beach-gang boss, the blacksmith, and a dozen others spent their days and evenings playing cards in their exclusive little quarters. They were all rather poorly paid. Most of them had been members of unions, but had shipped this year under the American Plan. The older men were cynical about things, and the younger men were nearly all I. W. W.

Then came the fishermen and the "beach gang." Years ago the fishermen had been as poorly off as the Chinese gangs. They slept in the forward hold and ate of their own and very poor mess.

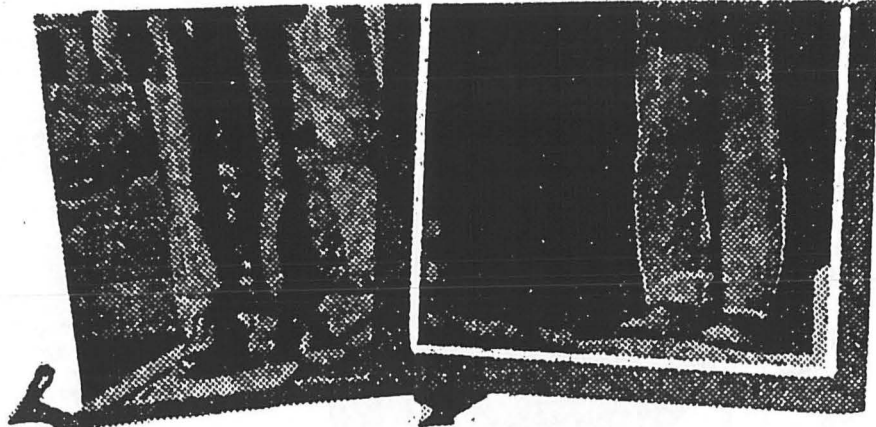
Union Saves Them

But in 1902 a union was started up in Alaska. It was organized first by the native Alaskan fishermen, and it has since spread to include all the fishermen of the Pacific coast.

Today their living and working conditions are exceedingly good, although their pay is low and their work hazardous.

The strength of their union is shown in that this year, in spite of every effort of the cannery owners to break it, they had to ship the men under the closed shop.

The beach-gangs up to this year belonged in the fold of the fishermen's union, but just before the



A strict caste system operates on a Hell Ship. Below (left), a member of the Beach Gang, and (right), a fisherman, who because of their union occupy a high place in the system. Above, two of the Chinese Gang, "Sudrahs" among the salmon packers.

salmon fleet sailed the fishermen's union leaders found it necessary to throw the beach-gang to the wolves to save themselves, and the beach-gang was also shipped under the open shop.

Hours Long, Work Hard

The beach-gang men were paid \$80 a month and board, and were called upon to do the hardest of mucking at the canneries. Their hours were long and they often worked on Sunday. Aboard they either did crew service or held such jobs as hog-tender, lamp-lighter, or pump man.

All these three higher castes were fed from the main ship's galley. This was presided over by "Sandy" the steward, an immaculate West Indian, and one of the finest gentlemen I have ever met. Sandy occupied the best cabin on the ship next to the captain's and he deserved it. He had an assistant, a fat German, and a Kanaka boy to help him prepare the food.

In the fishermen's cabins were two mess-men who served and washed up the dishes.

Chinese Gang at Bottom

We, of course, were at the bottom of the social scale. It was a very telling contrast. With our dirty little galley next to the toilet, our water-pail under the steps, our rusty tin serving dishes and our two meals a day, lacking a table to eat from, serving ourselves and washing our own dishes in salt water, sans butter, fruit, dessert, succulent vegetables, milk of any variety, we made a sorry picture beside the fishermen.

Often I would stand by the ship rail and watch steaming dishes of the wholesome food go aft for the

fishermen. Their coffee smelled like real coffee. Milk was always on the table and so was butter in plenty. Every day they had fruit and every dinner they had some dessert. Vegetables and several kinds of meat were not uncommon.

Even Ham and Eggs

For breakfast twice a week they had ham and eggs. Hot cakes and mush and milk, steaks and all manner of other good things warmed them on the cold journey and at the cannery tables.

Instead of two meals, they had three, but this was not all; they had a second breakfast at 10 o'clock of coffee and cake, and at 3 o'clock in the afternoon the bell rang again for coffee.

Walking Delegate There

Why was it?

You have already guessed that it was the union. Aboard every one of the Alaska ships is a walking delegate of the fishermen's union. His business is to hear all complaints. If the food is poor or for a single time the bacon and eggs are missing he is there to register a complaint, and back of him are the thousands of stalwart fishermen, without whom there would be no salmon to put into the tins.

Perhaps the fishermen were right to treat us like the Sudras that we were. They had made their fight and won at least part of the battle. Several sporadic attempts have been made to unionize the unskilled labor of the canneries.

The leaders have always been shipped back from Alaska in disgrace and the attempts come to naught. All the members of the ship might be failures, but we were the greatest failures of them all.

(More Monday)

180 MEN, 4 SMALL LIFEBOATS ON ALASKA SALMON VESSEL

Article 17

BY MAX STERN

FOR two days the old bark flapped her sails idly and rolled like a hog in a wallow. On the evening of the second day a fresh fair wind caught her sails. The crew sprang to the ropes.

"He, ho!" they called in unison, as they tugged on the halyards.

Orders were bellowed by the "Consul" in a voice that sounded like a bull-walrus. He looked like one, with his big mustache and prominent teeth.

"Belay," he finally shouted, and we were off again at a merry clip.

For a day we sailed in fair weather before a fair wind, when the skies darkened and it began to pour rain. We had struck the rough waters off Cape Flattery and were in for a real storm.

Make Good Speed

By the next night we were plowing on our course at the head of a sou'easter with all but our main-sail reefed and making a good 10 knots. The ship was plunging through mountainous waves like a mad bull.

I had to move my bed below. The waves were dashing over the boat-deck and the rain was driving in sheets.

Downstairs the men had given up gambling because of the tossing of the ship, and were huddled in their corners or lying in their bunks.

Negroes Sing

One of the negroes slipped on the wet companionway and fell to the bottom of the stair. The other negroes in their dark corner set up a weird chanty. They were all bunking at the blind end of a row we called "Wall Street" and their wailing voices coming out of the darkness sounded like a Jeremiad.

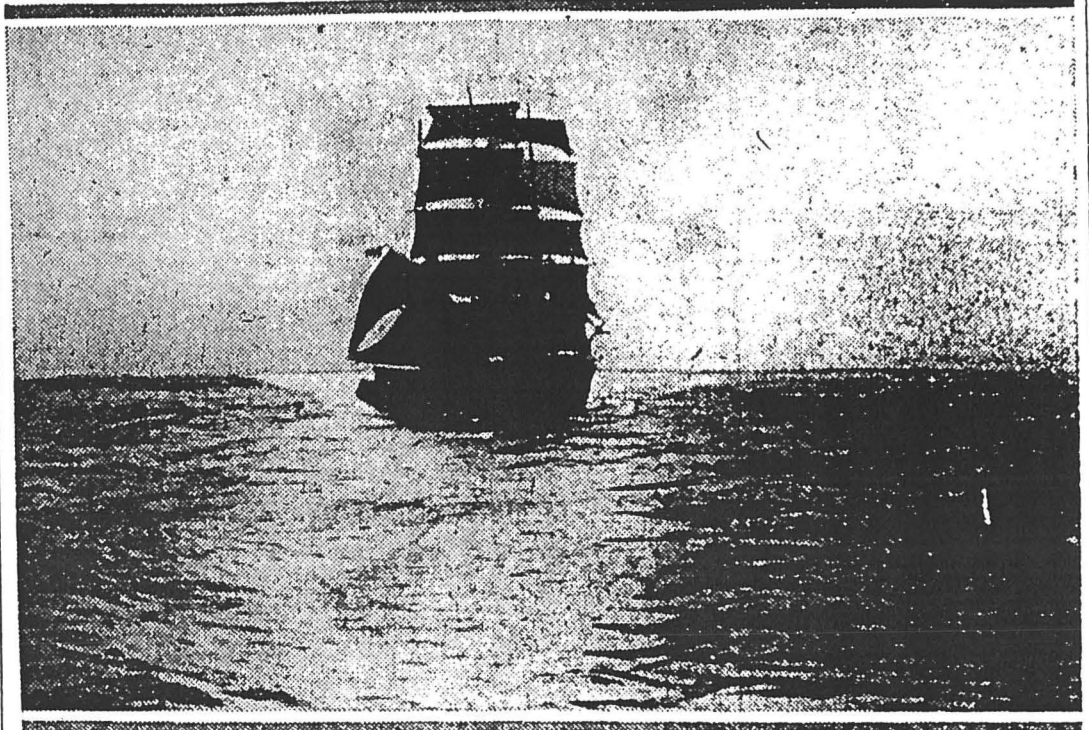
Several of the negroes had taken to washing up the pots for Sandy and in return were given the leavings from the fishermen's mess. They were just finishing off this feast in one of the lower bunks by the light of a candle, when one of the negroes called to me.

"Come heah, Whitey," he urged. He was an old darky of the ante-bellum days. His wife had died in a yellow fever epidemic in New Orleans, and the tragedy had left him, he explained, with a "ramshackle mind." He suffered from a sort of megalomania and called himself Sam Washington, the black prince. The storm had thoroughly roused him.

He Saved the Race

"Yo look at me, Whitey," he said earnestly. "Yo believe what I'm goan to tell you?" I nodded.

"Well, I am de man 'at saved de race." I looked a bit incredulous.



One of the lost. The bark Berlin of the Portland Packers' ass'n was this year's toll of the storm gods. She went on the rocks near Naknek this year, a total loss, one of the many sailing ships lost on the Alaska salmon route.

"De lawd was soah bout all dis wah and all his Ku Klux Klain and he sent down his angel to take away de sun and de stahs. Jes' as de angel was bout to hang down the sun and de stahs, I made a grab for mah 25,000 hoss-powah candle an I swung it across the heaben, and lit up the noath stah and kep the worl' from goan dahk."

We sang gospel songs, even the young soldiers joining with harmonious voices in the old negro spirituals. It was the only religious service we had aboard, but it was sincere, because it was born of our helplessness in the face of that mighty storm.

Can't Sleep

At last I climbed to my bunk. But the rolling of the ship made it impossible for me to sleep. I tried to tie myself to my bunk with a belt to keep from rolling over the bumpy mattress, but the belt broke and I had to resort to the expedient of building the bumps around my body to keep me stationary. I wanted to get a look at the storm by night and about 11 o'clock I crept carefully to the deck.

The gale was whistling through the cordage. Ahead was a wall of fog and upon this gray surface the jibboom was wrking fantastic figure eights and other designs as the nose of the bark pointed first up and then down.

On the fo'castle head I could hear the faint cry of a foghorn. I felt

my way cautiously forward. Pacing the forward deck was the lookout, a great Finn sailor-fisherman, a regular Norse viking in appearance in his yellow oilskins.

Every once in a while he would go to the prow and turn the handle of a little machine. From it issued a wail. Its puny voice in the face of that raging storm was about as effective as a baby crying into the void of eternity.

A Rock? Good Night

"What would happen if we met a ship or a rock?" I asked the lookout, shouting into his ear.

"Say, my frendt," he replied, "if anyding hits dis poat you make up your mindt dat your tays are tone."

I believed him.

I had not seen a life preserver. There was a rumor that there was a boxful of them aft on the poop deck, but I had never seen them.

There was no wireless aboard. A few of the Alaska Packers' ships have wireless, but the big majority of the "hell ships" are unequipped with either a sending or a receiving set.

Four Boats, 180 Men

Lifeboats? There were 180 of us on the ship. And there were only four lifeboats, besides a little gasoline launch. These were to be used as fishing craft at the cannery. They were now lashed on the boat deck with cables. There were no swinging davits and the boats would be cut and lowered

under the greatest difficulty. Each boat was supposed to hold 29 persons. Imagine what would happen to most of us in a shipwreck on such a high sea.

The waters over which we were passing are considered dangerous by mariners. That a sailing vessel should travel over 1600 miles across the open seas and attempt to pass through a 10 mile pass, with no wireless, is considered among deep-seamen these days as one of the most scandalous things about the Alaskan "hell ships."

Need Wireless

On my way down from Alaska I talked with Capt. J. F. Hottel of the coast guard cutter "Haida."

"The surprising thing is that there are not more tragedies among the Alaskan salmon boats," he said. Every salmon ship should be equipped with wireless without delay. Some day something terrible will happen, and it will be too late.

"Something terrible" has happened several times, among the salmon fleet. "Something terrible" almost happened this year in Alaska and one salmon ship was lost in the near disaster. But it took a Slocum disaster to make steam-boats safe for passengers, and it will probably take something much worse before the sailboats of the salmon fleet are sent out with equipment to give the crews even a fighting chance for their lives.

(More Tomorrow)

THEY THINK INJURY
DIVING IS ALRIGHT

NATIVES TO HOLD DANCE
Niantic parlor, No. 105, N. S. G.

ENDORSE ACT TO

APPOINT BODY TO

ALASKA FISHERMAN'S WORK IS DIFFICULT AND DANGEROUS

Article 18

BY MAX STERN

"For men must work and women must weep. Though storms be sudden and waters deep."

—Charles Kingsley.

FOR three days the storm raged, but the ship was blown along like a cockle-shell every day nearer Unimak Pass through which we must go to enter Behring Sea. Here we would get our first glimpse of land.

We spent most of our days and nights in our bunks. It was too wet outside and the ship rolled so that we could not play cards. The Chinaman saved a lot on his food these days, too.

But for the sailer-fishermen there was plenty to do. Some of them spent their time in the midships hold, "setting" their nets, oiling their slickers and otherwise getting ready for their long fishing trip. The rest stood watch, took the wheels and did other jobs about the ship in her travelling through the storm.

The men who go out each year for the salmon packers to fish in the tricky waters of Alaska are not as poorly paid, nor as badly treated as the Chinese gangs, but their lot is a hard and a dangerous one.

Two in a Boat

which is as little as they can."

Get \$140 "Run Money"

"I been coming up here for 22 years," said another, an Italian. "I don't see conditions much better in that time. I know I can't save any money."

The men are paid \$140 for "run money." For this they do service as the crew of the vessel. In this is also included work at the canneries, unloading, building and preparing and painting their boats before the fish start.

For red salmon they received this year 6c a piece per boat or 3c for each man. For the great king salmon, weighing sometimes as much as 75 or even 100 pounds, they get 30c or 15c per man. In addition the company feeds the men, and in case of death pays their families \$1000.

The profits, explained another Swede fisherman, must be immense.

Case From a Salmon

"One king salmon weighing 60 pounds will make a case of the finest salmon in the market," he said. "The company pays us 30c for that fish and gets wholesale, in cans, \$8.40."

"Or take a red salmon. It takes 14 reds to make a case. We get 6c or 84c."

"Consider the difference between a farmer and a salmon packer," he continued. "A farmer has to buy his land, pay taxes on it, plow it, fertilize it, sow his seed, run the risks from pests and bad weather—and then comes the harvest. A

salmon packer pays nothing for his fields, he has to sow no crops and there are no risks. All he has to do is to bring up his crew for the harvest. It's pretty soft, and it's no wonder the salmon industry is making millionaires in a hurry."

Outfit Themselves

The fishermen, like members of our Chinese gang, must outfit themselves. Their outfit must include rubber boots, rain coats, heavy underwear and a number of other good woolen articles. Then there must be some good whisky, considered to be a part of the equipment for emergencies, \$20 union dues and sometimes an extra net. This costs \$45.

Some Make \$1000

They must pay \$5 to the Alaskan government for school tax and \$5 for a fishing license.

If the fish run good the man can make as much as \$700. This means hard and steady work for 45 days with little sleep. During the war some made as high as \$1000 for the season. The average fisherman will be lucky this year if he makes \$350 for the season. Each year the price he gets is smaller and the fish he can catch are fewer.

At our cannery this year the average catch was 11,000 reds. At 3c a piece this would make \$330. Sailor Tom's was "high boat." He and his partner caught 24,222 reds, making \$726.66 a piece. And the cannery pack this year was 33,197 cases, the biggest since 1918. Last year it was only 22,000. Also the

fields we fished in are the best in northwest Alaska, which means the best in the world outside of Siberia.

The fishermen's risks are many. Often the squalls come up so suddenly in Alaskan waters that the little boats can barely make a haven in time. If they have good luck and make a big haul, they must not load their boat too heavily, or it will be swamped on the way to the tally scow.

Life Risked

On our boat was a pleasant young Latin who two years ago was swamped with his partner at Naknek. The two were in the water clinging to the sides of their capsized boat for 10 hours before they were rescued nearly frozen.

This year when he returned to his young wife in the city, he would meet his first born baby for the first time.

Another fisherman on this ship last year, a young Russian, came back from two years on the front to be drowned in Alaska.

Why do these brawny sons of the northland and of the Mediterranean each year come up to Alaska, risk their lives and age themselves before their time for a grubstake that will hardly see them through the winter?

"Well, somebody had to catch the salmon," answered one of the Swedish brothers from Oakland. "If we're lucky we make a living, and that's all a working man can do anywhere."

(More tomorrow)



MAX STERN

ore was 17-3.

17.—Chas. D. Payne
He swung a pick
and. But he missed.
He'll probably lose

CELEBRATE

the Bay, Oct. 17.—
View chamber of
to hold a celebra-
the dredging and
for the South
project is completed.

LIFE

17.—Traffic Cop
was pinching 'em for
lights on their autos.
came along. She
lights on her car.
has to appear in
her.

HEEL

17.—Chas. Mears
ow auto. It is his
can't run it. Some-
steering wheel.

T

Oct. 17.—Katie M.
her final decree of
left the courtroom,
the hall and secured
license to wed Peter
eno has nothing on
clerk.

R

Oct. 17.—Fred Seidel,
boat in an attempt at
ative Ray Starbird ark
some flour from the
idel's home and put
The dough stopped
od and saved Seidel's

MONEY

17.—Chamber of
e has more income
and now. Annual dues

17.—One drink of
de Jack Doyle, 36, la-
of suicide. But the
ade his hands un-
tends found him in

TOGETHER

7.—Frank Brougham,
Kenneth Keyser ad-
urt that they used
en they held up Mrs.
nd robbed her of her
e of the men enticed
m, another pointed a
and the other robbed

the ship in her traveling through
the storm.

The men who go out each year
for the salmon packers to fish in
the tricky waters of Alaska are not
as poorly paid, nor as badly treated
as the Chinese gangs, but their lot
is a hard and a dangerous one.

Two in a Boat

Never a year goes by but a
score or so lose their lives. At
every cannery is a graveyard with
headstones marking the last rest-
ing place of Hans Hansen, Lars
Larsen and other brave fishermen
whose bodies have been rescued
from the rivers and deep waters of
the salmon fields, and many times
more of them have gone to un-
marked graves. In 1920 the salmon
fields claimed 25 lives, of which 12
were fishermen.

Their union has wrought for
them improved living conditions and
good food but, with all the risks
entailed their pay is small.

The men go out to fish in pairs
in 20-foot boats. They are pro-
visioned by the company, and are
expected to remain out for six
weeks or so, as long as the fish
run. They must come in to a
lighter called the "tally scow" to
deliver their fish, and occasionally
to the cannery to dip their nets,
but the rest of the time they are
alone in the dangerous waters of
Alaskan bays and river mouths.

Often they go for days without
sleep. They must be out in storms
and squalls and rains. They are
given a little coal stove in their
boats, and a tent to sleep under,
but they often go for days wet and
cold through.

Age Rapidly

"If a man comes up here when
he's 30 and keeps coming for 10
years, he looks like an old man
at 40," said a big fat Finn. "You
see me now. Well, at the end of
the season I'll be as skinny as a
flat-fish. We work like dogs and
we can't save anything from what
we get. I don't believe there's a
half dozen in this gang that are
married."

A tall Swede, who was as tough
as Jerkie and a super-man in
strength, was fishing with his
brother. These two brothers were
the type that should be the fathers
of many children. They were "mo-
mentous men."

"Nobody makes any money up
here, but the companies," he said.
"They own this part of Alaska, and
they give us what they please;

00.01.02.
"Consider the difference between
a farmer and a salmon packer," he
continued. "A farmer has to buy
his land, pay taxes on it, plow it,
fertilize it, sow his seed, run the
risks from pests and bad weather
—and then comes the harvest. A

average catch was
3c a piece this was
Sailor Tom's was
and his partner can
making \$726.66 a
cannery pack this
cases, the biggest
year it was only 2

CATTLE PARADE AT SHOW TODAY

A parade of the prize winning
cattle was held today at the open-
ing of the second day of the live-
stock show at 12th and Market-st.
The parade was preceded by the
regular morning concert.

Activities again opened at 7:30
o'clock.

The horse show was staged last

What's Doing Tonight

7:30—Concert and parade of prize
winning cattle.

8:00—Class 2, roadsters, pairs.

8:15—Class 11, ladies' three-gaited
saddle, under 15:2.

8:40—Class 6, fine harness horse.

9:00—Class 13, park hacks.

9:20—Class 66, four-in-hand Shet-
lands.

9:30—Class 21, novice five-gaited
M. or G.

9:50—Musical chairs.

10:10—Class 43, draft (single).

10:20—Class 33, Corinthian.

night. The judging and awarding
of prizes was followed by "musical
chairs." Fourteen horses and
riders participated. The idea of the
event was for the 14 riders to gain
seats in 13 chairs. One by one the
extra man was eliminated until
Wm. S. Tevis jr proved the winner.

Perfection Larigo won the first
prize in the pigmy pony contests.

C. C. WILL BE GIVEN REPORT ON DRIVE

The first report on the "mopping
up" work of the chamber of com-
merce membership drive teams will
be given at the Wednesday noon
luncheon of the chamber of com-
merce.

Colbert Coldwell, acting president
of the chamber, will preside at the
meeting. The principal speaker of
the day will be Dr. Ray Lyman WH-
bur of Stanford university.

He will speak on the need of con-
centrating on community problems.

LEA A WORD E

Today's word is
It's pronounced-
with accent, in eit
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in the former, as
short in the latter.

It means—litera
but is used in Engl
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both a stemporal a
ers, now claimed b
Turkey.

It comes from—
to succeed.

It's used like
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PASTORIA

STERN AWAKENS CHINAMAN BY SITTING ON HIM; GETS "IN BAD"

Article 19

BY MAX STERN

ONE night I got up to get a drink. It was dark in the hold and the ship was rolling in the third day of our biggest storm.

As I walked gingerly across the short floor space, the ship gave a sudden lurch and tilted to leeward. My feet started slipping rapidly toward the lee side.



MAX STERN

Here in bunks before which curtains had been drawn were sleeping the Chinamen, and everything was as peaceful as a grave.

I tried to recover myself and turned my back to the row of bunks. Another wave hit the bark and sent me speeding like a comet right into one of the lower "berths." Off came the curtain and I found myself sitting on the stomach of a fat sleeping Chinaman.

Gets "In Bad"

I withdrew myself quickly and started to apologize, but the portly Chinese was sitting up, rubbing his injured person, and cursing me in the choicest of English cuss words.

"Gee Chi! Wassa malla you, you fool?" he began. Soon other curtains opened and heads popped out. A chattering arose like in a hen house when a coyote has begun a raid.

I tried to explain that it was a

the ship was the subject of many comments. Just why the fishermen should have three squares and coffee and cake twice a day besides, while we had only two very poor meals, could not be understood. The "white galley" and the immaculate Sandy were a constant source of irritation among us "here below."

Supper

What does supper time mean to you, the average American? Whether it be a table-cloth dinner or an oil cloth meal, it always has about it something of a function. It means the gathering of the family, relaxation from the daily annoyances, a cheery get-together, a social event.

What did supper mean to us?

A clatter of tins at the scuttle. "La comida" someone shouts from a dark corner. Frowsy heads pop out along the bunk rows, as shoes are drawn on and the diners tumble out, rattling their tin plates and spoon.

They make for one of the corners and dive with spoons into a rusty pan. It is strong canned beef with some potatoes and a few peas. In another dish are the inevitable frijoles. Into our cups goes the weak, sweetish fluid we call coffee. We eat silently.

Goes To Pigs

"No me gusta," "no me caro," come from the Mexicans as they scrape what they cannot eat into a bucket near the foot of the companionway, swab out their plates with their bread and ramble off.

"Maggie," the Chinese pig-tender

in his bony fingers four beans at a time. When he had finished with the pile, there remained some beans on the table, either four, or three or two or one. Whoever had the coin on one of these four numbers got his money back doubled.

Of course, the Chinaman who ran the table had three chances to the gamblers' one and no one ever beat it in the long run.

I saw but one man win. That was Captain Joe. He was down in the hold on a sort of slumming excursion, the only one time I ever saw him there.

He tossed 50c on the table and, whether to curry favor with him or whether by chance, he won, the Chinaman gave him back \$1. I know that Ben, our boss, lost \$100 at the Chinaman's table.

Black Jack Big Game

The big game was blackjack. It was run by Ben or one of his subordinate Guamese. The wall that divided us from the fishermen was scaled at times. This was when some of the Finns came below to gamble. Two of them, young Vikings in appearance, had money to begin with and were plungers. They

held tenaciously to the game and bet wildly. They often played till 4 in the morning, the gang crowding eagerly around the candle-light table, watching the tense moments of the game.

"Bob," the ex-smuggler, was always there, too. He was superstitious and never played when he thought his luck was going against him. When he dealt it was like a parson pronouncing a benediction. I never saw such dignity and solemnity.

Between Bob and the Vikings, Ben's table went broke. Ben charged 25c for every blackjack, however, and he cleared \$400 on the trip from this source alone.

Usually the story is different and the Mexican boss cleans up from his crew and gets most of their \$10 advances before the trip is over. He also loans the men money to gamble with and unless they have a big stake, as the Vikings had to begin with, their chances of winning are small.

One Mexican boss, say the men, last year came back with \$9000 he made from gambling and from his store.

(More tomorrow).

SPECIAL PRIZES TO BE GIVEN AT WHIST

Special prizes will be given away tonight at the regular whist party of the Precita Valley Community club at their rooms, Precita-av and Harrison-st.

The committee in charge of the games tonight is composed of Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Drewes, Helen Fo-

COUPLE WED AT SHOW TONIGHT

Marriage Vows to Be Taken Before Exposition Throng

THE PRICE OF SALMON

FINDS LACK OF WATER REVOLT CAUSE IN "GREAT UNWASHED"

Article 20

BY MAX STERN

WE had been on the high seas for over two weeks and we had not made half the span in our journey to the Pass.

We, of the Chinese gang, were on a water ration of one cup of water a day. Three of us were permanently sick and all of us were very unhappy. It was a strange thing, but the shortage of water to wash in was the thing that bothered the "gang" most. The food, the vermin, the poor clothing and transparent bedding were not complained of so much as the



MAX STERN

water ration.

One day we saw one of the Mexicans washing out clothes in a bucket. Warm, fresh water and good old suds! We were ready to mob him.

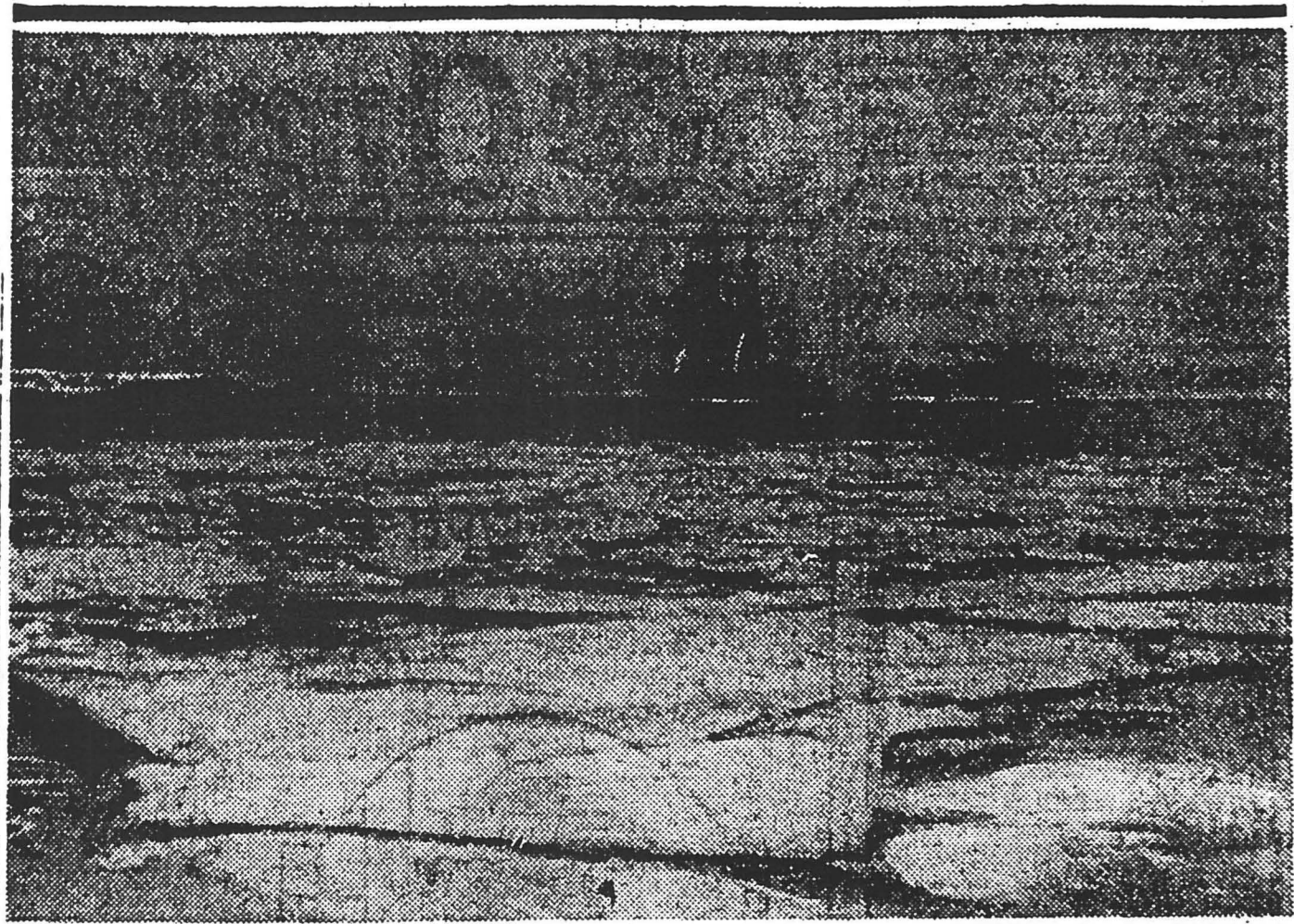
Water as Revolt Cause

"Where did you get that water?" we demanded.

"These are the stewards' clothes," he replied.

It is a common thing to hear people say: "Oh, these Mexican laborers don't mind it. You give them plenty of water and good clean bunks, and they'd soon have themselves as dirty as every."

This is a gross libel. If any one thing had caused a rebellion, it would have been the lack of fresh



An Alaska salmon fleet in the dangerous Behring. In 1917 the fleet was caught in the ice floes and several ships were lost. This picture shows how the salmon route is imperiled by the breaking ice in early spring.

gray, cold days, often varied by Bengal, which went on the rocks in Southeast Alaska in 1918. The sailors of the fleet were forced to bark to walk on the ice to visit another ship. They had become lost

Porto

"San must be the ci man c tee, an "Thi tival n cisco ness a will al ing to The first P since

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KAH Jultu dress (benefi No. 2 ass'n ater once s membe

HE'L Geo. neer c will r confer accide when mines

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I tried to explain that it was a wave that did it, but I got only glares from a dozen pair of eyes.

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With a most injured air the fat Chinaman finally drew forth a thermos bottle and began sucking on hot tea to quiet his ruffled nerves, and I withdrew.

From then on, I was put down as a disturbing influence and was in wrong with the Chinese. My only friend among them was Charlie, and I suspect that he liked me because I bought an occasional mince pie.

Diet Too Bad

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supper
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The food was "getting" me. Beans and hash made of "salt-horse," coffee and bread without butter were not a delectable breakfast.

Sometimes I would beg a little mush from the negroes who, in turn, got it from the left-overs from the fishermen's mess. Or sometimes I would buy a can of fruit, but this was too expensive an indulgence to allow to become habitual.

is too
small
Adolph
e had
oulder.

A can of milk would cost me 25c. Jelly stood in big jars on the fishermen's oilcloth table all the time, along with bread and butter. But jelly cost us 20c a small glass and butter was not to be had at all.

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mbers.
e.

I am a hearty eater and never had stomach trouble, but at last my stomach refused the food and I became sick.

Eggs 5c Each

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Eggs could be had from the Mexican store for 5c apiece or 6 for a quarter. I lived for several days on raw eggs.

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y mar-
s com-
e calls
nlarge

One night I was preparing to eat a couple of raw eggs as my evening meal. As I broke one of them a loud explosion took place and I found myself assailed by an odor that told me the egg was more than passe. In all that symphony of smells about me, my egg gave forth the dominant note. After that I "candled" my eggs before I broke them.

George
anford
schol-
y law

The meals were not popular with any of the rest of the crew, and the double standard of eating on

with their bread and tamale oil.
"Maggie," the Chinese pig-tender, comes smiling to the bucket, his carpet-slippers flapping on his dirty heels as he carries the leavings up-stairs.

The meal is over, and we tumble back into our bunks, the Mexicans to their marahuana weed that makes them forget, the Chinese to their Lethe and we to our cigarettes.

The seas had become a little less boisterous, but the weather was cold and rainy. Gambling was in full swing every night again. The games had resolved into two tables. The Chinese played chuckluck among themselves and with whoever had the temerity to play with them.

Can't Lose

For hours a silent Chinaman sat at the head of a low table. Before him was a pile of lima beans and an oilcloth on which were four quarters, numbered one, two, three and four.

The gamblers threw their coin on one of these quarter spaces and the silent Chinaman at the head of the table counted out with a stick

games tonight is composed of Mrs. Watson, Mrs. Drewes, Helen Fogarty, Wm. Van Laak and Robt. Lute.

RESEARCH BUREAU REVIEWS ITS WORK

The San Francisco bureau of governmental research today issued a statement reviewing the first six years of their service to the taxpayers of the city. It is shown they have been instrumental in securing legislation which has saved thousands of dollars for the public.

SINGLE TAX IS OPPOSED

Opposition to the single tax measure on the November ballot has been voted by the Arguello Boulevard Improvement ass'n. The association states the measure would mean the confiscation of all privately-owned land in California.

SCHOOL TEAM IS WINNER

The basketball team of the Evening High School of Commerce last night took the game from the Mercantile Trust Co. team by a score of 31 to 24.

1916 Exposition Among

Marriage vows will be taken to-night by Miss Stella Rivero and Wm. Tromastanas before the throngs that visit the industrial exposition at the Exposition auditorium.

Judge Rolla B. Watt will officiate at the ceremony. Uda Waldrop will play the wedding march.

The couple will receive gifts from practically all of the industries exhibiting at the show.

Today is Y. W. C. A. day at the exposition. A program of classical dancing, life saving exhibitions and activities of other branches of the organization will be displayed under the direction of Miss Mary S. Close.

Six hundred members of the R. O. T. C. will hold drill today. Maj. W. S. Overton will lead the cadets from Lowell, Mission, Commerce and Galileo high schools.

DO NOT BUY A PIANO

till you see Smith. You'll be sorry. Easy terms. 1140 Fillmore—Adv.

Housewives and dealers send in your entries!

This is the last week of

Libby's Contest

This procedure outrages justice and has compelled us defendants to use many of our peremptory challenges, because a great part of these talesmen were drawn from that class of citizens who naturally hold prejudices against so called radicals."

Judge Samuels, in directing that a new venire be called, ordered Sheriff Barnett to have them summoned personally.

"I want the sheriff to know that I insist that this venire be summoned personally and not by use of the telephone and further it be drawn from the body of the county."

Three in Box

Three talesmen of the last venire remain to be examined. Today's session of the court will probably suffice to complete their interrogation.

A total of 18 peremptory challenges remain to be used. The defense still has 10 and the prosecution eight.

Mrs. Jean Naylor, sister-in-law of F. E. Barret, deputy sheriff and living at his residence, was temporarily passed by both the prosecution and the defense.

Challenge "Irregular"

Louis Hagen, a retired farmer, was challenged by the defense because of the irregular manner in which he was drawn as a talesman. Hagen, on being questioned by the defense, stated that he had been personally summoned by Hazel Riley, a stenographer in the sheriff's office.

Jas. M. Dolson, one of the defendants, then read from the return made by Deputy Sheriff J. G. Brown. He had filed an affidavit to the effect that he had personally served Hagen.

Judge Samuels, in making his ruling, denied the challenge on the grounds that there was no provision in the code allowing it. He said:

"This juror is in court and under the court's jurisdiction. That is the object of a summons. The court admits the irregularity, but holds that it is not prejudicial to the defense."

GUSTADT WILL SPEAK

Richard E. Gustadt, past grand president of the Independent Order of B'nai B'rith, will speak at the regular Sabbath meeting of the Congregation of Ohabal Shalom to be held in the temple tonight.

MUSTA BEEN SAT. NIGHT

Chicago, Oct. 19.—Jas. Hardy accused Cornelius Vandeput, with stealing a hot tub of water at their hotel, but Judge Hayes held it was not a crime to steal a bath.

Beach Trip Almost Broken Up

"Hi, there, Phyllis? You are go-

"Where did you get that water?" we demanded.

"These are the stewards' clothes," he replied.

It is a common thing to hear people say: "Oh, these Mexican laborers don't mind it. You give them plenty of water and good clean bunkhouses, and they'd soon have themselves as dirty as every."

This is a gross libel. If any one thing had caused a rebellion, it would have been the lack of fresh water to keep themselves clean.

A pig is, we are told, naturally a clean animal. We have assumed that he is dirty and force him to live down to his reputation.

These migratory workers have been classed as "the great unwashed." From what I saw, they are as clean by instinct as any of the so-called upper classes.

Why Windjammers?

Mose told us that the one cup of water was made necessary by the danger of being becalmed or blown from our course. Why, I wondered, were the salmon packers clinging to these antiquated windjammers when every other industry has scrapped them?

I put the question to a fisherman. "Well, you see, most of the crew are not paid by the month, but by the season," he replied. "The company don't figure a man's time worth anything. The little it costs them to feed us is more than made up by the saving in fuel and the high-priced mechanics a steamer would have to carry."

Would Save Million Days

If auxiliary steam engines were put into the sailing vessels or steamships put into the runs, the trip to the Pass could be made in 10 days instead of 30 days. There is 20 days saved each way, or 40 days.

If there are 25,000 men sent to Alaska, this would mean the economic loss to society of 1,000,000 days' work, which, figured at \$4 a day, would mean a social yearly deficit of \$4,000,000.

We go to Egypt and look at the pyramids and shake our heads over the ancient waste of man-power by Rameses, or we go to China and marvel at the cheapness of human energy. Yet the salmon packers, under the rubric of more profits, are depriving society of the wealth that could be produced by 25,000 men in 40 days of every year.

And this is not figuring the social loss, due to the lowered efficiency of the men forced to live on one cup of water a day, and to undergo the other deprivations in the "Chinee Hole."

Bird Thought Bad Luck
The days crept on. They were

An Alaska salmon fleet in the dangles and several ships were lost. This the breaking ice in early spring.

gray, cold days, often varied by rain and fog, always made miserable by the cold head winds. The Old Man was getting worried again. A rock pigeon had been following us, and Joe took this to be an omen of ill-luck. He got out his rifle and fired at it several times. He didn't hit it, but the bird veered away. Our bad luck, however, did not leave us.

It was May,—May Day had come and gone and we hadn't realized it. How we longed for the sunshine of the California we had left. From the first week out I had had a severe cold, as did most of us. One consumptive Chinaman coughed incessantly all night.

Shoes Leak

Gambling had slowed up, because the table was "broke." The Guamanese were using cigarettes and cans of fruit for legal tender. I could not walk the decks on account of my new shoes, which leaked like calico, so I stayed most of the days in my bunk.

I had happily made the friendship of a sailor named Tom. Tom was an Iclander, 50 years old. His skin fit him loosely, he wore a shaggy red beard, and he never owned a hat.

Tough as jerked venison, salty as a herring and active as a trout, Tom was always the first to scramble aloft to the royal yards. There, without a hat on his head, he would toll with the sails as the masts swayed and rolled in a biting wind or driving rain. And yet Tom was as gentle a Christian as I ever saw. He never swore, and he would give away his shirt to one who needed it.

Tom Supplies Real Shoes

It was Tom who sold me for almost nothing a pair of good stout shoes and two pairs of woolen socks—real woolen ones he had bought in Market-st in San Francisco. And it was Tom who used to slip me little hunks of butter from his own table.

In our "Chinee Hole" there was one old smoky ship's lamp. Under it on a trunk we used to sit by the hour and talk of sea life and its perils.

Tom had been around the Horn five times, but he said, there were no waters anywhere more perilous than those we were traversing. It was he who told me of the Star of

Bengal, Southeast. The battered Chinese crew was the boat at all, too. Thers who

Tom who were crush in The sal spring b surround floes.

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Names Out

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ordered themselves as dirty as every." This is a gross libel. If any one thing had caused a rebellion, it would have been the lack of fresh water to keep themselves clean.

A pig is, we are told, naturally a clean animal. We have assumed that he is dirty and force him to live down to his reputation.

These migratory workers have been classed as "the great unwashed." From what I saw, they are as clean by instinct as any of the so-called upper classes.

Why Windjammers?

Mose told us that the one cup of water was made necessary by the danger of being becalmed or blown from our course. Why, I wondered, were the salmon packers clinging to these antiquated windjammers when every other industry has scrapped them?

I put the question to a fisherman. "Well, you see, most of the crew are not paid by the month, but by the season," he replied. "The company don't figure a man's time worth anything. The little it costs them to feed us is more than made up by the saving in fuel and the high-priced mechanics a steamer would have to carry."

Would Save Million Days

If auxiliary steam engines were put into the sailing vessels or steamships put into the runs, the trip to the Pass could be made in 10 days instead of 30 days. There is 20 days saved each way, or 40 days.

If there are 25,000 men sent to Alaska, this would mean the economic loss to society of 1,000,000 days' work, which, figured at \$4 a day, would mean a social yearly deficit of \$4,000,000.

We go to Egypt and look at the pyramids and shake our heads over the ancient waste of man-power by Rameses, or we go to China and marvel at the cheapness of human energy. Yet the salmon packers, under the rubric of more profits, are depriving society of the wealth that could be produced by 25,000 men in 40 days of every year.

And this is not figuring the social loss, due to the lowered efficiency of the men forced to live down to their reputation.

gray, cold days, often varied by rain and fog, always made miserable by the cold head winds. The Old Man was getting worried again. A rock pigeon had been following us, and Joe took this to be an omen of ill-luck. He got out his rifle and fired at it several times. He didn't hit it, but the bird veered away. Our bad luck, however, did not leave us.

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In our "Chinee Hole" there was one old smoky ship's lamp. Under it on a trunk we used to sit by the hour and talk of sea life and its

Bengal, which went on the rocks in Southeast Alaska in 1918.

The sailors, so the legend goes, battened down the scuttle of the Chinee Hole to save themselves. It was their intent that the Chinee crew would perish while they got the boats. But it helped them not at all, for most of them drowned, too. There were 110 salmon workers who went down with that ship.

Lost on Ice Jam

Tom had also been among those who were caught in the great ice crush in the Behring Sea in 1917. The salmon fleet was met that spring by a late break-up and was surrounded for three weeks by ice-floes. Twenty men had left our

bark to walk on the ice to visit another ship. They had become lost and were searched for for two days before they were rescued.

In that ice-jam one bark and one schooner had been lost.

The record trip to Alaska, from San Francisco to the Pass, said Tom, was 59 days, nearly two months to make a distance that a steamer could traverse in nine days. Tom's stories of hardships were many and thrilling, but he had a true sailor's psychology. He shrugged his great shoulder and wagged his shaggy head.

"Growl you may," he said, "but go you must."

(More Tomorrow.)

FOUR HELD IN LOCAL MURDER

Names of Three Suspects Given Out by Peninsula Officers

Three men were held here today and one other at Seattle charged with having been connected with the killing of Karl Ersetke, Southern Pacific shopman at Daly City three weeks ago.

The three held here were Jos. Cornellison, Fred Mormon and Stephen Apostoles, while P. J. McHale was held at Seattle.

Dist. Atty Franklin Swart of San Mateo-co, claimed one of the men had confessed, but refused to give out details other than to say that the man who confessed admitted he received \$37.50 as his pay for participating in the alleged murder.

VISITS SCARCE; SHE SUES

Modesto, Oct. 19.—Millie Mary Perry wants a divorce. She said her husband visited her but once while she was sick for six months in a hospital.

PARLOR TO HOLD DANCE

Fremont parlor, N. D. G. W., and Olympus parlor, N. S. G. W., will hold their annual dance Saturday night at National hall. El Camino orchestra will furnish the music.

MAN GETS PRIZE BUCK

Stockton, Oct. 19.—The prize buck of the year was brought in by L. B. Owning and Fred Benjamin. The buck, when dressed, weighed 185 pounds.

Free Homes

See ad in Saturday's paper. Opening sale of the second and last unit of Berkeley Country Club Terrace. Rain or shine. Sunday, October 22nd. Lumber and material will be furnished free to construct a 12x16 home on every 1/4 acre. See ad in Saturday's paper.

Protect your boy



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Black beaded heels

THE PRIZE OF SALMON

IN CHINEE HOLD, SHORTY DONS NIGHTIE AND DOES HULA-HULA

Article 21

BY MAX STERN

AT the end of our third week we again ran into a calm. Two storms and two calms in three weeks. We were getting a taste of sea life in earnest.



MAX STERN

The sun was out and so were the fishermen. Over the sides of the vessel they tossed hooks and lines, baited with salt-horse, and before long there came floundering several big codfish.

It was a great day for fish, and a dozen fishermen kept all busy morning hauling in the deep sea 30-pounders and sending them

flapping from the poop deck down the slippery ways to Sandy's galley. Before noon they had caught over 75.

Codfish Even for Chinees Gang

One Italian pulled up a great sinuous devil fish, which was seized upon by the other Italians and cut up for a special feed. Its meat, they said, was most delectable.

Some of us from the Chinese crew volunteered to help clean them, and for hours we slopped about in the icy gore. Our reward was to taste a dish of broiled codfish from Sandy's practiced hand, and it was the most grateful food I ever tasted.

of table and some hog feed, and the dance was on. Several fishermen responded to our invitation and a sort of grin festival spirit reigned.

It was certainly the strangest "ball" I had ever attended. "Fat," the Guamese cook, held his partner, a little Kanaka, as they reeled around the slippery floor, every now and then being bumped against the wall by a lurch of the vessel.

Dons Nightie, Does Hula

Two negroes danced in a manner that would have shocked Barbary Coast. Shorty, the walking delegate for the Fishermen's Union, one-footed it around with our tall curly-headed Mexican barber in overcoat and high boots. Finally, a fat Mexican, who boasted of the only nightgown in the gang, stepped out for a hula-hula dance. It was suggestive and obscene, but it brought forth a roar of applause, and he gyrated until he was wringing wet with sweat.

The dusky figures moving rhythmically about the gloomy hold, lit by one old ship's lamp and a few candles, reminded one of a jungle picture.

It was forced and mirthless enough, but it was the only way the Chinees gang had of making merry, and as the first and last social function of "our set" on the voyage it was a success in its way.

Even Refreshments

Charlie, the ever-thoughtful Chinese cook, caught the festival spirit and brought down refreshments about midnight. He had run out of mincemeat and apples, but he had

from a skin disease and looked the picture of gloom. I asked him what he was reading. "Bible," he replied.

In our Chinese gang I saw plenty of degradation. I saw a Mexican boy picking up marahuana stubs from the sweepings off the floor and saving the precious weed for new cigarettes.

I saw another Mexican boy seize a ham bone from the white galley and hide it under his pillow.

I even saw signs of degeneracy. But the things that surprised me most were not these things. The eagerness for knowledge, the desire to keep clean, the hope for better things, a pervading kindness, these things, as frequent as the signs of degradation, made our lowly quarters tolerable. That men can aspire and strive under debas-

ing conditions such as ours was the most hopeful thing on the whole voyage.

As I lay sleepless I felt a fever coming over me. For the first time on my trip I suddenly realized that there were no vermin crawling on me.

"Heavens!" I thought, remembering the words of my guard friend on the dock at home. "I must be sick."

(More Tomorrow.)

WAIT UNTIL ELECTION

Visalia, Oct. 20.—Tulare-co has 1830 more voters now than for the primary. Republicans number 14,095 and democrats 8141.

TYPEWRITERS

"All Makes" sold and rented. Send for retail prices and terms. Wholesale Typewriter Co., 539 Market St.—Adv.



the courts have ruled from time that the navigable clause holds. It's pretty hard to find a stream, of any value or power source, that isn't somewhere.

Still Owns

At a rate, 85 per cent of the power resources of the states can be controlled by government, under that clause. Yours, and the government is as your trustee.

potential strength is estimated at 54,000,000 horsepower. enough to light every incandescent bulb, run every street car, operate every factory that's around now, with one-third left in addition to this, there is more horsepower in Alaska.

beauty of this type of section the public fortune is that for the ages, if properly handled. All the government has to protect the headwaters and the watersheds are not far from trees.

Big Market

It can lease the power sites and collect the royalties from those who develop the power, often through corporations under federal control, but frequently enter into municipalities, particularly in the west.

estimated by the federal commission, which is guaranteed over these public hydropower resources, that the United States only one-third electrified. So don't be worried about the lack of market for your electricity when your water power is entirely developed.

TOMORROW: About your coal

GIANT WATER WELL

Alaska, Oct. 20.—New well brings 50 gallons an hour. No, not water. This district has irrigation mad.

STEEN IN ACCIDENT

Alaska, Oct. 20.—"Bill" Steen, Coast league player and now in ball here, cut his hand in an accident.

SUPPORT DAUGHTER

Alaska, Oct. 20.—Burt Mason, arrested for contempt of court, directed to pay \$20 a month toward support of daughter.

AGAINST ANTI-VIVI'S

Alaska, Oct. 20.—Farm advisors are campaigning against the section bill.

over 75.

Codfish Even for Chinese Gang

One Italian pulled up a great sinuous devil fish, which was seized upon by the other Italians and cut up for a special feed. Its meat, they said, was most delectable.

Some of us from the Chinese crew volunteered to help clean them, and for hours we slopped about in the icy gore. Our reward was to taste a dish of broiled codfish from Sandy's practiced hand, and it was the most grateful food I ever tasted.

Most of the fish that were not fed to the fishermen's table, the Italians salted for themselves in barrels, but "Cookie" begged several for one meal for us in the hold. Having no facilities to cook them, Cookie's codfish were burned, tasteless and flat. I understood what was meant by the term "codfish aristocracy."

Mose's Luck Bad

After a couple of days of idling, the winds caught the flapping sails of our bark and sent us clipping under way again.

In our hold, gloom still brooded. Three Mexicans were sick, besides one Chinaman. The old Mexican who was sickest had stopped groaning and lay in a stupor all day and night. It looked like a good prospect for Mose, the water-boy, whose avocation was undertaker at \$10 a burial. Mose had made \$30 one year, but this year his luck was bad.

With the wind fair, came rain and hail. It even snowed one night and the decks were too wet and the weather too cold to be out.

Loses Trousers

I lay in my bunk and read by the light of a candle I had borrowed, the "Sea Wolf," and found amusement in comparing his descriptions of the schooner Ghost with our greasy bark. Ours was just such a journey with the romance left out.

One morning, my pants turned up missing. I went on a still hunt and found them tucked away in a Mexican's bunk. He was the same fellow whom I suspected of taking my watch and my water. I reported the theft and Ben searched his bunk. We found no watch, but always after that the chap looked at me as though he about to stick a dagger into me.

One night somebody suggested a dance. Accordingly an old guitar was borrowed from an Italian fisherman and the negro Bob tuned up. A sad-eyed Yaqui Indian played harmonica.

The little floor space was cleared

by one old ship's lamp and a few candles, reminded one of a jungle picture.

It was forced and mirthless enough, but it was the only way the Chinese Gang had of making merry, and as the first and last social function of "our set" on the voyage it was a success in its way.

Even Refreshments

Charlie, the ever-thoughtful Chinese cook, caught the festival spirit and brought down refreshments about midnight. He had run out of mincemeat and apples, but he had made some edible cake, which he served with hot tea.

"Cake-ee!" he called from his corner. "Ten cent. Big piece-ee."

I lay in my bunk, feeling very low. I had caught a new cold from working in the codfish, and the dance seemed to have heated the hold up to a boiling point. I would have mortgaged my chances of immortality for a dish of ice cream.

Reads Bible in Chinese Hold

The guests had all gone home, but below me on the trunk under the lamp sat a Polynesian, droning something from a book. His name was Joe, and he was one of the best gamblers afloat. He wore the only real poker-face I ever saw, and he had swept up many winnings on Alaska trips. He was suffering



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SOLD EXCLUSIVELY BY

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WORLD'S LARGEST
MILLINERY STORE
6 FLOORS
23 GRANT AVE

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THE PRICE OF SALMON

AFTER 33 DAYS AT SEA, REACHES SALMON FIELD

Article 22

BY MAX STERN

"TIERRA!" shouted the Mexicans, tumbling up the slippery stairway to the decks. "Viva la tierra!"

We were at the end of our fourth week on the seas, and we had at last reached the goal for which we had been praying.



MAX STERN

Outside it was cold and misty, but away off to our starboard we could discern old "Smoky Moses" poking its ice-covered nose above the fog bank.

How good even that forbidding tip of landscape looked to us after a month of wrestling with the north Pacific in all its changing

moods!

All Happy

We swarmed the fo'castle-head, the sick ones wrapped in blankets, the hale ones in what we had of coats, all of us unshaven, dirty and a bit shaky. But we were happy, for there was a prospect within a week of that thing the lack of which was almost driving mad—fresh water.

We would have exercise, we had been promised better food, and, above all, we would have a bath.

We had come athwart the open seas for 1600 miles and pulled up opposite the little gate, 10 miles across, called Unimak Pass, guarded by the great peak Moses and his brother "Raggedy Jack."

It was a feat of navigation, and we had made it without mishap. Only two of the crew, the master and the first mate, held navigator's papers; we had no wireless and only a dinky little foghorn had herded us through the great fog banks.

One Ship on Rocks

Every other year a ship is lost in the salmon cruise, but this was not to be our year. It was Portuguese Joe's seamanship, of course, but mostly it was good luck.

It was not our year to go on the seas, but it was the year for one ship. The "Berlin," one of the ships owned by the Alaska Packers' Association, was blown off her course and went ashore on a rocky beach off Bristol Bay. Luckily her crew was all saved, the men were three days exposed on the beach without shelter, they worked in day and night to save what they could of cargo.

The ship was a total loss, and the crew had to tow another ship from Portland to Snag Point, on the Nushagak river, to bring back the crew and the pack from the wreck.

For three days we hung around the wreck, the pack watching in



"The Silver Horde"—a boatload of "king salmon," the fish that has made Bristol bay famous. The fight of the species for survival is waged every spring against terrific odds, and in only the Bristol bay fields are the salmon mothers holding their own.

hole, like rats for a chance to dash in.

Through They Go

One of these passed near our port all close enough for us to hail the crew. The Chinese gang of this vessel, one of the Alaska Packers' Association ships, huddled on her forward deck and threw out ribald greetings in Spanish to us as they plowed by. They had left before us, and had, therefore, been more than four weeks on the trip.

Finally one evening Captain Joe sent us, sliding past the lighthouse at "Sooty Cap" and into the pass. A fair wind caught our sails and pushed us through a driving rain over the rough waters of the Behring

14,000 feet for all the world like the pictures of Fujiyama.

In Bristol Bay

Two more days of sailing through the Behring in waters and weather as bad as on the Pacific and we came in sight of more shore line. It was calmer, and we cast anchor, as Superintendent Joe lowered the launch and set out for a tow boat to haul us up the Nushagak. We were in Bristol Bay, the salmon barons' paradise.

Western Alaska is the last happy hunting ground in American waters for the salmon seiners. Lining the shores of Bristol Bay and the Behring are 25 canneries.

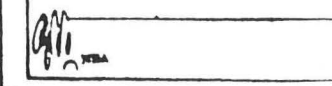
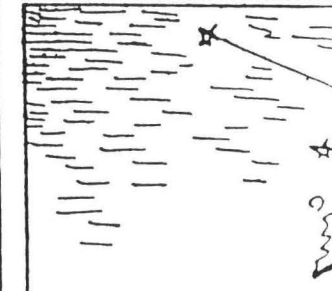
Last year these canneries alone packed 1,000,000 pounds of salmon, which was about 10 per cent of the

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southeastern Alaska and 25 in central Alaska.

Month Ahead of Run

We had arrived a good month before the great annual drama of the northwest—the salmon run. Early springtime, which in Alaska means about the middle of June, the "Silver Horde" begins to move in from the deep salt sea.

The females, accompanied by their gallant mates, are on their way to spawn, and the mother instinct is driving them into the upper rivers, where, in the fresh water, they can lay their eggs.

Not only must they follow this instinct far inland up the stream, but a strange impulsion causes them to seek their "nests" at the exact spot where they themselves were born.

Up cataracts and rapids, braving the terrific tides of these northern rivers and even climbing over waterfalls, they are driven by this strange will.

Many Dangers for Fish

Their paths are beset with many dangers. Many of them are

which was almost driving mad—
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“We would have exercise, we had
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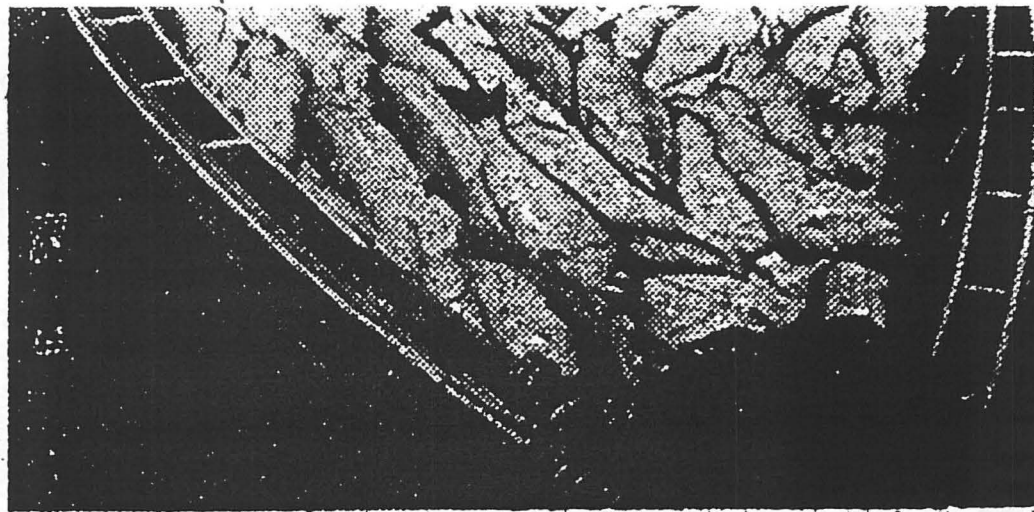
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on her course and went ashore on
a rocky beach off Bristol Bay.
Only her crew was all saved,
and the men were three days ex-
posed on the beach without shelter,
and they worked in day and night
to save what they could of
the cargo.

The vessel was a total loss, and
the owners had to tow another ship
from Portland to Snag Point, on
the Nushagak river, to bring back
the crew and the pack from the
coast.

For three days we hung around
the opening of the pass waiting for
the wind. There were four other
ships, like us, watching the



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Western Alaska is the last happy
hunting ground in American waters
for the salmon seiners. Lining the
shores of Bristol Bay and the Behr-
ing are 28 canneries.

Last year these canneries alone
packed 1,150,000 cases of salmon,
out of a total pack of 1,500,000
cases sent out of Alaska waters,
although there are 30 canneries

southeastern Alaska
and Alaska.

Month Ahead

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northwest—the salmon
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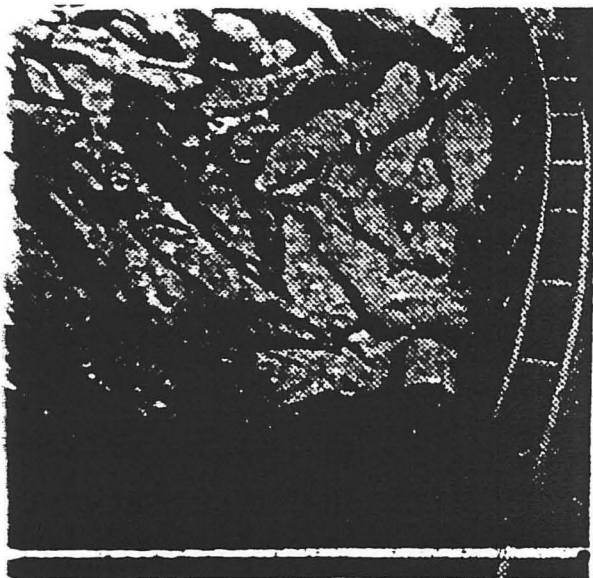
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Many Dangers for Fish

Their paths are beset with many dangers. Fish traps that scoop in everything, the fisherman's seine at the mouths of the rivers, and the Indians with their gill-nets along

the beaches of the rivers, up-stream they dodge.

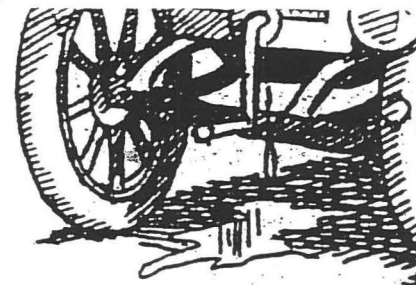
If they escape all these snares they reach their spawning ground, often with noses bleeding, fins broken and near death from exhaustion. As they rest at their goal in the small stream, often there wades in a great brown bear to prey upon them. With a deft swoop of his paw he sends the mother salmon hurtling to the bank where she lies until Bruin wades back and feasts upon her at his leisure.

Still More Enemies

If she escapes and lays her eggs, even then her maternal trials are not over. The salmon trout, arch enemy of the salmon industry, is lying in wait to feast upon the roe. It is a miracle that, in the face of all these destructive forces, the salmon fields of Bristol Bay are as prolific as they are.

The tow boat arrived and we steamed slowly up the broad and muddy Nushagak. Past cannery after cannery we crept, often skirting an Indian village huddled near by.

Over one group of buildings floated the Stars and Stripes. It was the residence of the U.S. marshal,



IT WON'T BE RAZED
HE GETS ARRESTED
IN HIS NEW SECC

who, we were told, is little more than a figure-head in this cannery-dominated land.

Cast Anchor

Some of the other square-riggers of the salmon fleet had arrived ahead of us and were anchored in front of their particular cannery, unloading. On several the "Chinese Gangs" were still held, waiting for the rest of the freight to be taken ashore before being landed.

Finally, near the ancient settlement of Nushagak, we cast anchor. This was settled in the early days by the Russians, and it was here that in '84 was built the first cannery in western Alaska. High on the hill stood a little white church surmounted with a steeple with the Greek Catholic cross. We were in Alaska.

And it had taken us just 33 days to make the journey.

(More Tomorrow.)

Opening Sale

of second and last unit of Berkeley Country Club Terrace Sunday, October 22nd. Rain or shine, 1/4 acres will be sold as low as \$275 on terms like rent, \$25 down, enough material furnished free to construct a 12x16 home on every 1/4 acre. See Saturday's paper.

THE PRICE OF SALMON

MEN QUARTERED IN "ROOMS" SO LOW THEY CANNOT STAND

Article 23

BY MAX STERN

WE had left California in the green glory of her springtime and a month later we arrived in Alaska, to find the land still asleep in its late winter garb of brown.

It was the last week in June, yet cold winds were blowing off the tundra flats and a rime of slowly melting snow lined on each muddy river bank.

Off to our left we could see the outlines of our cannery, facing the tide land. It was a cheerless enough prospect, but we were eager to get there without delay.

Just why we never knew, but we were held on the ship until practically all the cargo or provisions had been lightered ashore, and three more days we spent on the "Hell Ship" in dismal waiting for orders.

Father and Son, 9, Partners

A Swede squaw man with his halfbreed boy of 9 pulled alongside in his fishing boat, and signed up with the superintendent for a job of fishing for the company.

His wife had been one of the many thousands of natives who died when the white men in their cannery boats brought the "flu" to Alaska in 1919. Now he and his

mass of dusky onlookers, was a very primal thing.

When Moon-dah reached for his knife the crowd interceded and with the greatest difficulty sepa-

and the upper ones were reached by ascending over two boxes, nailed more or less securely together.

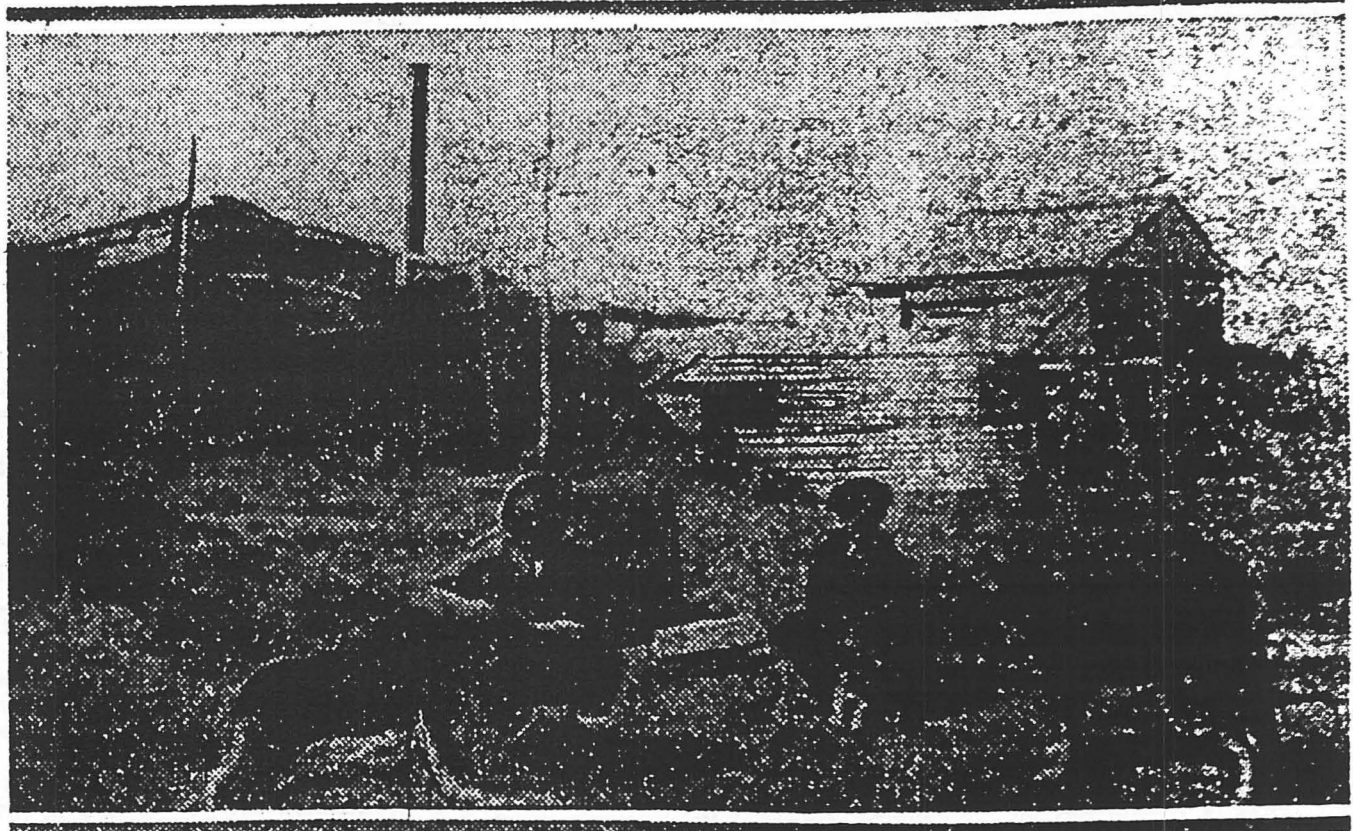
I selected an upper "room" and crouchingly entered it. It was bare

dirty floor and crawled under the covers.

The roof was made of shook, pieces of tin and loose boards, and on these and the walls had been



MAX STERN



A Siwash village. The Alaska natives, half Esquimo and supposed to be half Japanese, have built their villages near every Bristol bay cannery. The braves often work in the canneries by summer and trap and hunt in the winter. In 1918 whole villages were wiped out by the "flu," supposed to have been brought to Alaska by the Chinese gangs of the salmon fleet.

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His wife had been one of the many thousands of natives who died when the white men in their cannery boats brought the "flu" to Alaska in 1919. Now he and his little boy were inseparable and went out each season fishing as partners.

Later a couple of young native braves came aboard from a power boat, with an assortment of red fox skins to sell. These were the result of their winter trapping and were offered for sale at \$9 a pelt. We felt flattered at the offer, for there was not \$9 in cash in our whole gang.

Aged Mexican Dying

All of our crew was able to walk about again, save one. He was the old Mexican, and he was dying.

About five miles away, at one of the canneries, there was a "hospital" and a doctor stationed for the season. But the doctor had not yet arrived from San Francisco, and so the Mexican lay untended in his dark corner.

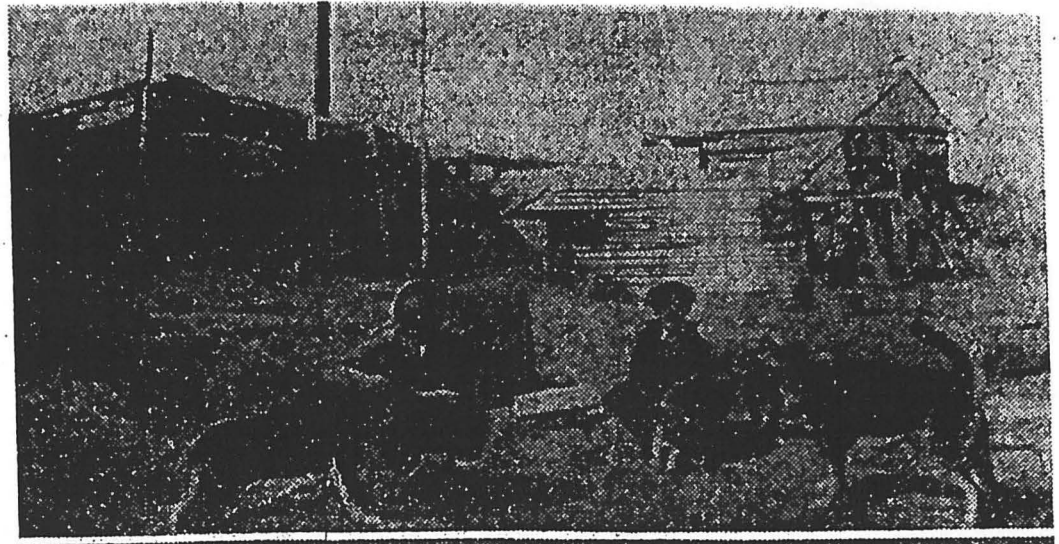
He was not even given the care that might have been afforded from the Hector's medicine chest. Captain Joe's brindle pup had taken sick and was given tender nursing, but a member of the Chinese Gang was different.

It would have probably made no difference had he been taken to a doctor, for the medical service in the Alaskan salmon fields of that region is considered one of the grim jokes by the men who yearly make the trip. Doctors at the canneries are often very young men or wanderers, and, say the men, they are nearly all of the "hard-boiled" variety.

The waiting was getting on our nerves. One night the restless feeling broke out in the hold in a fight. It was the sort that one sees only in a Rex Beach movie.

The fight arose over a card game. One of the bigger Guamese boys was accused by a young native of Colombia, a tall, ebony-tinted savage we called "Moon-dah," of cheating.

They tore at each other's throats with murder in their hearts, and the picture they made in the dim hold, surrounded by the swaying



A Siwash village. The Alaska natives, half Esquimo and supposed to be half Japanese, have built their villages near every Bristol bay cannery. The braves often work in the canneries by summer and trap and hunt in the winter. In 1918 whole villages were wiped out by the "flu," supposed to have been brought to Alaska by the Chinese gangs of the salmon fleet.

mass of dusky onlookers, was a very primal thing.

When Moon-dah reached for his knife the crowd interceded and with the greatest difficulty separated them. For days afterward we feared that bloodshed would result from the feud.

Travel at Night

Finally one night we got orders to disembark at 10 o'clock. Instead of on the morning tide we were to be taken up river to the cannery at midnight, a decision that appealed to us as "pure cussedness."

The lighter was loaded with provisions and covered with a big canvas. A fine drizzle was falling and had soaked the canvas, upon which we perched with our blanket rolls. Although it was nearly 11 o'clock when we were all loaded on the lighter, it was still daylight in that land of midnight sun.

Instead of being kept aboard until a doctor arrives or until he could be moved to the "hospital," the sick Mexican was to be moved ashore with us in the rain and night air.

Sick Man Left in Rain

A stretcher was quickly fashioned out of two long oars and a piece of canvas, and the Mexican was loaded in. A hole was made in the provisions on the lighter, and four of our strongest men lowered him to the lighter deck, where he lay in the cold drizzle.

It was a shivering Chinese Gang that finally tumbled off the lighter to the dock in the dim twilight of that Alaska midnight in May, but it was terra firma and we rejoiced at the feeling.

We lugged our "bindles" over a long pier to a bunkhouse that we could just make out in the dark. By the light of candles we selected our quarters.

Can't Stand in "Rooms"

The bunkhouse, even in the flickering light from our candles, was a sight for the gods. It was a long, ramshackle affair with two tiers of bunks on each side. The bunks were more like kennels. They were some eight feet square, but the roofs on them were too low to permit the occupant to stand up.

They were entered by patched doors swinging on pieces of leather,

and the upper ones were reached by ascending over two boxes, nailed more or less securely together.

I selected an upper "room" and crouchingly entered it. It was bare of anything but dirt and one box. Setting my candle on this one piece of furniture, I set about to make my bed. There were no bunks on the side, and of course no beds or springs.

Wind Blows Through Walls

A piece of board was missing out of the wall, and through it an icy wind blew from the river. It nearly extinguished my candle, so I stuffed clothing into the hole, spread my bumpy mattress on the

dirty floor and crawled under the covers.

The roof was made of shook, pieces of tin and loose boards, and on these and the walls had been scrawled in chalk "Frisco Frank, I. W. W." As I lay there shivering I began to understand the feelings of my predecessor and namesake.

It was a feeble protest against the degradation of all we had been through, the "De Profundis" of the blanket-stiff. How much more of treatment such as we had gotten would be necessary before this futile covert protest would swell into a nation-shaking defiance.

(More Tomorrow.)

WHO'S WHO IN SAN FRANCISCO

Wiggington E. Creed is listed in Who's Who of America as one of San Francisco's notables. He is a lawyer and public utility executive. Born in Fresno in 1877.

Creed graduated from the University of California in 1898, was married to Isabel Hooper of Alameda in 1904.

In 1900 he started practicing law and has practiced ever since.

He is president of the Pacific Gas & Electric Co., a director of Wells Fargo Nevada National bank and other large corporations. He was formerly regent of the University of California and trustee for the California institution for the deaf and blind.

Creed is a member of the Phi Delta Theta, is a republican and Episcopalian.

His home is in Piedmont and he belongs to the Pacific Union and the University clubs.

VETS WILL PLAY WHIST

A whist party will be held Wednesday night by the American League of War Veterans at their hall, 1125 Market-st.

SERBS PLAN ANNUAL BALL

First Serbian Benevolent society will hold its 42d annual ball in the California hall Wednesday evening.

MOOSE WILL HOLD MEETING WEDNESDAY

A mass meeting will be held Wednesday night by the local order of Moose in Moose hall, 111 Jones-st. The meeting has been called by the building committee of the order.

Frank J. Monahan, supreme vice dictator who will soon be supreme head of the order, will call the meeting to order. Atty. Walter McGovern will be one of the speakers. The committee in charge includes Jos. A. Garry, Frank C. Tracey, Jos. L. Bury, Samuel Cerr, Judge A. T. Barnett, Judge Thos. F. Prendergast, Judge Walter Perry Johnson, Dr. M. B. Mooslin, Dr. Robert Gross, Geo. Monahan, Samuel Silver and Louis Feder.

NO VERDICT FOR CRASH

Woodland, Oct. 23.—Leslie Zecher is trying to collect \$6000 from Conrad Hucke who, he claims, crashed into his motorcycle. Jury out five hours, can't decide the case.



big money in electricity

YOUNG MAN, get into this growing business. A big business now, but getting bigger

BUNKHOUSE GABLE WAVES; TIDE, WHEN IN, DAMPENS ITS FLOOR

Article 24



This is a scene at the Alaska Salmon Co.'s salmon plant on Wood River. In the foreground is the bunkhouse in which Stern and his companions slept and ate. Surrounding it are the shacks occupied by the more fortunate members of the Chinese gang.

BY MAX STERN

THE 6 o'clock whistle awoke me. As it blew its long-drawn-out reveille, there arose from the hill above us a weird yelping chorus of howls, such as I had never heard except in the foothills of the Sierras when the coyotes gathered at night in the chapparrel. It was the wailing of a score of malamutes tied up to some scrub alders nearby.



MAX STERN

"Dis heah is wuss'n de jungles," came a voice from my next-door neighbor, through a crack in the wall. He was a young colored man who had lived for years as a hobo.

I tumbled down my rickety box steps and went outside. It was raining yet, but it was broad daylight, and the sights that met my eye were strange indeed.

Gable Waves Gracefully

The unpainted cannery was built on piles in the midst of a sort of swamp, with board walls and cinder paths leading from it to the bunkhouses and other outbuildings.

In places it had sunk into the mud, giving it a rakish appearance and causing the gable to appear to wave gracefully in an undulating line.

The tide was out, and some 30 fishing boats lay in the mud, along with much driftwood and refuse. A smokestack had blown down and was rusting in the rain. The whole picture gave forth the effect of inconceivable neglect and disrepair. But worse than anything I had

was the only furniture, as a rule.

A sea of mud, tin cans and refuse surrounded the huddled group of buildings, which together gave forth a picture of nothing so much as a rag-pickers' village.

It was in the shacks that the fortunate ones of our gang had set up housekeeping, usually in pairs. Those of us who were not "wise" to the game had quartered ourselves in the bunkhouse, and were later to learn why a rush had been made for the huts. With their smoky stoves they might not be palatial, but they were better than our damp and cold sleeping quarters.

Eight Crosses In Graveyard

A few hundred yards away, on the brow of a high bluff over the river, was a small native village, and right above us, not 200 feet away in the tall brown grass, lay the graveyard.

As an ever-present reminder of the ephemerality of life stood a row of eight white crosses bearing the names of Mexicans and Guaneses who had died in this forsaken land.

Breakfast was announced. The bunkhouse was also the dining room, and, as I entered, the sleepers were tumbling out of their "kennels" and making for the table with their plates and food weapons.

Martini, the ex-chief of police of Panama, was blacker than any of our negroes, but as I passed his lower bunk and saw him emerging his skin was no blacker than the darkness through which he crawled.

Tide Dampens Floor

A high tide had recently come up and flooded the bottom of the bunkhouse. The floor was still wet and

clammy before we could devour it.

Try Delousing

Outside the sun was coming out in a tentative fashion, and after breakfast we decided on a delousing bee. From the piles of old tins we selected some rusty five-gallon oil cans and from a coal pile, still frozen through, we hacked some hunks of coal.

We piled our underclothes and bedding into the cans to boil them on our fires, and everything was well under way when Superintendent Jos appeared at the doorway of the cannery.

"You put dem fires out or I come put dem out for you!" he shouted angrily.

There was no danger from the fires, so it must have been the hunks of coal of which he was thinking. We obeyed, and had to be content with washing out our things in cold water and hanging them to dry in the wind on the scrub alders near the graveyard.

Then, for the bath! Steam was not running yet, but even a cold shower would be glorious. We were directed to the bathhouse adjoining the Chinese kitchen. We were disappointed to find that was no shower.

Instead, there was, in a dark and dirty room, one little tin-lined tub. It was not even standard size. One undersized tin-lined tub for 72 men.

AH Finally Bathe

We waited our turn, and after several days we all had our bath. It was risky business to bathe in a tub used by over three-score of men, many of whom had serious infectious diseases, but there was nothing else to do.

In place of washbasins were three little wooden tubs, made

from sawing herring barrels in two.

These, too, were unsanitary, of course, and I hunted up an oil can which I cut in two for a basin. We were getting to be as resourceful as the dwellers of the jungles.

During the morning we casually learned that the old Mexican had died during the early hours after we brought him ashore on a stretcher. Whether it was the cold midnight trip that finished him or just that he was due to pass on, we would never know. The other Mexicans believed he died of neglect and exposure.

Mose had lost a \$10 fee. Some of the negroes shuddered at the thought of his having lain that night stark in the same bunkhouse with them. And there would be nine white crosses instead of eight on the hill over us. Otherwise his passing was a mere incident in cannery life.

(More Tomorrow.)

Autumn Leaves Used to Decorate House

"Oh, Nan, I am so sorry you were sick and couldn't go to Jane's party yesterday afternoon. She sent some of her cake to you and a huge bouquet of these wonderful chrysanthemums. People with colds can eat cake, can't they, and look at beautiful flowers?"

"Oh, how sweet of Jane to think of me, and how nice of you to bring them. Thanks you both so much. Those flowers are simply marvelous and the cake looks delicious. My stomach is all right so I can eat it. My cold is better, but the doctor told me to stay in for three days. But tell me about the party."

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MAX STERN

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But worse than anything I had ever seen were our own quarters. Set off from the rest of the buildings like a tabloid slums were the bunkhouse and its group of shacks that composed the homes of the Chinese Gang.

Bunkhouse Resembles Ark

The bunkhouse was surrounded on two sides by marsh through which one could not walk, except in rubber boots. The building was waybacked and sunken in the middle. It looked like the ark of Noah must have looked after the deluge.

It had only one window on one of its sides, and in several places the clapboards on the side had fallen away. Over its front doorway some one had facetiously written "Hotel St. Francis."

Near the front end was the cookhouse for our Guamese cook and his helper, Fat, and joining the back end by a special entrance was the culinary domain of Charlie, the smiling "Chink cook."

Village of Shacks

On the muddy slopes at our backs had been built a dozen or so little ramshackle huts. They were constructed many years ago by the Chinamen, and every year since they had been patched up with shooks, tin and shakes.

Inside were stoves made of bricks, plastered with mud. They smoked and were dirty, but they were comforting compared to our bunkhouse, in which was not a single stove nor heating arrangement. In most of the shacks there were no floors, and a board bed

made for the huts. With their smoky stoves they might not be palatial, but they were better than our damp and cold-sleeping quarters.

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Tide Dampens Floor

A high tide had recently come up and flooded the bottom of the bunkhouse. The floor was still wet and the place was dank. It was so cold that we had to get our heaviest coats and sweaters.

Breakfast ashore, was about the same as breakfast afloat, except that we had mush. The mush was handed us in a big dish, out of which we dipped it with our own spoons. It was unsalted and lacked enough sugar, and over it had been poured a chalky solution of what is known as "southwest." This was diluted condensed milk, watered until only the color of milk remained.

Fried potatoes were on the bill of fare, but before we reached them they were as chilled through as we were. Likewise bacon was served in celebration of our safe arrival, but it, too, was cold and

ent Jos appeared at the doorway of the cannery.

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How to Make Pine Cough Syrup at Home

Has no equal for prompt results. Takes but a moment to prepare, and saves you about \$2.

Pine is used in nearly all prescriptions and remedies for coughs. The reason is that pine contains several elements that have a remarkable effect in soothing and healing the membranes of the throat and chest.

Pine cough syrups are combinations of pine and syrup. The "syrup" part is usually plain sugar syrup.

To make the best pine cough remedy that money can buy, put 2 1/2 ounces of Pinex in a pint bottle, and fill up with home-made sugar syrup. Or you can use clarified molasses, honey, or corn syrup, instead of sugar syrup. Either way, you make a full pint—more than you can buy ready-made for three times the money. It is pure, good and tastes very pleasant.

You can feel this take hold of a cough or cold in a way that means business. The cough may be dry, hoarse and tight, or may be persistently loose from the formation of phlegm. The cause is the same—inflamed membranes—and this Pinex and Syrup combination will stop it—usually in 24 hours or less. Splendid, too, for bronchial asthma, hoarseness, or any ordinary throat ailment. Pinex is a highly concentrated compound of genuine Norway pine extract, and is famous the world over for its prompt effect upon coughs.

Beware of substitutes. Ask your druggist for "2 1/2 ounces of Pinex" with directions, and don't accept anything else. Guaranteed to give absolute satisfaction or money refunded. The Pinex Co., Ft. Wayne, Ind.

What a Relief!

Just think of being able to eat without the distressing after-effects of gas in the stomach. No more bloated, stuffy feeling, with heart palpitation; no more sour, foul taste in your mouth from stomach disorders; no bloating, with a heavy feeling, as if a ball of fire was lodged in your abdomen. You may eat your favorite dishes if you take two Eopa Gas Tablets before and two after meals. They are guaranteed harmless and they are the original gas formula, so be sure you get Eopa Gas Tablets made by

Boericke & Runyon Co. 106 Powell St., San Francisco 425 Fourteenth St., Oakland Address Mail Orders to 849 Mission St., San Francisco

ACID STOMACH IS DANGEROUS

The Real Cause of Indigestion

Acids in the stomach irritate and inflame the delicate stomach lining.

Asthma, Hay Fever, Bronchitis

and allied affections of the air passages and respiratory tract respond quickly to the wonderful discovery ASTHMADOL (Jeyner's).

Instant Relief

to asthma and hay fever sufferers even in the most aggravated cases and those of long standing. One dose relieves the spasmodic contractions which cause so much agony to the person afflicted with asthma, relaxing the tense muscles, thus affording instant relief, and allowing the patient to get peaceful sleep.

Asthmadol

(Jeyner's) and it prevents the disease resulting in chronic throat or bron-

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"Oh, how sweet of Jane to think of me, and how nice of you to bring them. Thanks you both so much. Those flowers are simply marvelous and the cake looks delicious. My stomach is all right so I can eat it. My cold is better, but the doctor told me to stay in for three days. But tell me about the party."

"Well, Jane's home was too attractive for anything. She had autumn leaves everywhere, banked in corners and on the mantel, and simply dozens of these wonderful chrysanthemums. And you should have seen Jane herself. I loved her in the gown she wore. A rich brown, crinkly, silk crepe thing, draped. It was wonderful and with that autumn leaf setting it made a pretty picture. With that reddish hair of hers you can imagine how stunning she looked."

"Oh, yes, she must have been beautiful. When Jane dresses up she is the best looking thing in the world. She must have spent a gold mine on her clothes."

"Not a bit of it. She buys very carefully and buys few clothes. Good ones, though. Most everything comes from Cherry's, where they have such lovely things and want one to buy on credit." 2400 Mission street, cor. 20th.—Adv.

HOTEL WHITCOMB Coffee Shop

Breakfast, Luncheon, Dinner and Supper

Quick Service Good Food

Exceptionally Low Prices

Counter or Table Service for Men and Women

genuine ASPIRIN

THE PRICE OF SALMON

ECONOMIC CHAINS TIE ALASKA CANNERY WORKERS TO THE JOB

Article 25

BY MAX STERN

THE day after our arrival we buried the old Mexican.

It was a very simple ceremony. "Chips," the carpenter, had built a pine coffin, and an old Yaqui of our gang had fashioned a cross which he had painted and upon which he had written an inscription.



MAX STERN

Joe, the Guamese second foreman, had dug a grave in the mud and a dozen of us stood around the hole at the little cemetery on the bluff.

A wet, cold wind was blowing from the north, sweeping across the snow-hemmed muddy river and bending the long, brown grass on the tundra flats about us. The sky was overcast and a few drops of rain were falling.

In a Hurry.

We were in a hurry, so the box was quickly lowered by two old pieces of rope. As it went down, we snatched off our caps. Joe took a handful of mud and scattered it on the coffin. Then shovels piled quickly, and, without a word having been said, the funeral was over. Thus passes one of the Chinese Crew.

Against the horizon stood one more white cross. Upon it was inscribed

JOSE MAITOREM
FALLECIO
El 23d Mayo 1922
Nvo. de Zonora

It was a cold bed for a native of sunny Mexico, but it was a rest for his tired old bones.

"He's Better Off"

"He's better off than the rest of us," sighed the old Yaqui in Spanish, as we filed down the hill to our shack village. None of the white cannery men had taken part and not a hammer had been silenced for the ceremony. Salmon canners have no time for sentiment.

The sun came out, and with it our gang. They had not done any work yet, but the overalls Meyer had furnished them were nearly all ripped down the seam inside. Several were busy sewing theirs, but some were too far gone.

We went up to the company store to find that we could buy a much better pair of overalls for \$1.90 than Meyer had sold us for \$2 down in San Francisco.

The shoes were giving trouble, too, and in spite of the generous use of oil they leaked water like sieves.

Here's a System

As we were loafing in front of our dormitory, we were honored by



A view of the cannery in which Stern says were cracks and draughts that kept the workers in constant colds. In the foreground are sleeping quarters for the cannery hands of the Chinese gang.

a visit from the old chief of the Indian village. He arrived gloriously drunk and bearing a very smelly otter skin, which he was trying to sell to buy some of our imported moonshine.

This particular old Siwash had a "system." He was able to turn himself by a judicious treatment into a sort of human still. In the morning he would swallow one cup of brown flour, one cup of molasses, one cup of warm water and a little yeast. Then he would sit in the sun and let nature do the rest. By noon he had fermented internally enough to be able to defy his wife, a huge cross-eyed squaw, who was reputed to be the real chief during the chief's sober hours.

Indians Want Jobs

The native Indians in this part of Alaska, supposed to be half Eskimo and half Japanese, are a lazy and improvident race, but they must eat something besides the porcupine, ptarmigan, rabbits, fish and other game they shoot, trap and catch.

A little flour, canned milk, sugar and even coffee on their bill of fare marks their emergence into the first stages of the white man's civilization. So when the salmon boats arrive in the spring, the males come around for jobs. The Alaskan government expects every cannery boss to do his duty, and whether needed or not, every native gets hired.

I worked alongside a couple of young Siwash braves for several days. They were each being paid \$3 a day and board, and they ate at the fishermen's mess. I was getting a little more than \$1 a day,

and I ate at the Chinamen's mess. And if I couldn't have kicked over more work than these two lads together, I would have resigned.

Chinese Better Paid

The same thing was true of the Chiuamen. Our first job was to unload the lighters and carry the Chinese provisions to the "Chink Store." It was heavy, back-breaking work at times, lifting boxes of bacon, canned goods, sacks of potatoes and beans.

Only a few Chinamen ventured out that day, and those who did were absolutely no match for the colored men or the Mexicans. Years of inaction, tea-drinking and opium-smoking had weakened the best of them. They were no good for heavy work.

And yet, we found out, they were being paid by the Chinese boss \$350 to \$600 a season to our \$170.

Why was this?

Bound to Their Jobs

Our relation to our Chinese boss was a little better than that of slave and master. We were bound to the job for six months by economic chains that few of us could sever. We had signed a contract, to work for the season. If we quit during that time, we would forfeit our season's earnings, unless the Chinaman saw fit to give it to us.

But we couldn't quit. The cannery owners owned all the boats in the region and they controlled what wireless there were.

Around our cannery was a sea of marsh land which could be crossed with difficulty in high boots. And boots cost \$8 or \$9 a pair. And should we escape, it

could only be to another cannery, and the canneries stood together. They will not hire a man who has quit another cannery.

The only haven for a fugitive cannery hand of the Chinese Gang would be the native villages. And I had already noted a sort of contempt even the natives bore the members of the Chinese Gang. Unless we had enough cash to get back — the matter of some \$150 — we were bound to stick it out, and if we wanted to eat we had to work.

Chinese Protected

But while we were in the absolute power of our Chinese boss for six months, he had no interest in us after the season was over.

This was not true of his Chinese workmen. From year to year he keeps them supplied with food and shelter.

Sometimes they live at his place and board with him the year through. They are often in his debt for opium and other things. It is a condition that compares favorably with that described by the late Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.

When the "boss-ee" pays them \$350 a season he is not paying it to them but to himself. They either owe him their season's earnings already or they will spend them with him eventually. He is taking money out of one pocket and putting it into the other, and the more he pays them the more he pays himself.

This is one of the many reasons why under the Chinese contract system the canneries will never be assured of first-class workers.

(More Tomorrow.)

BRITAIN MUST

DAY L. GEORGE

WORRY, SAYS VENUS,

CALIFORNIA MAIL

STERN ORGANIZES QUARTET WITH AID OF THREE NEGROES

Article 26

BY MAX STERN

OUR hours were from 6 in the morning to 6 at night. At noon, when we had our chief meal, we were given a half-hour. Ours were not union hours. We worked eleven and a half hours a day, including Sundays, until the salmon began to run. Then the hours were even longer.



MAX STERN

Our next job was making cans. The sheet tin had been brought up in the boat and we, of the Chinese crew, were put to work to man the machinery.

The cannery building was full of big cracks, and the draught coming through the barn-like structure kept us with the colds we had caught on board the ship.

Tests Cans

One day I remember trying to light my pipe in the cannery, and the wind coming through it blowing out my match.

My job was testing cans. I would stand over a little tank of hot water, place a finished can into a basket and with a foot lever immerse it.

Steam would automatically shoot into the can under water, and, if there were any leaks, bubbles would appear. In this way it could be ascertained if the can-making machines were turning out perfect cans. With hot steam in my face and a cold draught at my back, my cold had little chance to improve.

Awakened by Chinese

Our routine these days was something like this: At 5:15 in the morning Charlie, the Chinese cook, would come through the bunkhouse to awaken us.

In a high, rasping voice he would call out something that sounded like "Bundle o' hay." This we understood was the Chinese for "It is now time to arise." That gave us 15 minutes to dress and wash. The breakfast whistle blew at 5:30, always accompanied by the weird yowling of the huskies.

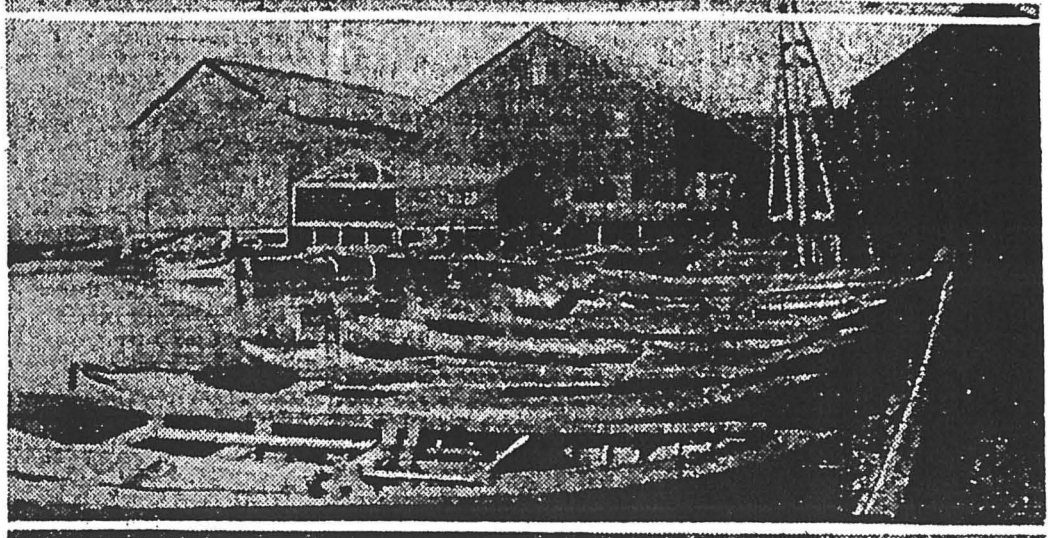
Unsalted mush, covered with "southwest" and treated with a little sugar, hash or beans, and potatoes and coffee were carried onto the long table. We usually stood up and wore our overcoats to breakfast. The food was always cold before we had finished.

Rancid Butter Served

We had been promised butter on our arrival, and after some days it was actually served. But it was so rancid that there was little joy in it. The bread was good, for "Cookie" had a good stove to bake on.

Our chief needs were now milk enough for our coffee and mush, succulent vegetables, sufficient sugar and fruit.

The meat never became edible in a strict sense until the fish began



The cannery and the fishing boat fleet. It is in these little craft that fishermen brave the treacherous waters of Bristol bay so that you can eat canned salmon. Every year takes its toll of lives of these brave Latins and Scandinavians.

"Land Ho" off Smoky Moses, at the pass.

First Come, First Served

Over a plank that spanned a sort of surrounding moat of mares' and around the cannery we made a rush to the bunkhouse and dinner. One day I slipped off of the slippery board and measured my full length in a foot of slimy stagnant water, five feet below.

At the meal table it was first come, first served. Often we would get there to find the best food already devoured.

Once in a while we were given dessert. It was usually bread-pudding, without eggs or milk, but sweetened and baked with some currants. Once it was made of crackers, but that was so unpopular that it was never tried again.

The food was always predominantly starchy, varied only once in a while by a dish of cabbage, and more rarely by stew containing string beans or peas.

Get Left-Overs

We had barely time to stuff ourselves when the whistle would blow again for us to rush back to the machines. At 6 o'clock we were done for the day, and before we had time to wash up supper was on the table. Again it was the survival of the speediest, so we lost no time in the rush for eats.

After supper came the first breathing spell of the day. But a colored boy and I had contracted in a tacit sort of way to trim coal for "Yo," the Danish night-watchman, who was too old to do all the work expected of him. In return he would sometimes slip us helpings of fruit or jelly from the left-overs from Sandy's table.

Form Quartet

It never seemed to get dark, and at first I could not sleep. Instead

I would visit one of the shanties. It was usually raining and always cold, and here was a dry spot and warmth, even if the smoky stoves' entertainment was singing. Three did turn our eyes red.

One of our favorite means of entertainment was singing. Three did turn our eyes red. One of our favorite means of entertainment was singing. Three did turn our eyes red.

Our songs were mostly songs of sentiment, and the ones most often called for related to home and mother. The one that always brought down the house was a solo sung by our prima donna Bob, with a lilting refrain, "California, You for Me."

Real feeling was put into some of the old folk songs, and old Brother Sam Washington would send thrills down my back as he wailed out, "Weep no mo', mah lady."

Here's Their Song

"Big Boy," another of our gleeless glee club, contributed this one of somber melody and many verses, the last of which we sang with fervent feeling:

Hah-vest Moon, hahvest moon, shine on;
O hahvest moon, hahvest moon, shine on;
You'll keep on a' shinin' when I'm dead an' gone.

A graveyard ain a lonesome place;
Ah said a graveyard ain a lonesome place;
Dey let you down easy, and throw dirt in yo' face.
Says two white horses runnin' side by side,
Says two white horses runnin' side by side,
"Tuh got mah woman, ah hopes yo' satisfied."

Dey's a change in de ocean, change in de deep blue sea;
Dey's a change in de ocean an' in de deep blue sea;
Ef Ah don't leave Alaska dey'll come a change in me.

(More Tomorrow.)

No Charge,
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During Sale.

EVERYTHING IN
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OUR new Cloak and Suit
opened on our Second Floor
progress of HERSH'S!
we must reduce our present stock
our store is radically reduced—all
has been open but a few months
and smartest Millinery at prices
SAVINGS! Call at once!

Trimmed
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"Worth's" for Overcoats

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Our chief needs were now milk enough for our coffee and mush, succulent vegetables, sufficient sugar and fruit.

The meat never became edible in a strict sense until the fish began to run. Usually we were served corn-beef, too tough to chew and too strong to relish. We would each take several pieces of it and bring them out to the malamutes. In this way we prevented its reincarnation at the next meal in the form of hash.

After breakfast, we had a minute or two to stop in the boiler-room to warm ourselves and take a few puffs at a pipe, and then to our machines.

As on the boat, a double standard of living existed here at the cannery. The fishermen were busy getting their gear together for their fishing trip, the beach-gang was operating a pile driver and building a new fish-house, and the rest of the company's employees were busy in the cannery, putting the machinery in order after the long winter's disuse. Their day began at 6 a. m., too, but they knocked off for breakfast at 7.

Every afternoon at 3 the whistle blew for coffee and cake for the fishermen and other of the company's men. We, of the Chinese crew, kept right on working.

The company's employees ate three good meals a day besides. Breakfasts included hot-cakes, bacon and eggs, mush, etc., and other meals in the same generous vein. And everything was served on oil-cloth under the direction of the immaculate Sandy.

The morning dragged through with the eternal din-din of the can machines, and, after an interminable time, the noon whistle blew.

After six hours at one task that required only mechanical repetition instead of thought, the sound of that whistle was almost as sweet to our ears as had been that call of

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(More Tomorrow.)

"Worth's" for Overcoats

Overcoat Questions---

Those new OVERCOATS that have just arrived at "Worth's" — are they



Serviceable?

Just examine the quality of the materials, the workmanship, the careful attention to details, and you'll have the answer.

Correctly Styl-

ed? Most decidedly. Every line is distinctive, yet well within the borderline that defines good taste. In fact, they are just the kind of "value first" garments that appeal to successful men in all walks of life.

How About Price? \$35.00 to \$50.00. You cannot afford to pay less; you certainly need not pay more. We repeat—

kv Jeans

CHINESE GANG MEMBERS PAY \$5 EACH SCHOOL TAX FROM \$170, SEASON'S PAY

Article 27

BY MAX STERN

FOR two weeks I went to bed at night with the din of the can machines ringing in my ears and awoke to Charlie's "bundle o' hay" at 5.15 in the morning.



MAX STERN

As some of us would gather in the blacksmith shop to keep warm, I learned that several of the crew planned to winter it in Alaska, instead of returning.

Every year the salm on fleet leaves a few of its fishermen to become Alaskan squaw-men. One of these had not been to San Francisco in 20 years.

It was the call of the wild, and, after that fortnight of soul-killing routine of factory life, I could understand the appeal. Here was adventure. On the trap line in the white winter and in the open seas for the salmon, season, a simple living could be made, and at the same time the savage instinct of the hunt which is still so near to the heart of every man could be gratified. And there is still in Alaska what the city can not offer—security from want. The Guggenheims have not yet filed on the game.

Chinese Better Paid

After the cans were finished and stacked, a short rest came for us before the fish started running. Some of us were put to making boxes.

Just as the Chinese workers were getting \$350 to \$600 a season compared to our \$170, so they were given more for box-making.

The regular members of the crew made 120 boxes a day, after which



The Beach Gang. Few men earn a harder livelihood than the beach gang workers of the Alaska salmon canneries. On the ship they act as sailors and at the canneries they do the heavy mucking on the muddy beaches in all sorts of weather.

this was an example used to be practiced in England, but it was abolished 50 years ago by law. It is now illegal there to force men to buy from the company for which they work.

Of course there was nothing to force us to buy from the Chinese or company store. We could walk five miles across the swamp to the Snag Point general store and buy. But that took rubber boots, time, and the thing we were shortest of—cash.

would make most of our meal.

"No mo," he told one colored boy. "Why, you've got a lot left," said the astonished negro.

"You no buy anything on boat," explained Chas. "No mo."

One day we had a feast. One of the pigs we had brought along was slaughtered and for one meal we ate roast pork. Soup was also added to our meal at times, and on Sunday mornings we were fed "hot" cakes.

I had some extra time, so I went to work for the company. It was raining most of the time, and the

paid 65c an hour and board by the company.

My boss was the martinet, Hector, who lost no opportunity to humiliate me because I was of the Chinese gang. The sweetest dream I had in Alaska was one night when I dreamed I gave this lad a real beating up.

That night I literally knocked the heck out of Hector.

One day there blew a windstorm out of the north. Such a terrific gale I never beheld. Men could not walk along the pier without danger of being blown over. We learned

tor of San Francisco was a tall, unctuous Oriental, who had made the Alaska trip for 30 seasons. Like Cassius, he had a lean and hungry look and, although his smile was wide and bland, he was as "peculiar" as Bret Harte's heathen Chinese in ways that are dark and tricks that are vain.

He was always turning up unexpectedly and was always issuing orders to our cook to cut down on lard, sugar, and other things.

One day he gave instructions to "cookie" to use not more than five little cans of condensed milk a day for all purposes—five small cans for 52 men!

School Tax

About this time there was tacked up on our bunk-house door a notice from the Alaska government that our school tax of \$5 was due. All males over 18 working in Alaska at that time had to pay the \$5 tax, and that meant us. The Chinaman paid it out of our wages.

Now the Chinese gangs of the Alaska fisheries are naturally highly interested in the education of young Alaskans. They doubtless feel that these young Americans of the northland should be given all the opportunities they themselves had enjoyed in the states.

But it must be remembered that out of their \$170 season wage had already come a big slice for Meyer and another big cut for the Chinaman's store and for many there would not be much left. The \$5 tax meant nearly 5 days of hard work for these already highly-exploited

Heavy Taxes

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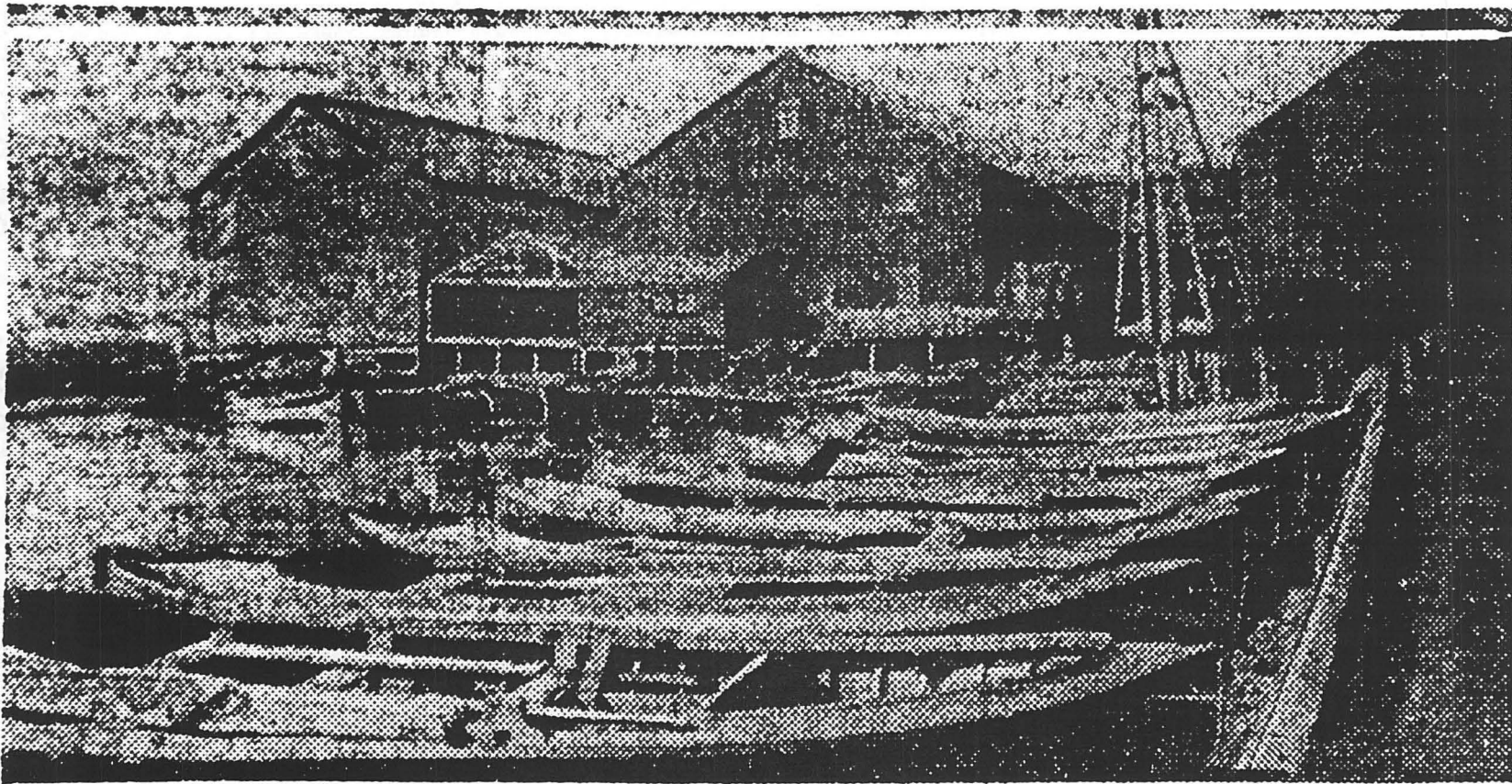
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ORGANIZES QUARTET WITH AID OF THREE NEGROES

Article 26

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But They
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The cannery and the fishing boat fleet. It is in these little craft that fishermen brave the treacherous waters of Bristol bay so that you can eat canned salmon. Every year takes its toll of lives of these brave Latins and Scandinavians.

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First Come, First Served

Over a plank that snapped a sort

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BY MAX STERN

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Just as the Chinese workers were getting \$350 to \$600 a season compared to our \$170, so they were given more for box-making.

The regular members of the crew made 120 boxes a day, after which they were paid a bonus of 1c a box. The Chinese, so the Mexicans claimed, were given 3c a box bonus.

Chinese Eat Alone

The Chinese lived in the rear part of our bunkhouse. At meal-time they gathered around a square table, over which was suspended a big bowl of rice. On the table stood a dish of canned fish, seaweed or some other relish. First they would scoop out a bowlful of rice, then with chopsticks they would pick up a bit of the relish, lay it near the rim of the bowl and scoop a mouthful of both rice and relish into their faces. A big kettle of unsweetened tea completed their meal. One day they bought a moose-head from the Indians and feasted several days on its meat.

Back of their quarters was located the Chinese store. Here we could buy small cans of condensed milk at 25c a can, fruit at 60c a can, cheese, eggs, jelly, butter, tobacco, etc. What the Chinaman didn't have, the company store run by Hector would furnish.

The "truck system," of which



The Beach Gang. Few men earn a harder livelihood than the beach gang of the Alaska salmon canneries. On the ship they act as sailors and at the cannery they do the heavy mucking on the muddy beaches in all sorts of weather.

this was an example used to be practiced in England, but it was abolished 50 years ago by law. It is now illegal there to force men to buy from the company for which they work.

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The company gave us credit on the Chinese book, as did the Chinaman, so the truck system was really operating through the force of economic necessity.

Enjoy a Feast

Charlie was still making little extras, like doughnuts and cake, to tempt our dimes, and he certainly knew how to cook steamed rice. Often when our food repelled us we would go to his kitchen and beg for a handful of rice, on which we

would make most of our meal.

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One day we had a feast. One of the pigs we had brought along was slaughtered and for one meal we ate roast pork. Soup was also added to our meal at times, and on Sunday mornings we were fed "hot" cakes.

I had some extra time, so I went to work for the company. It was raining most of the time, and the work I did was heavy and arduous.

I had bought some rubber boots from a fisherman and I spent the days moving logs and cleaning up drifts in the muddy tide-flats around the cannery. Trucking heavy timbers for the beach-gang and "Chips" took all the strength I had.

Gets 25c An Hour

I received for this work 25c an hour, while the beach gang, doing the same sort of work, were being

paid 65c an hour for the company.

My boss was a white man, who lost no time to milliate me because I was a Chinese gang. I had in Alaska a dream I was beating up.

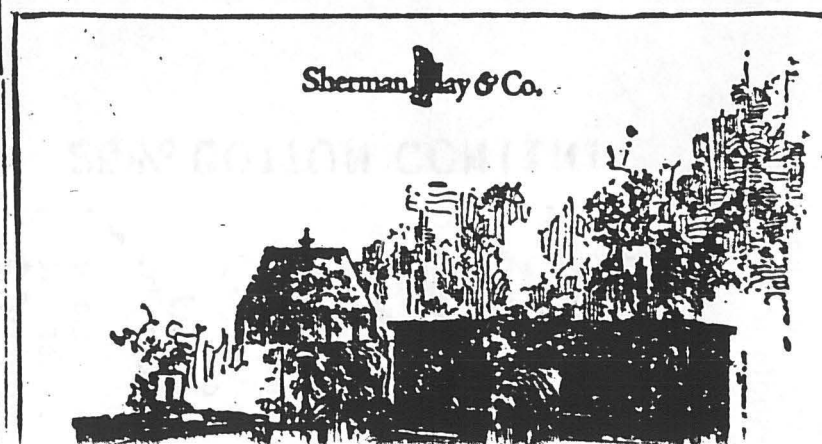
That night I had a heck out of here.

One day there was a gale I never before. I walked along the beach of being blown. That two fishermen from another cannery schooner Beulah from her mooring and badly.

Cut Down

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Sherman & Co.





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Cut Down Rations

About 20 of our gang had been shipped to the salt station, leaving 52 of us. We had been promised better meals when they went, but we noted little improvement.

Representing the Chinese contrac-

tor of San Francisco was a tall, unctuous Oriental, who had made the Alaska trip for 30 seasons. Like Cassius, he had a lean and hungry look and, although his smile was wide and bland, he was as "peculiar" as Bret Harte's heathen Chinese in ways that are dark and tricks that are vain.

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Heavy Taxes

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The salmon cannery owners pay to the government from 3c to 7c a case and 1 per cent of their net earnings, but they bring back their ships laden with an argosy of tens of thousands of dollars' worth of "gold fish."

We who were being taxed \$5 on our \$170 earnings would be lucky if we brought back our health and \$100 to see us through the winter.

(More tomorrow).

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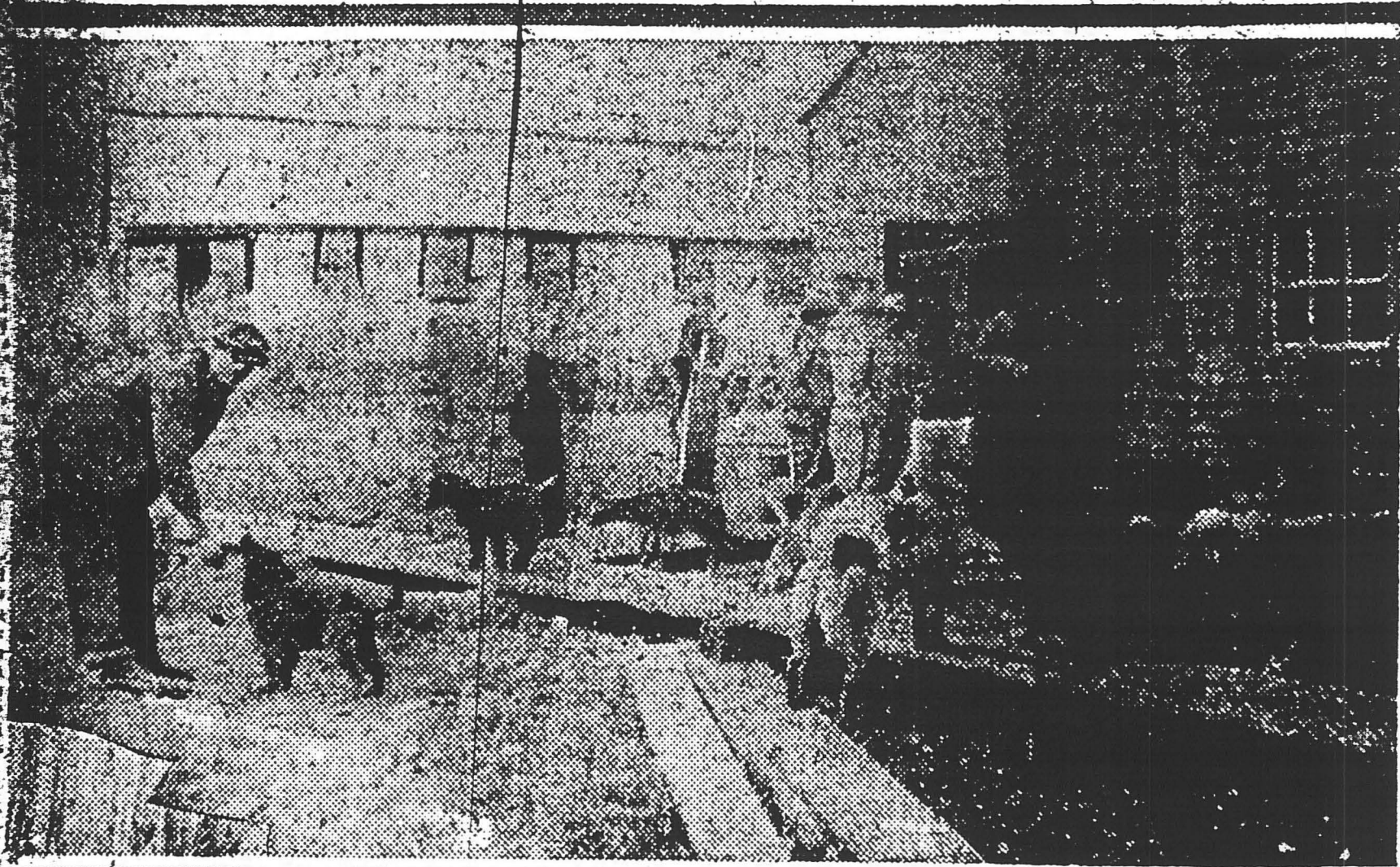


THE PRICE OF SALMON

DOC F

FINDS ALASKA PACKERS' BUNKHOUSES SANITARY

Article 28



Fishermen's quarters. Compared to the quarters of the Chinese gangs the fishermen live like princes in Alaska cannery camps. The reason is simple. They have a union.

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Fishermen's quarters. Compared to the quarters of the Chinese gangs the fishermen live like princes in Alaska cannery camps. The reason is simple. They have a union.

BY MAX STERN

SEVERAL of the Chinese crew were always ailing, but one Mexican was suffering excruciatingly from sick headaches. We wanted to get him to the doctor, located at one of the Alaska Packers' ass'n canneries, five miles down river.

Had he not been so weak and had he owned rubber boots, he might have walked. The only other way was to borrow a boat, and the only way to get a boat was from the company.

It seems incredible, but we were two days getting permission to use

a dory and carry a sick Mexican to a doctor. Our motives were of the best, but we were treated as though we were trying to impose on the company. The beach-gang boss issued an angry warning along with his first refusal.

"And remember," he shouted, "it's a \$10 fine for anybody to take a boat outa here without permission."

We finally got a grudging permit, and landed our patient at the "hospital." While there we accepted an invitation from one of the Mexicans there to stay for dinner.

A. P. A. Plant Modern

The Alaska Packers' ass'n is the biggest company operating in Alaska, and is financed by the same people behind the California Packing corporation, the great fruit-canning concern.

Its biggest holdings are in Bristol Bay, where it operates 9 out of its 15 canneries. These canneries are among the best in that part of Alaska.

For the Chinese crews they have installed good bunk houses, with electric lights, showers and sanitary equipment, all quite different from our place.

But they still persist in the same old worn Chinese contract system and among their common laborers is the same seething discontent as the result.

In the cannery we were visiting, the same Chinese contractor held the contract as "owned" us and, of course, similar conditions prevailed on their ship and at their cannery

such as we were complaining of. In fact, while the housing conditions here were of the best, the food was worse than ours, and several colored boys had come over to our cannery on purpose to eat of our good bread.

No Vegetables or Fruit

The men ate in a dining-room from tables covered with oil cloth, and they were furnished plates, knives and forks by the cook, instead of the men having to wash them as in our case.

The meal consisted of stew made of potatoes with black spots in them, and "salt-horse" of the same coarse variety as ours; macaroni without cheese, doughy bread and sweetened tea without milk. There was no butter, rice, vegetables nor fruit.

For breakfast the men had been given sweetened black coffee, with weak "southwest"; mush without or not enough sugar, and hash. On Sundays they were given a helping of bacon and hot-cakes.

"This is worse than prison," said one ex-convict who had been brought up from Los Angeles and shipped on a "Hell Ship" without being landed in San Francisco.

"We Need a Union"

A tall, good-natured negro gave vent to the same sentiments.

"I go by the fishermen's quarters and see what they eat and it makes me downright sad," he said. "They get milk, butter, cake, pie, cheese, vegetables, fruit, and look at this grub of ours. What we need is a union."

He said that on the Star of India, on which he came up, the hold was packed with 150 men, that the Chinaman fed them two meals a day and rationed them to one cup of water, that Meyer had "stung" them all, that he had spent \$100 on outfit and food—in short, he described conditions identical with ours.

Caught in Tide

Two Mexican lads had been shipped up from Los Angeles with a party of 100 other recruits.

"They told us nothing but lies," said one. "Do you think we would have come up here if we'd known what it was like?"

I visited this cannery several times, walking along the muddy banks in the swamp, where a misstep meant a soaking. One day I went down at ebb tide, and was caught on my return by the flood tide. A tiny stream on my way down had swollen into a river, and I had to swim across. I walked a

half mile with ice water filling my hip boots and arrived nearly all in with exhaustion.

Near the Alaska Packers' ass'n cannery was one owned by the Portland Packers' ass'n. Here the labor was done by Filipinos and, although the quarters were good, the food they ate was worse than ours, with rice as the chief diet.

Must "Escape"

I had been in Alaska about three weeks, and I had seen cannery life at its worst. To get a fair idea of it I would have to visit many other canneries. To do this I must "escape" from my Chinese boss and come back by steamer.

I was up against a tough venture. I had the money, a thing that most would-be refugees lack. I had banded \$200 in greenbacks on my leg before I left the city. But there were two other big obstacles. I belonged to the Chinaman by virtue of my contract, and I must in some manner break this "chain."

The second obstacle was the cannery boss, Joe, and his assistant, Hector. For some time I had sensed a growing hostility on their part and I knew I could expect no favors from that quarter.

Cannery Supreme

The cannery boss rules supreme in Bristol Bay. He controls the only source of news, the wireless, and the only means of transportation, power boats.

Once a month there comes into Bristol Bay the only means of escape. It is a little steamer up from Seward, the mail boat. It costs over \$150 to get down to Seattle from Nushagak, and to board the steamer one must be some 10 miles down the river from where we were located, on the day she arrives, for she anchors there for only one tide.

Boat Due in Week

If I were successful in getting away from the Chinaman, how was I to know when the boat was due and, if I knew, how was I to get down the river to "Clark's Point?"

I lay awake nights worrying over my problems. To miss the boat meant another month in Alaska, and the chances were not even fair of my making it. In fact, there was not a case on record in our cannery of a man's being able to quit the Chinaman and return home.

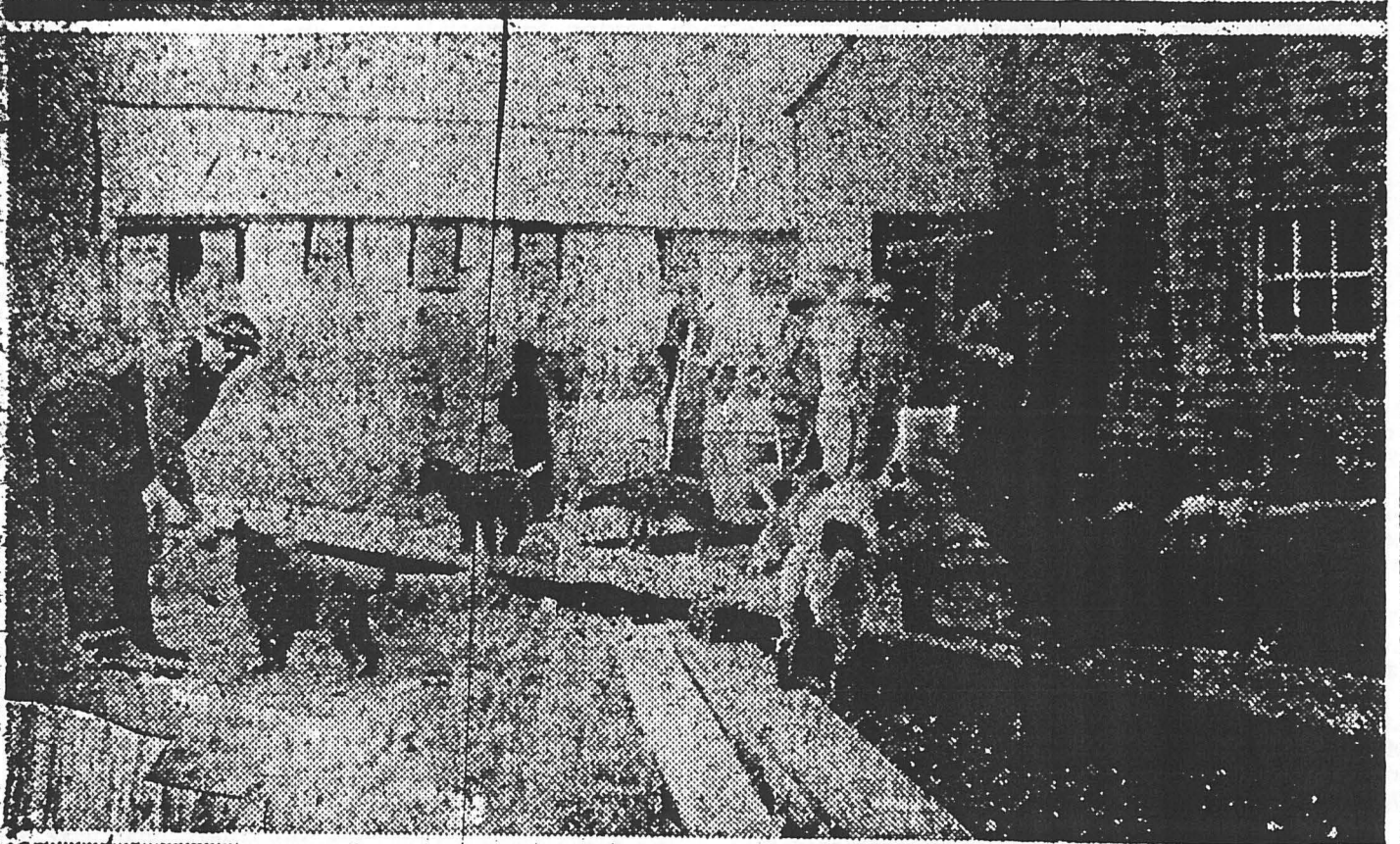
One day I overheard two of the squaw-men talking. One of them was telling the other that the mail boat had been heard from and was due at Clark's Point in a week.

(More tomorrow).

THE PRICE OF SALMON

FINDS ALASKA PACKERS' BUNKHOUSES SANITARY

Article 28



Fishermen's quarters. Compared to the quarters of the Chinese gangs the fishermen live like princes in Alaska cannery camps. The reason is simple. They have a union.

BY MAX STERN

SEVERAL of the Chinese crew were always ailing, but one Mexican was suffering excruciatingly from sick headaches. We wanted to get him to the doctor, located at one of the Alaska Packers' ass'n canneries, five miles down river.

Had he not been so weak and had he owned rubber boots, he might have walked. The only other way was to borrow a boat, and the only way to get a boat was from the company.

It seems incredible, but we were two days getting permission to use

such as we were complaining of. In fact, while the housing conditions here were of the best, the food was worse than ours, and several colored boys had come over to our cannery on purpose to eat of our good bread.

No Vegetables or Fruit

The men ate in a dining-room from tables covered with oil cloth, and they were furnished plates, knives and forks by the cook, instead of the men having to wash them as in our case.

The meal consisted of stew made of potatoes, with black spots in them, and "salt-horse" of the same coarse variety as ours; macaroni without cheese, doughy bread and sweetened tea without milk. There was no butter, rice, vegetables nor fruit.

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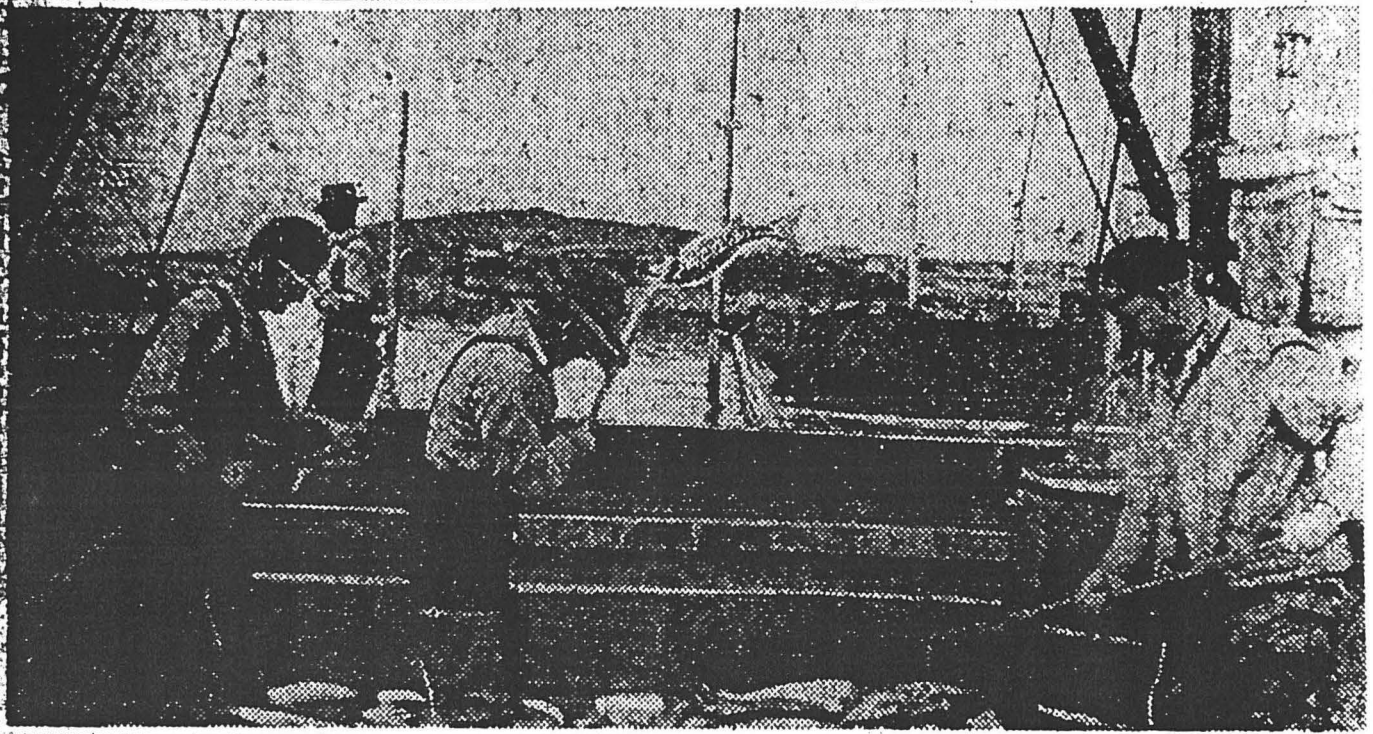
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MAX STERN

THE PRICE OF SALMON STERN, WITH SALMON FLEET TWO MONTHS, OWES \$14.80

Article 29



Pewing salmon. From 6 a.m. to 6 p.m. men stand knee deep in salmon for 65c an hour.

BY MAX STERN

FOR several days I hung between hope and fear.

I must get away from the cannery, but I had been told several times such a thing had never been

done. I would have to have an exceptionally good excuse, plenty of money and good luck besides. Even then, it was only a chance.

Before leaving San Francisco I had arranged with my wife to send a "fake" letter, telling of her sudden illness, and urging my speedy return. She had done this and, by the merest



MAX STERN

chance, the letter had arrived via one of Libby, McNeill & Libby's steamers.

It was the only piece of mail I got in Alaska, and it saved the day. I told of my wife having been in an auto accident and being danger-

stances, if I were kept in Alaska, I would naturally make a very bum cannery hand for him.

"All right," he finally agreed. "You pay me all you owe me and Meyer and I let you go."

He got out his ink brush and started figuring. It was a tense moment for me.

Owes \$14.80

It had been just two months since the day I signed the contract aboard the bark in San Francisco. I was being paid at the rate of \$34 a month. He admitted he owed me \$68.

I owed Meyer \$62.50 for my outfit. The Chinaman would collect \$5 from me to pay over to the Alaska government for school tax. I had been advanced \$10 by the Chinaman, which I had spent, and I had spent \$5.30 in the Chinese and Mexican stores.

That made a total of \$82.50 I owed the Chinaman and Meyer. Subtracting the \$68 he owed me from the \$82.80 I owed him, I found that I owed him \$14.80, for which he forthwith presented a bill.

My bills with the Mexican and

ironically. My going meant velvet for his big chief. He had cleared \$170 from the dead Mexican and he would clear \$102 from me.

But I felt a profound relief. I had accomplished the unheard of and I was free. I had actually quit an Alaska Chinese gang job on the eve of the fish run. If my coworkers had any money, I could have cleaned up a lot in bets that I would never have done it.

With the receipted bills in my pocket, I was free to leave Alaska, but I had yet to do a "Liza across the ice."

The mail boat would land within a few nights, 10 miles down the river. How was I to get there, and where was I to stay until she arrived? With 10 miles of water or almost impassable marsh land between me and my deliverance, I felt something like a mariner stranded on an island.

As I was sitting that evening on a coalpile pondering, there walked up like a "god out of the machine," my old friend and benefactor, Sailor Tom.

(More Tomorrow)

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had arrived via one of Libby, McNeill & Libby's steamers.

It was the only piece of mail I got in Alaska, and it saved the day. I told of my wife having been in an auto accident and being dangerously injured, and urged me to hurry home. The letter, signed by her mother, told of money for the return passage having been enclosed.

"It's Never Been Done"

I spread the bad news about the camp and took on the role of Hamlet, the tragic Dane. Finally I took it to Ben. He could not read English, so I read it to him. He was, as he had always been, kindly sympathetic, but he shook his head doubtfully.

"It's never been done," he said. "I understand how you feel, but you know the contract—and the fish will come in soon. We're short a man since the Mexican died, anyway." He promised, however, to speak with the Chinese boss representative.

In the meantime, I was working every day for the company. Several of our gang had struck against the mean wage of 25c an hour.

Only one negro, who had a wife to support at home, and I were working. I was worried about not having enough money to buy out and to get home on, and needed every cent I could make. I was anxious to find out how much the fare was, and while I was at the end of the pier one day, I dropped down into one of the company's tugs to inquire of an old deckhand the cost of passage to Seattle. I had hardly hit the deck when Hector appeared above me.

Gets "Bawl Out"

"What are you doin' there?" he shouted to me. "Is that the way you carry lumber? You better get to work or you won't have any job."

About this time the fishermen were ready to set out on their annual trip. The boats had been painted and were about loaded with provisions.

One day the Scandinavians found that the Italians' privately owned boats were smaller in mesh than the company nets, which were to use. A strike was attempted, and a union meeting was called. The fishermen gathered in front of their bunkhouse one morning and harangued each other for hours.

For a time it looked like there would be no fish, but finally the Italians agreed not to use their small mesh nets and the trouble blew over.

Spring and Mosquitoes Come
The weather had modulated into a warmness that lasted for several days. Nature can caress as well as chastise, we thought, and spring had really come. With the warmth, however, came

the Chinaman and Meyer. Subtracting the \$68 he owed me from the \$82.80 I owed him, I found that I owed him \$14.80, for which he forthwith presented a bill.

My bills with the Mexican and Chinese stores aboard ship were exceptionally small. Besides my \$10 advance I had spent only \$5.30, less than many of the rest of the gang.

Can You Beat It?

Yet, after working two months I still owed my employer \$14.80.

"Well," I said to myself, "It's a good thing I'm quitting now. If, after working two months, a fellow owes his boss \$14.80, how much will he owe him at the end of five months?"

The Mexicans have an expression they frequently apply to the Alaska salmon packing jobs—"mucho trabajo, poco dinero." This would seem to be putting it mildly.

I don't know a great deal about itinerant workers and their jobs, but I certainly doubt if there is an industry anywhere in this America where it is necessary for a man to work two and a half months before he actually starts to earn money for himself.

Just about half of my whole season's earnings were gone and all I had to show for it was the cheap outfit from Meyer. The overalls were a wreck, and the shoes I had to give away. The mattress and bedding I would never have carried with me, even if I had followed the career of a blanket stiff.

I had no socks, nor mackinaw for my money. Only the half cotton "wool underwear," the half cotton shirts and the flaring green and yellow cap represented investment.

Profit for Chinese Boss

I thanked the Chinaman a bit

a coalpile pondering, there walked up like a "god out of the machine," my old friend and benefactor, Sailor Tom.

(More Tomorrow)

WILL HEAR PURRINGTON

Ben Purrrington of the Players' club, will speak at the weekly meeting of the San Francisco Ad club in the concert room of the Palace hotel Wednesday noon.

HELD FOR AUTO THEFT

Milpitas, Oct. 30.—Emilio Cruz, Filipino, was arrested here today and charged with stealing and wrecking an automobile.

LEARN

A WORD EACH DAY

Today's word is—ACUMEN

It's pronounced — a-koo-men with the "a" short, as in "fact," and accent on the second syllable.

It means—quickness of perception, penetration of mind, sharpness, sagacity, keenness, shrewdness, acuteness.

It comes from—Latin "acumen," to sharpen.

It's used like this—"While the Gallic people do not give Men-Slimes much credit for shrewdness or astuteness of motive in executing his plan for the rehabilitation of derelict France nevertheless because of their respect for the business acumen they are prepared to believe his scheme would work out all right is genuine."

This Laxative Works Fine on Old People

Thousands have kept themselves healthy
with Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

ADVANCING age with its subdued ambitions and strivings could be made very happy if only good health accompanied it, and the basis of good health, as every one learns upon reaching the age of 60, is the regular daily movement of the bowels. If it can be effected through the food you eat, the water you drink and the exercise you take,



ANY FAMILY MAY TRY IT FREE

Thousands of parents are asking themselves, "Where can I find a trustworthy laxative that answers in the family and can be used constitutionally?" I urge you to try Syrup Pepsin. I will gladly provide a liberal free sample bottle, sufficient for an adequate test. Write me where to send it. Address Dr. W. A. Caldwell, 1457 Washington St., Minneapolis, Minnesota. Do it now!

weakens you, and their reaction tends to make you more constipated than before.

Now try the milder method. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin does not lose its good effect with repeated use, and increased doses

golf and Jos. Haigh, the door-keeper, who knows personally two

however, shows it has gone a long way towards full growth.

ROUGH STORY MAY BE "49" SCREEN EPIC

The story of early California, or that period which includes gold discovery, has never been

filmed in an adequate manner. When such a picture is made it will equal in art and magnitude

ers from one company to another is doing much to improve the quality of the casts. Thus we find Conway Tearle and Eugene O'Brien, former Selznick stars, playing in First National pictures and Bert Lytell, Metro star, and Tom Moore,

peace Thackeray." Well, here's one director who has an idea that authors of the classics knew what they were about when they wrote their books, and that they'd probably thank us to avoid tampering with them.

THE PRICE OF SALMON

FISHERMEN THROW SHOES INTO SEA TO WIN LUCK FOR SEASON

Article 30

BY MAX STERN

HAD about \$190, which I hoped would be enough passage money, and I had my release from the Chinaman. But I had no way to that mail boat, due to arrive one night within a few days, 10 miles down the river, and leave the next morning. I was almost certain that the cannery boss would not take me down. His attitude toward me had been increasingly hostile of late and I feared he would either refuse or contrive to let me miss boat.

I could have bundled my blanket and suit case on my back and started walking through the marsh to Snag Point, five miles away. But this was a heart-breaking walk without impedimenta, and I hated to think of it.

Moreover, I would have to hire a launch from one of the two canneries there and the canneries of Bristol Bay have an unwritten rule to stick by one another.

Tom to the Rescue

If my own cannery boss would not deliver me, how could I expect one of them to?

They often charge as high as \$25 to ferry a stranger across the river, a school teacher at one of the settlements had told me, and I was too short of money to risk that.

And where would I board till the boat came? The native huts of Snag Point might afford shelter, but even the natives who look with contempt upon the Chinese gangs would probably refuse to take me in.

It was the Iclander Tom who came to my rescue.

"I'll take you down in my fishing boat," he said. "We leave tomorrow at 10, and I'll unload you at Clark's cannery, where you can wait till the mail boat gets in."

Many Commissions

Nothing could have thrilled me more. Not only was I assured of a safe and friendly passage, but I was to be allowed to set forth the romantic salmon hunt.

That night I was loaded down with commissions from my company. They included every-

love with the half-breed belle of Snag Point, to hunting up and getting a free drink of bootleg from barkeep of the San Francisco waterfront, the friend of "Yo," the night watchman.

Early next morning I loaded my gear into Tom's fishing boat and said good-bye all around. In all the Chinese gangs I had seen at other canneries, I had spotted the same sort of green and yellow caps from Meyer that I wore. They were as distinctive a mark of our caste as a striped suit to a fleeting convict. So I traded mine for a Mexican's hat, giving him an undershirt to boot.

Tries to Get \$1.50

The company owed me \$1.50 and I tried in vain to get it that morning. It was the last petty turn of Hector to beat me out of six hours' hard work, an act of loyalty to his company that I hope will some day be recognized.

At 10 o'clock a gentle breeze had started moving, and one by one the fishing boats loosed themselves and took to wind like carrier pigeons down the river. It was a fair sight to see the white-sailed little vessels spread out and cover the stream clear down to a bend and disappear one by one.

Capt. Joe, in a tug, took the tally scow, containing a well-provisioned kitchen and a fat cook, in tow and a dozen fishing boats, including Tom's, hooked on. I felt like an escaping prisoner as we pulled out without a sound from the dock of the ramshackle cannery.

Throw Shoes for Luck

At the bend of the river, the Italian fishermen began throwing their shoes overboard. It was one of their strange customs, and was designed to placate the storm gods and bring a big catch of salmon.

We passed about a dozen canneries on the way down the river and more than that number of ships anchored in the stream. Tom was like a nautical encyclopedia, and reeled off the exact tonnage of every boat, her owners and where she had been built.

In front of one of the Libby canneries was a wide-bellied steamer, the only modern vessel in all the great salmon fleet to have come to Bristol Bay a-fishing.

Opposite Clark's Point, the tally scow came to anchor. Joe urged me to stay aboard the scow and board with the fat cook till the mail boat came. He said the company would only charge me 75c a meal.

Too Much

Considering the company's

that meant a nine-hour day's work for board, which was too much like profiteering. I declined and said I'd prefer taking a chance with the cannery at Clark's.

"Well, I envy you," said Portuguese Joe in parting. He was probably thinking of having to steer that old bark down another 2000 miles in September.

"Remember," he added by way of a sort of apology, "nobody's got any use for a white man who ships in the Chinese crew; it's no business."

I was on the point of reminding him that there were a half dozen of his countrymen in our crew, with whom he should take the trouble to get acquainted but I decided to part in a friendly spirit.

Bids Tom Farewell

Tom sailed up to a high wharf that led to Clark's cannery and I climbed ashore. It was with a sort of religious feeling that I grasped his great calloused hand to thank him. His fine spirit had been untouched by all the greed of the salmon game, and its hardships had seemed to make his only more unselfish and Christ-like. If I had gotten nothing else from my two months of tribulation but the friendship of this man, I felt that I would have been repaid.

This cannery to which I had come was everything that the one up the river was not. Clean, well-kept buildings, painted and compact, stood on the edge of a gravel beach; over the company store

loomed a wireless and the view across the river toward a row of snow-capped peaks was what I had dreamed Alaska would have to offer. It was the Alaska Packers' ass's model cannery.

I hunted up the cannery boss and found him in the store. He was a German of the Prussian type, like our Joe, and he glowered at me under beetling black brows.

"Not an Agitator"

"Well, what do you want?" he demanded.

I told him I wanted to stay at his cannery until the mail boat came, that I could pay my board, but preferred to work it out.

"Why did you quit up the river?" he asked suspiciously.

I told him my story and offered to show him my receipt from the Chinaman. He was still unsatisfied. I suggested he might go out to the tally scow, where Capt. Joe was eating his lunch, and find out whether I had quit under fire or was O. K.

"You ain't one of these agitators, are you?" he asked.

I assured him I was not a walking delegate for the Chinese Gang union.

"That's what they all say," he cut in. "You wait here."

He was gone a half hour, a half hour of suspense for me, and while he was gone I learned the mail boat had broken her propeller and would be 10 days in getting here.

(More Tomorrow)

TYPEWRITERS

"All Makes" sold and rented. Send for retail prices and terms. Wholesale Typewriter Co., 520 Market St.—Advt.

Are you suffering from foot ailments, falling arches, pains in these parts?

YOUR FEET



CAUSE PAINS IN knees, back, ankles, hips, heels, calves, of legs, and base of brain, toe cramps and burning feet, callous and corns. FOR FOOT RELIEF SEE ME.

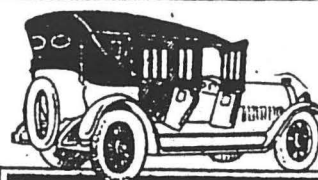
EXAMINATION FREE

No heavy metal appliances used. Flat feet can now be quickly and easily remedied.

Dr. JAMES BROWN

Military Methods

Formerly of the American and Royal San Francisco, California, Store



TOPS and CURTAINS FOR ALL WEATHERS

Prepare for the inclement weather of the coming season by having us make a new set of modern side curtains, repair or replace the top, replace broken lights, etc.

Our Auto Trimming Service is all that the exacting motorist desires—and is moderate in cost.

Expert Auto Trimming Co.

2000 Broadway, San Francisco

Only one negro, who had a wife to support at home, and I were working. I was worried about not having enough money to buy out and to get home on, and needed every cent I could make. I was anxious to find out how much the fare was, and while I was at the end of the pier one day, I dropped down into one of the company's tugs to inquire of an old deckhand the cost of passage to Seattle. I had hardly hit the deck when Hector appeared above me.

Gets "Bawl Out"

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Spring and Mosquitoes Come

The weather had modulated into a soft warmth that lasted for several days. Nature can caress in Alaska as well as chastise, we found, and spring had really come.

With the warmth, however, came mosquitoes and they increased as the summer advanced into a pest that was worse, by far, than had been the cold and wet.

At nights in the shacks, where our concerts were still under way, the smoke from the fires came in good stead in keeping out the mosquitoes.

At these gatherings it was part of the indoor sport to tell stories of men like me, who had tried to get away from the Chinese gangs and failed. Not one of our crew believed it possible for me to break the contract and "beat it."

Gets Permission

One day, Ben told me that the Chinaman would have a talk with me. I went, with my heart in my mouth, into his "office," which was the Chinese store in the rear of our home. He was, as usual, smiling, but he was not at all inclined to let me go.

son's earnings were gone and all I had to show for it was the cheap outfit from Meyer. The overalls were a wreck, and the shoes I had to give away. The mattress and bedding I would never have carried with me, even if I had followed the career of a blanket stiff.

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Thousands have kept themselves healthy with Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin

ADVANCING age with its subdued ambitions and strivings could be made very happy if only good health accompanied it, and the basis of good health, as every one learns upon reaching the age of 60, is the regular daily movement of the bowels. If it can be effected through the food you eat, the water you drink and the exercise you take, so much the better. But if nature will not operate it must be assisted or sickness will follow. Neglected constipation causes the blood pressure to go up 28 per cent, and that is the forerunner of hardening of the arteries. It makes rheumatism and gout worse, too.



The ideal constipation remedy for people of advancing years is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, a vegetable compound of Egyptian senna and pepsin with pleasant-tasting aromatics. It is gentle and mild, and does not cramp or gripe. It is a mistake to think you need a violent salt or powder or pill, calomel, coal-tar drugs and such things. They purge and

ANY FAMILY MAY TRY IT FREE

Thousands of parents are asking themselves, "Where can I find a trustworthy laxative that anyone in the family can use when constipated?" I urge you to try Syrup Pepsin. I will gladly provide a liberal free sample bottle, sufficient for an adequate test. Write me where to send it. Address Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 515 Washington St., Monticello, Maine. Do it now!

weaken you, and their reaction tends to make you more constipated than before.

Now try the milder method. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin does not lose its good effect with repeated use, and increased doses are unnecessary. Mrs. E. M. Burgess of Enfield, N. C., who is 73, keeps herself in good health with it, and Mr. Charles (Chairman of Stapleton, Staten Island, N. Y.) wasted fifteen years and considerable money on other remedies before finding steady relief with Syrup Pepsin.

Use Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin yourself the next time you suffer from constipation, biliousness, headache, sleeplessness, indigestion, piles or night cramps. Many thousands of elderly people use nothing else, and it costs them less than a cent a dose. Druggists have sold it successfully for 30 years, and it is the most widely bought family laxative in the world.

TAKE DR. CALDWELL'S SYRUP PEPSIN

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MAX STERN

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"I'll take you down in my fishing boat," he said. "We leave tomorrow at 10, and I'll unload you at Clark's cannery, where you can board till the mail boat gets in."

Many Commissions

Nothing could have thrilled me more. Not only was I assured of a safe and friendly passage, but I was to be allowed to set forth the next morning with the fishing fleet on the romantic salmon hunt.

That night I was loaded down with commissions from my company. They included every thing from buying an engagement ring for one of the girls who had called in

as a striped suit to a meeting convict. So I traded mine for a Mexican's hat, giving him an undershirt to boot.

Tries to Get \$1.50

The company owed me \$1.50 and I tried in vain to get it that morning. It was the last petty turn of Hector to beat me out of six hours' hard work, an act of loyalty to his company that I hope will some day be recognized.

At 10 o'clock a gentle breeze had started moving, and one by one the fishing boats loosed themselves and took to wind like carrier pigeons down the river. It was a fair sight to see the white-sailed little vessels spread out and cover the stream clear down to a bend and disappear one by one.

Capt. Joe, in a tug, took the tally scow, containing a well-provisioned kitchen and a fat cook, in tow and a dozen fishing boats, including Tom's, hooked on. I felt like an escaping prisoner as we pulled out without a sound from the dock of the ramshackle cannery.

Throw Shoes for Luck

At the bend of the river, the Italian fishermen began throwing their shoes overboard. It was one of their strange customs, and was designed to placate the storm gods and bring a big catch of salmon.

We passed about a dozen canneries on the way down the river and more than that number of ships anchored in the stream. Tom was like a nautical encyclopedia, and reeled off the exact tonnage of every boat, her owners and where she had been built.

In front of one of the Libby canneries was a wide-bellied steamer, the only modern vessel in all the great salmon fleet to have come to Bristol Bay a-fishing.

Opposite Clark's Point, the tally scow came to anchor. Joe urged me to stay aboard the scow and board with the fat cook till the mail boat came. He said the company would only charge me 75c a meal.

Too Much

Considering the company had

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Are you suffering from these parts?

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UNREST IN A. P. A. CANNERY IN SPITE OF BETTER CONDITIONS

Article 31

BY MAX STERN

"WE NEVER hire anybody who has quit another cannery, but we need some help and your story seems all right," began my new boss on his return.



MAX STERN

"You can work with the Chinese gang making boxes, and eat and sleep with the white men. You will bunk in the monkey-wrench quarters."

I asked him how much I would make.

"You make nothing," he said. "You work for your board till the mail boat comes. After you've made 140 boxes, you're through for the day."

"And mind," he added, "no agitatin' or out you go."

Now 140 boxes a day is a good day's work. Up river we had only been required to make 120 boxes. But this was haven, and food at the fishermen's mess sounded good to me.

Holding His Own Now

"Well," I remarked, "up river I worked two months and owed the boss \$14.80. Here, at least, I'll be holding my own."

The German superintendent introduced me to my new Chinese boss, who was a little Mexican and I went to work that afternoon. If one works at boxmaking from 6 in the morning to 4:30 or 5 he can make 140 boxes.

That means he must drive 4040 nails, and before many hours his hands become blistered, his wrists swollen and his arm shot with sharp pains. But it is clean work and it has something of the old craftsman's labor about it.

Unlike most factory work, where the worker never sees the thing he makes, here you are completing one thing by yourself, and you can take a pride in your speed and skill, which shows in the output.

Quota Easily Made

The Chinese crew of this outfit were even more polyglot than had been ours. In addition to colored boys, Mexicans and all the other variety of Latins, there was quite a group of white workers.

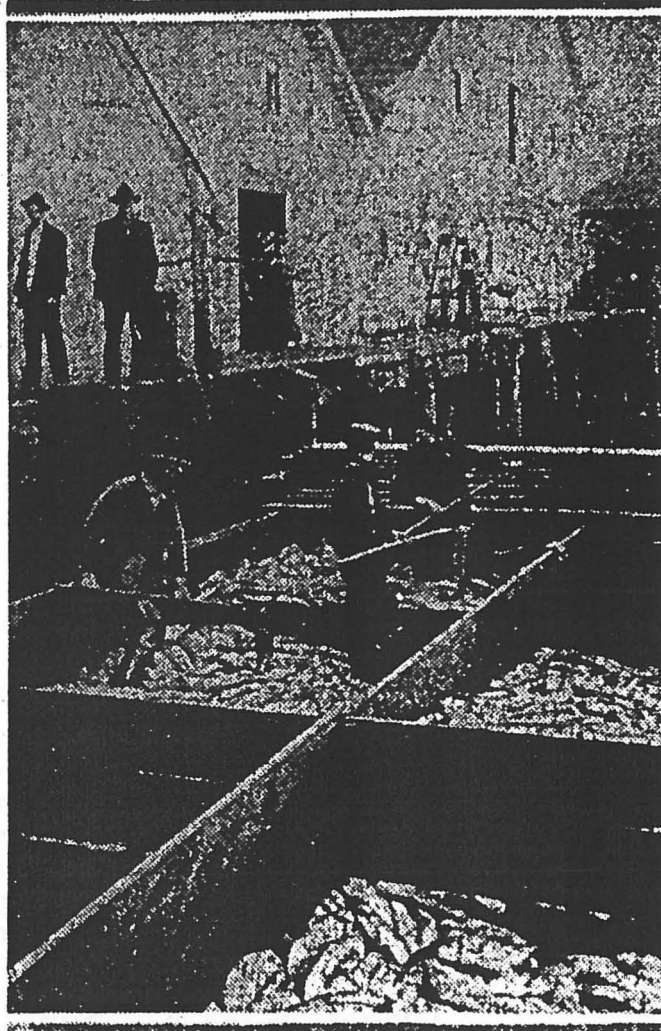
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I wondered at this, for after work as I went through the Chinese gang's quarters, I found housing conditions of the best. The bunkhouse contained small rooms lined with six bunks each, electric lights and good ventilation.

There was no heat, but upstairs above the mess hall the company had arranged a big lounging room with steam heat in it for the Chinese gang. A shower room with hot and cold water and tubs to wash their clothes in had been built.

Rebellious Spirit

But upon talking to the men I



The Chinese Gang at work. Here's a crew of them sorting salmon and pewing them into the carrier for the "Iron Chink" to clean and prepare for the cans.

used to work on the railroad, and I'm going back. I'd rather get \$1 a day and board on the section in California than \$4 a day and board here."

Complain of Food

A colored boy: "Breakfast we get is no good. Coffee is bad and mush hasn't got enough milk on it for a baby. Dinner we get beans, rice and corn beef. Supper we get maybe macaroni without cheese, tea with no milk, bread made of cheap flour, more corn beef. One time we got pudding made of rice, little sugar and watered milk. This is my first and last trip."

White youth from Sacramento: "We came up on the Star of Iceland. Everybody lost his \$10 advance first week out playing stud poker and chuck luck. I never saw anybody win a chuck luck but the Chinaman. We were becalmed eight days. The air was terrible and the hold smelled awful. But they wouldn't let us sleep in the life-boats. We had two meals a day, and coffee and dry bread at 7 in the morning. The Chinaman sold us noodles at night when we got hungry, and charged 10c a bowl. We got fresh water only for drinking, a lot of us got sick, but they

cleaned out the floor with a lysol wash. I owe \$70 altogether already, and he season isn't half over."

Begs for Sweets

A gray haired old colored man: "For God's sake, bring me something from your white table. I'd give anything for a piece of cake. I haven't eaten anything sweet like that since I left Frisco."

Little colored boy just out of the army: "This all is worse than the penitentiary. If I live through this, it's never again for me. The only civilized grub I've had was one day when a fellow slipped me a plateful of fish from the white galley on the boat."

Another white boy: "Good night. They'll never get me again. The food is absolutely N. G. and look at these duds Meyer sold me. They pay us about \$1 a day and then try to get that back again. Between the Chinaman and Meyer, this job is the bunk."

Third white man: "I owe \$50 at Meyer's store and \$40.50 besides. \$90.50 altogether. The Chinaman sold us cup cakes for 25c apiece on the boat. We paid 40c for cigarets for a package that Meyer paid 20c for."

Ah, Real Food!

But how different our meals in the "white mess" were. After a glorious hot shower, the first real bath I'd had since I left the city. I sat down in a roomy mess hall to a supper served by pleasant faced mess boys, in an atmosphere as different from the one I'd left a day from night. We had salmon, pig's feet and sauerkraut, potatoes, bread, butter, pie, prunes and tea. After what I'd been eating, I felt that making 140 boxes a day was small pay for meals like these.

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One night at supper we heard that the salmon had started running and that next day the first lightful would be canned.

(More Tomorrow)

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No want too small
THE DAILY NEWS
Can supply them all

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at 9 o'clock**

The Sale Supreme, surpassing in value even our wonderful Sale of a year ago. Come down Thursday—and come early!—prepared to find your greatest expectations more

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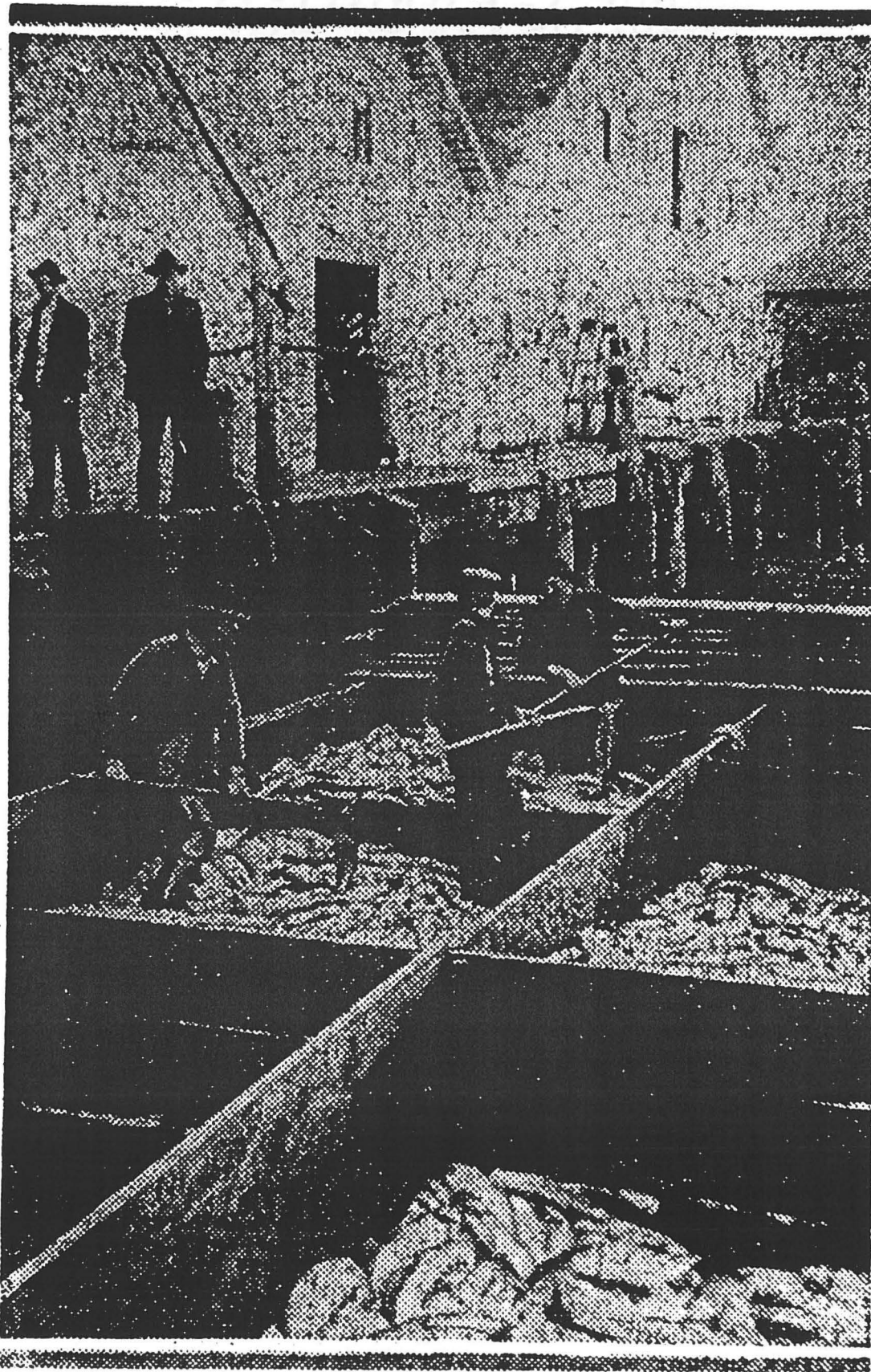
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The Chinee Gang at work. Here's a crew of them sorting salmon and pewing them into the carrier for the "Iron Chink" to clean and prepare for the cans.

used to work on the railroad, and I'm going back. I'd rather get \$1 a day and board on the section in California than \$4 a day and board

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Rebellious Spirit

But upon talking to the men I found among them a rebellious spirit even greater than among the gang I had come up with. Apparently good food is the first answer to the problem of contented labor, and here in the best of canneries in western Alaska men were still being fed by the Chinaman on a diet of the same sort of food we had been getting. The Alaska Packers' ass'n had "cleaned up their camps," but they had begun at the wrong end.

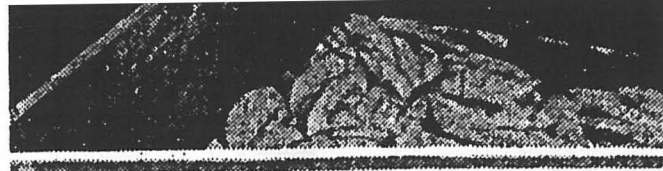
They were still clinging to the old Chinese gang system and almost identical conditions with ours on board ship and at the canneries were turning their common workers into potential rebels. I interviewed a half dozen of them that evening, and all complained of the exploitation by the Chinaman and Meyer, of poor food and of overcrowded conditions aboard the windjammers that had brought them. Here are some of their expressions:

"Never Again"

A tall Spaniard: "This is my first trip. Never again. It's like slavery. They take the best half of your year and what have you got? I haven't eaten meat for a month, for the reason that I can't stand the 'salt horse.' I spent \$25 on the boat and up here. A man's got to have fruit and sweet things."

A short misshapen Mexican: "A man's better off on the section. I

Elect James Carroll Justice of the Peace, only candidate for this office who carries a union card"—Adv.



The Chinese Gang at work. Here's a crew of them sorting salmon and pewing them into the carrier for the "Iron Chink" to clean and prepare for the cans.

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The Sale Supreme, surpassing in value even our wonderful Sale of a year ago. Come down Thursday—and come early!—prepared to find your greatest expectations more than fulfilled.

The Sale you have been waiting for!
Willard's sensational semi-annual

SALE OF MODEL HATS

Hats made to retail from \$15 to \$25
Offered in this great Sale at

\$5



There are hundreds of beautiful models, every one absolutely new, bought from exclusive designers expressly for this Sale—hats of the finest materials, individual styles, spelling the last word in correct Millinery for Fall and Winter.

Whether or not
you need glasses

and Perfect

Double
Vision Lenses

75 (Usual Price)



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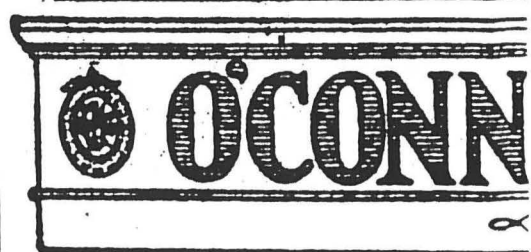
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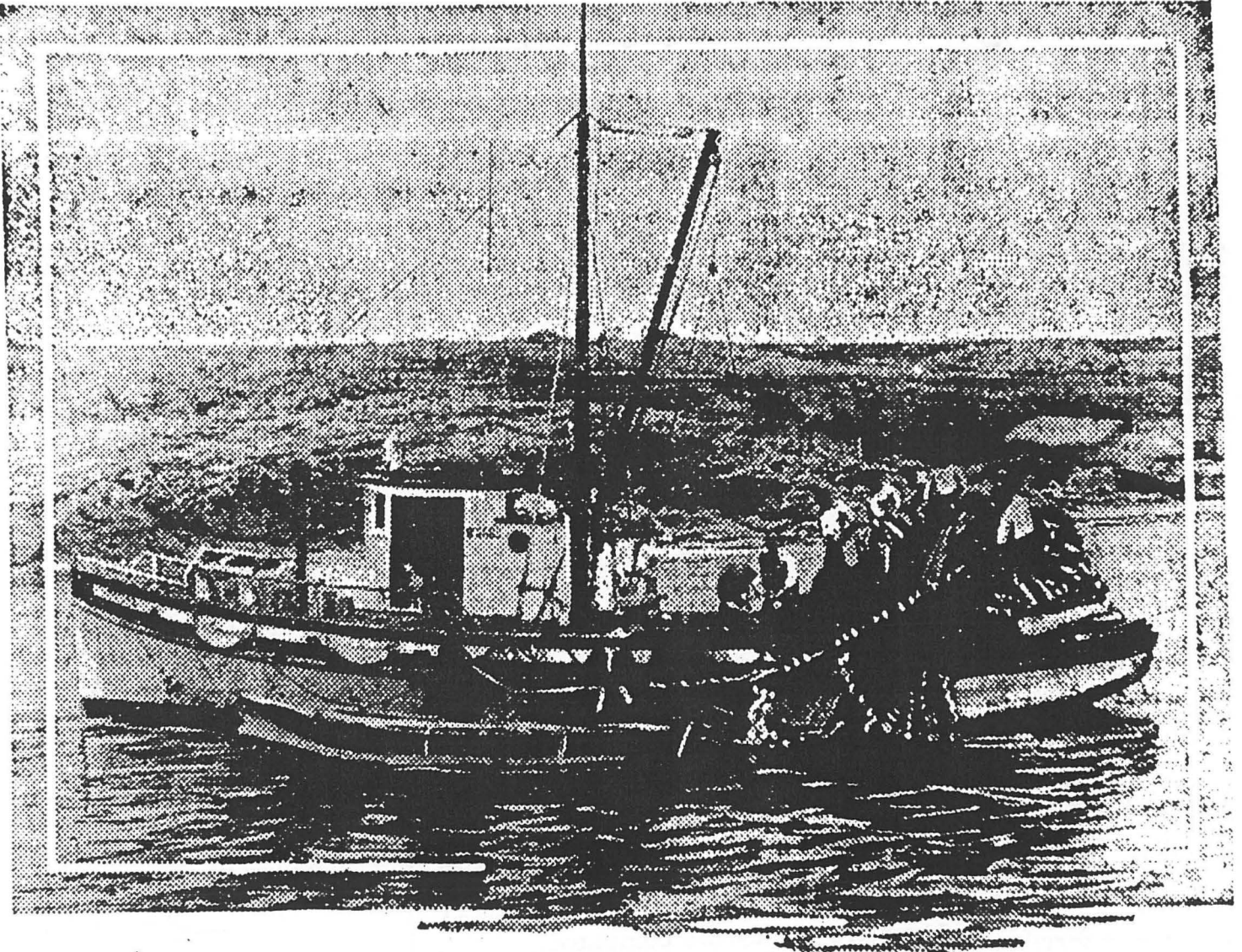
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Beginning Thursday

THE PRICE OF SALMON

ALASKA SALMON FIELDS STRIPPED; FISH WASTED

Article 32



Looting the deep. The iniquitous purse seine at work. This device more than any other one thing is depleting the salmon fields of their golden treasure.

BY MAX STERN

THE salmon packers of Alaska are killing the fish that lays the golden spawn.

Years of prodigal waste of this great natural resource by the can-

nery men have resulted in a startling decrease in the species, and this year the eyes of both Alaskan and federal governments have been turned in alarm toward a



Salmon Pack Decline

Table showing the decline of the salmon pack in cases since 1917:

Year	Colum- bia River	Sacra- mento River	Out- side Rivers	British Columbia	Alaska	Puget Sound	Totals
1917	855,318	9,450	158,855	1,557,472	8,922,315	1,921,588	10,124,858
1918	591,377	4,030	178,958	1,616,156	6,877,557	622,115	9,691,193
1919	580,022	162,472	1,393,189	4,582,187	1,285,605	8,023,456
1920	468,928	57,091	1,185,217	4,295,464	166,500	6,378,200
1921	323,241	40,903	603,548	2,604,973	553,490	4,126,160

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MAX STERN

The salmon industry on the Pacific coast, starting in the Sacramento river, has gradually followed the "easy pickings" northward. Puget Sound, southeastern Alaska, central Alaska and finally the Behring Sea and Bristol Bay have all made their salmon millionaires.

Product 50 Per Cent of Investment

With the general policy of the Bourbons, who remarked "After Us the Deluge," these packers have skimmed the cream and left the milk, with the result that this food of wonderful food properties is likely to follow the buffalo, the sea otter and the whale into limbo.

Salmon canning has paid. By the use of the cheapest labor, by impressing into service antiquated wind-jammers that no other industry has use for and by general make-shift policy, the salmon packers have built up an industry that is very attractive to capital. I quote from a report of the Territorial fish commission of 1922:

"For many years the value of the annual production (salmon) has been more than 50 per cent of the investment and at times as high as 70 per cent.

Harvest Without Sowing

"Although serious losses have occurred at times the net profits have been attractive."

In 1920 there was invested \$63,483,399 in the salmon industry in Alaska, and the value of the product was \$36,641,836 or about 60 per cent of the investment.

The Swedish fisherman had reminded me that the salmon game is a game of harvest reaping without the expense of sowing time.

Instead of conserving this natural mine of wealth, the packers

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uation brings a conviction that the wonderful struggle of the species for maintenance has failed here, as it has elsewhere, when exploited beyond the limit of endurance," says the report of the salmon industry.

"This condition brings squarely before us the necessity for drastic action stopping over-fishing and confining operations to the limit of visible supply.

"Just what proportion of the runs have been taken in the past for commercial purposes is impossible to determine, but it has been far beyond the proper limit as is readily seen by the constant diminution of the supply."

He'd Stop All Fishing

Ellsworth, with whom I talked in Seward, was in favor of closing all the salmon fields for four years, but it is more probable that the fishing area or season will be limited or the pack curtailed, rather than the industry entirely suspended.

The decline of the salmon catch is, of course, due to the same thing that has brought about the scandalous labor situation that I had found in the Chinese gangs of Alaska-greed.

Two years ago, the Alaskans held a grand jury hearing at Valdez, headquarters for the Third or western division of Alaska. Native fishermen there testified that they had seen a whole lighterfull of 150,000 silver salmon dumped into Bristol Bay.

Salmon Rots

There is no doubt that in practically all the 28 canneries in Bristol Bay, a member of the grand jury told me, good food fish had been destroyed in large quantities. The reason for this is that certain salmon, that is the red salmon, brings a higher market price, and the cheaper varieties are allowed to rot in the sun while the cannery machines were busy putting up the reds.

This year in False Pass, in central Alaska, I saw two Japanese standing knee-deep in a lighterfull of salmon pawing out fish that had become soft from lying in the sun

toms are drawn in by a slip rope and everything in that area is hauled into the cannery.

In Karluk Bay I found the fishermen of three canneries had struck because a cannery using Austrian fishermen had broken up the salmon runs with purse seines, and had completely demoralized the field.

The waste in the canneries themselves I was to learn about on the first day of the great king salmon catch. We were told to report at the cannery at 10 o'clock to help put up the fish, and I was to get my first experience as a salmon canner.

(More Tomorrow)

TO SELL FLOWERS FOR WOUNDED VETS

"Forget-Me-Not-Day," for the wounded veterans of the world war will be observed in San Francisco Saturday.

The tiny flowers, symbolic of the thoughts of the people of the country for the heroes, who came out of the great conflict with broken bodies, will be sold on the streets of city by hundreds of workers from every walk of life.

The campaign is under the auspices of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War. Funds raised will be devoted to the care of the wounded veterans, the upbuilding of the organization, the education of veterans and the establishment of summer homes for them.

Y. M. I. AND Y. L. I. PLAN SNOW FESTIVAL

A snowball party will be held by members of the Y. M. I. and Y. L. I. Wednesday night at 50 Oak-st.

John P. Melia heads the committee of arrangements. Miss Jessie Campbell is secretary of the general committee, which includes Miss Kathleen Piper and Miss Claire Hart.

TO DEBATE POWER BILL

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Instead of conserving this natural mine of wealth, the packers have laid to and have been as wasteful as were the timber barons and oil kings before them.

They use fish traps, and purse seines, they have destroyed countless numbers of good food fish and despite anything they can say to the contrary, they have wasted right and left. The natural result is that Alaska, the great grab-bag for American capital, is gradually becoming empty of her "gold fish."

Catch Falling Off

In the Bristol Bay region the salmon mothers are holding their own in the face of this waste, but in southeastern Alaska the catch has been falling off so fast of late that the canneries are either closing down or are marking time financially.

The total catch of Alaska salmon last year was 37,905,591. In 1920 it was 65,080,539.

This is a decrease in a single year of approximately 41 per cent!

Similarly in 1920 the pack was 4,429,463 cases, valued at \$55,602,800, a decrease under 1919 of 154,325 cases and falling off in revenue of \$7,662,549.

On the first of April of this year a commission, headed by Gov. Scott C. Bone and including C. D. Garfield of Juneau, J. H. Davies of Ketchikan, H. E. Ellsworth of Seward, and Calvin Hazelett of Cordova, realizing the need of some action in face of the diminishing "silver herds," filed a report for

headquarters for the Third or western division of Alaska. Native fishermen there testified that they had seen a whole lighterfull of 150,000 silver salmon dumped into Bristol Bay.

Salmon Rots

There is no doubt that in practically all the 28 canneries in Bristol Bay, a member of the grand jury told me, good food fish had been destroyed in large quantities. The reason for this is that certain salmon, that is the red salmon, brings a higher market price, and the cheaper varieties are allowed to rot in the sun while the canneries machines were busy putting up the reds.

This year in False Pass, in central Alaska, I saw two Japanese standing knee-deep in a lighterfull of salmon pawing out fish that had become soft from lying in the sun, until their arms ached.

Fish-Trap Wastes Fish

The fish-trap is one of the biggest sources of food waste. The device requires a pile driver and is too expensive for any but the big canneries to install.

At the mouths of rivers they are built and into their meshes are scooped every sort of fish, whether red salmon or other kind. All are loaded into the lighter and those not used are dumped into the water. It is said that one trap will catch as many fish as 50 salmon seiners.

The purse seine is worse. A tug or power boat hooks onto an immense small meshed net and surrounds a big area. Then the bot-

spices of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War. Funds raised will be devoted to the care of the wounded veterans, the up-building of the organization, the education of veterans and the establishment of summer homes for them.

Y. M. I. AND Y. L. I. PLAN SNOW FESTIVAL

A snowball party will be held by members of the Y. M. I. and Y. L. I. Wednesday night at 50 Oak-st.

John P. Mella heads the committee of arrangements. Miss Jessie Campbell is secretary of the general committee, which includes Miss Kathleen Piper and Miss Claire Hart.

TO DEBATE POWER BILL

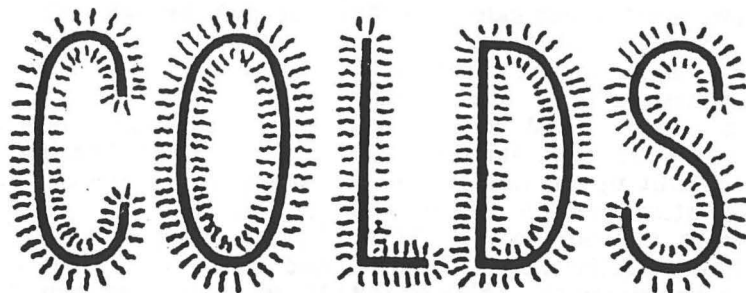
Stanford University, Nov. 2.—Debaters from the University of California and Stanford will discuss the proposed water power act in the Scottish Rite auditorium next Monday evening.

ARGUE KING TAX BILL

The trial of the King tax act in the U. S. district court was continued this afternoon when counsel for the Southern Pacific delivered argument in his attempt to establish the act as unconstitutional.

WHIST PARTY TOMORROW

The annual whist party of St. Joseph's sodality will be held in St. Joseph's hall, 10th and Howard-st. tomorrow night.



"Pape's Cold Compound" Breaks a Cold in Few Hours

Instant Relief! Don't stay stuffed-up! Quit blowing and snuffing! Take "Pape's Cold Compound" every two hours until three doses

ness, sneezing. The second and third doses usually break up the cold completely and end all gripe misery.

"Pape's Cold Compound" is the

ALASKA CANNERIES CLEAN, FISH CAREFULLY PACKED, SAYS STERN

Article 33

BY MAX STERN

THE first lighter full of salmon was at the dock, and the fish were being thrown on the pier by strongarmed beach men.

They were the beautiful king salmon, the first to run and the biggest in size. Although they sometimes weigh as much as 100 pounds, these are considered by epicures as the best salmon canned.



MAX STERN

On the fish dock men stood in rubber boots, wearing slicker hats and aprons, and on their hands were cloth gloves.

The first gang operated the "Iron Chink," a remarkable machine that revolves as the fish are fed into it, decapitating, cleaning the entrails and cutting off the tails.

This machine, installed about 10 years ago, does the work of 18 Chinese fish butchers, and has been a great boon to the salmon industry. The men who operate this machine must stand in wet, cold places and handle icy wet fish all day. By evening their hands are numb and their faces spattered with gore.

Fish Poisoning Danger

A row of washers receive the fish from the Iron Chink and wash from the carcasses the remaining skin and blood. They all wear cloth gloves, which, of course, lets the cold water into the hands. They use knives and sometimes receive cuts which may result in fish poisoning.

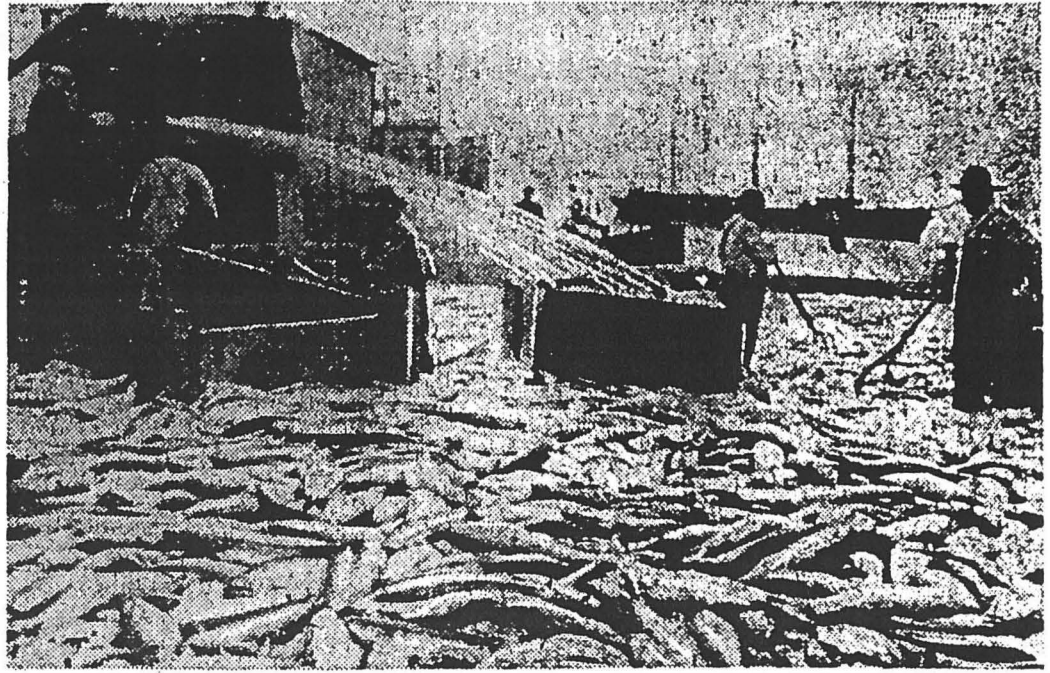
Then the salmon are carried on a chute into the cannery proper where they are fed by more men with canvas gloves into the cutter. From the cutter they go into a machine that stuffs the salmon slices into the cans. At the mouth of this machine stand several Chinamen in a row. These weigh the cans, fill in the short weight ones with bits of meat and take out of the overweight ones.

Canneries Are Clean

The cans are then capped by a capping machine, sent into a wash and then into a retort. Here they are subjected to a long heat under steam pressure, cooked and sterilized and ready for the lye wash. After this the cans are labeled and packed into boxes and are ready to be loaded onto the ships.

I want to state here that in all the score of salmon canneries I visited I did not once see filthy conditions. The canned product must run the gauntlet of food inspectors in the states operating under the pure food and drug act, and every precaution is taken in Alaska to prevent rejection at the hands of the inspectors. I have no qualms about eating the better brands of Alaskan canned salmon today.

Aside from the price in human suffering entailed in the Chinese contract labor system there is one thing, however, that does stand out



Alaska salmon canneries are not dirty. Wasteful they may be, but every precaution is taken to keep the food clean, and many of the canneries are models of sanitation and efficiency.

plants to utilize the herring that cannot be salted. The plants press out the oil and make fine fertilizer out of the fish "cakes." Fish are extremely high in phosphates and fish fertilizer brings a high market price.

The herring men declare that the cost of the plants is small and the returns good. But in not one salmon cannery had there been installed fertilizer plants or any other provision to take care of the by-products of the salmon.

More Sabotage

My job in the cannery that day was to brush out cans that had rusted from a year's storage in the damp Alaska winter. We placed the cans over a fast revolving brush, and if they were thoroughly cleaned they were as good as new.

But here, as in the box factory, the game of sabotage was being freely practiced against the company by my co-workers of the Chinese gangs. They seemed to take a joy in half cleaning the cans, a proceeding that would cause the cans soon to wear out and leak. It was part of the price the company was paying for the Chinese gang system.

That evening the wide mouth of the Nushagak looked like a lake in Switzerland. A good 10 miles across its blue surface loomed a row of gorgeous white-capped peaks, and between in the red glow of an Alaska sunset, danced a hundred fishing boats with sails set.

Each company's boats were of a different color, and as we sat in

front of the company's store, we amused ourselves by picking out the different cannery's colors.

Indian Village Deserted

A Mexican lad had come to the store to buy some paper to write a letter, and sat for a moment on the bench beside us. Capt. T—, a big, bluff and likable Scandinavian, who was acting as a sort of over-boss at the cannery, motioned the Mexican away.

"You get out," he said, "there's plenty of room for you to loaf in your own quarters."

The Mexican slunk away.

I went down to walk on the gravelly beach toward a native Indian village. It was almost deserted from the inroads of the "flu" epidemic three years ago—a lone squaw was hanging up red salmon bellies over a rack to be dried for dog food.

A little way on was the graveyard, a necessary part of every cannery. On its head-boards were painted in dimming outlines the names of more than 50 Scandinavian fishermen whose bodies had been rescued from the treacherous waters of the river that now looked so peaceful.

Beside the graveyard were lying a number of decayed coffins from which had been taken the bodies of Chinamen which had been disinterred and shipped to China.

Visits Ekuk Cannery

About three miles down stream stood Ekuk, a bleak and windy promontory, and there had been built a group of buildings that sur-

rounded one of the nine Alaska canneries of Libby, McNeill & Libby.

I decided to call on its Chinese gang, and after wading for a quarter of a mile through mud knee deep over the tide land, I arrived. It was almost as dreary and forbidding a place as had been the up-river cannery.

The Chinese gang was housed in a two-story building, with the Chinese downstairs and the rest upstairs. They were a listless crew of malcontents of many shades and races, and in their room that reminded one of a barrack they told the same sort of stories I had had from the common workers at Clark's.

It had taken them 30 days to come up from Seattle on the Flint, and aboard they had suffered the same deprivations and exploitation that we had.

On the way back the wind had stiffened, and although past 9 o'clock the sun had just set. Near the shore was skimming a fishing boat and at the helm was a man waving at me. I got quite a thrill as I recognized my old friend Tom.

"How's fish?" I yelled.

"No good," he shouted, and waved a last farewell.

At the company store at Clark's "Sparks," the wireless boy, told me the mail boat would be in at midnight.

(More Tomorrow)

FLOOD IN THE MISSION, sells you Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, on credit \$224-22nd. bet. Mission and Val.—Advt



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Aside from the price in human suffering entailed in the Chinese contract labor system there is one thing, however, that does stand out. That is the tremendous waste in a salmon cannery.

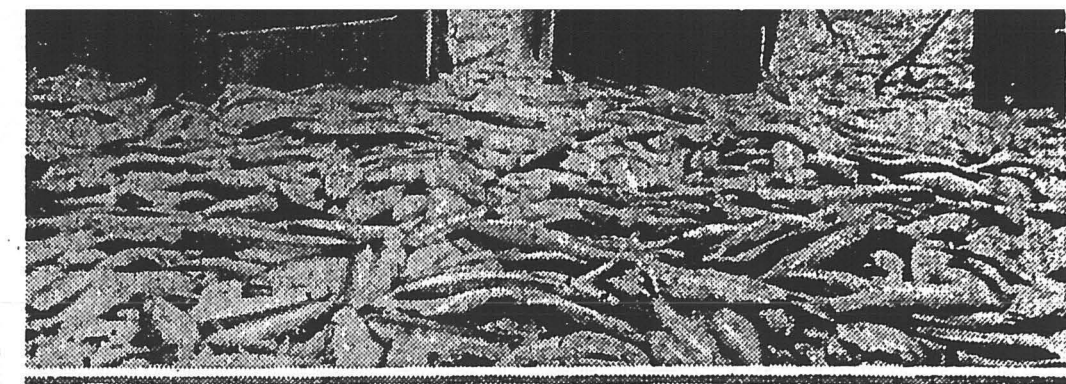
The Chicago pork packers boast that they utilize everything in a hog but the squeal. No such efficiency slogan can be applied to the salmon packers.

Much Is Wasted

That morning I walked ankle deep on the fish dock in salmon eggs. Aside from the immense potential life represented there, salmon roe is good food and brings a big price as trout bait.

The heads of the great king salmon containing much of the best meat of the fish were strewn about, and the residue, all of which would have made splendid fertilizer, was all being hosed with the heads and eggs into the river, a total loss.

In some of the herring salteries I visited in southeast Alaska, the owners have installed fertilizer



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Some Figures and a Moral

THE PRICE OF SALMON

PACKING CORPORATION HEAD CONDEMNS LABOR CONTRACTS

Article 34

BY MAX STERN

ALTHOUGH I stayed up all night, sitting on my blanket-roll, the mail boat did not come, and it was 10 the next morning when she poked her nose through a fog bank and steamed up in a drizzle to anchor—a welcome sight.



MAX STERN

I had apparently made good with my German boss and was urged to stick on at a regular wage and go back with the ship.

But it was with no regrets that I tumbled aboard the little iron steamer from the company's tug and engaged steerage passage to Seward. It would, I found, cost me nearly \$200 to get to San Francisco, as it was.

As I came on deck I noticed the two Joes. They had come to meet the mail boat on which had arrived C. P. Hale, president of the Alaska Salmon Co., who was bringing his wife and pretty niece for a visit to the cannery up river. I hoped they would enjoy their stay more than I had, but I was not permitted to tell them so.

That day we pulled up beside the Libby cannery steamer and remained the day for the tide to go out. I climbed aboard the great hulking vessel and inspected the forward hold. It was roomier than the ones in the windjammers, and the beds were fitted with steel springs.

Same Old System

But a talk with some of the crew convinced me that the same conditions of poor food and exploitation held here as in the Chinese gang on the San Francisco vessels.

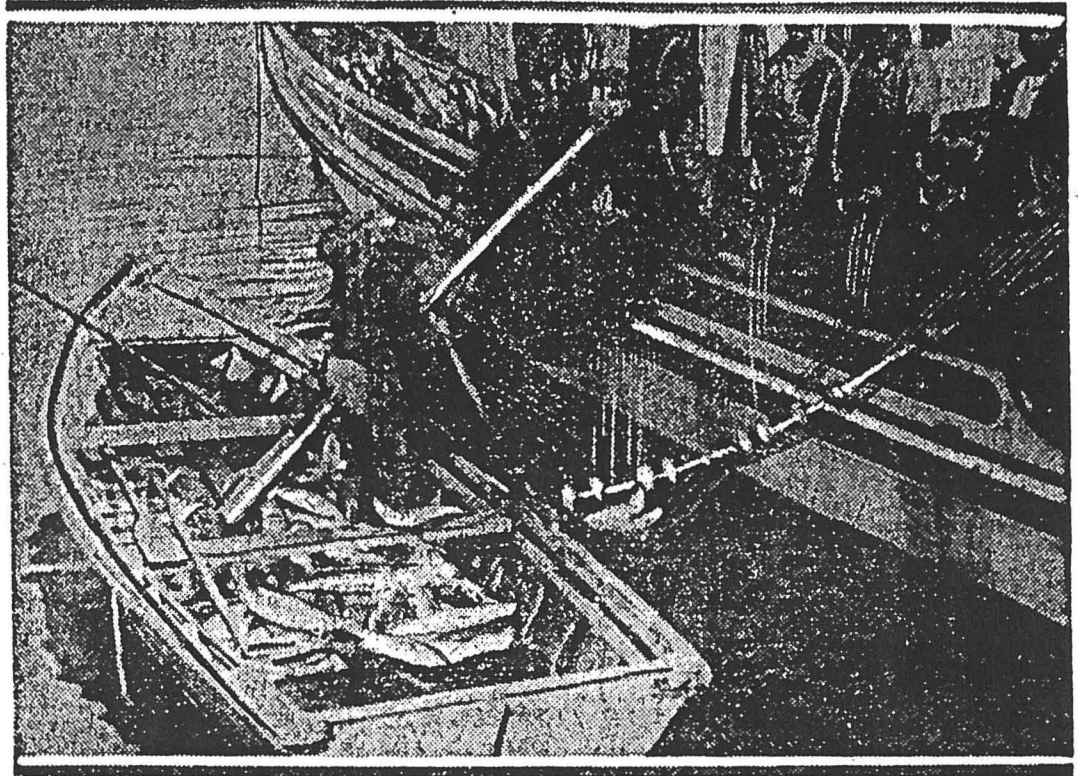
They had their separate galley, were fed two meals a day without butter, milk, fruit or vegetables, and had been forced to buy freely of the Chinese store of cakes, pies and other things. But their trials had been mitigated by the fact that this steamer had come up from Seattle in only 13 days.

That night at about 11 o'clock I accompanied the purser up the river to the little native settlement of Nushagak, where the postoffice of the district was located. The postmaster was very drunk and those of us who were pulling out had to leave without our mail, knowing that it was there.

As we boarded the mail boat at midnight it was just darkening, and when I awoke the next morning we were rolling in a high sea on the Behring, with every passenger in his bunk from sea-sickness.

Visit Many Canneries

Out through the pass and nosing up among the little Aleutian islands we visited many salmon canneries. The trail of the Chinese contractor and the Jewish outfitter I could not



Scene at a cannery in southeastern Alaska, where trouble is brewing over the use of the purse seine. The fisheremen declare the purse seine spoils fishing and "breaks up the schools."

conditions as I had just found them.

As one gets nearer to the beaten path of travel the conditions improve, due to the need of presenting a good front to the tourists and to the fact that labor can more easily leave the jobs. And in central and southeast Alaska I found the finest canneries on the chain.

Japs Get Better Pay

At Chignek the Northwestern Fisheries, the Booth interests, were hiring Japanese from Seattle. They were paying them \$250 a season and 25c an hour for time over 11 hours—better conditions than we enjoyed. But the men were hired by a Japanese contractor.

The Columbia River Packing Co. had crews of Filipinos hired from Seattle at \$225 a season. They had hired to a Chinese contractor and some had paid their way up from San Francisco. They were kicking about the meals that consisted of rice, fish and tea mainly.

At False Pass we remained a while to connect with a Nome steamer, and visited one of the best canneries on the route, owned by the P. E. Harris Co. The Jap labor here was getting \$350 a season, or \$70 a month, but, said the men, they gambled most of it away. Nowhere outside the Bristol Bay region were men being paid as low as our \$170 wage.

Condemns Contract System

At Ketchikan I talked to M. E. Stuart, president of the Ketchikan

refuses to gamble, his life is made miserable until he succumbs. In this way a good part of his wages get into the pockets of the bosses.

At one cannery I was approached by a Mexican worker who begged me to send him some "dope." He was suffering, and it could not be secured, he said. This was the only white "dope fiend" I saw on the entire trip.

Women in Canneries

In the herring fisheries women were employed extensively. Their quarters were well kept and presided over by matrons. The girls were Swedish and Scotch and had all shipped first-class from Seattle.

Although their work of salting and packing herring—"herring choking," as it is called—is arduous and gives backaches and rheumatism, the women were able to clear \$500 on the season, which lasts till nearly Christmas.

From the little out-of-the-way harbor of Unga and nearby at

Pirates' Cove there boarded our boat a group of striking codfishers. Their story forms an amazing chapter in the annals of Alaskan fisheries. It is another story of greed, and unfolded conditions in many ways worse than those of our Chinese crews.

(More Monday)

RIVOLI
OPERA HOUSE

Matinee Saturday and Sunday

Ferris Hartman
Paul Steindorff

Present the most melodious of all comic operas
"THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY"

Best Seats \$1.00.
Also 75c, 50c and 25c.

THEATER
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VALENCIA
BEGINNING TONIGHT

OLIVER MOROSCO

PRESENTS

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Visit Many Canneries

Out through the pass and nosing up among the little Aleutian islands we visited many salmon canneries. The trail of the Chinese contractor and the Jewish outfitter I could not seem to shake off.

"Meyer gets 'em going and coming," a Mexican boss at one of the A. P. A. canneries told me. "He sits pretty while he sends us fellows up here to risk our lives bossing this mixed crew of rough-necks."

At the charming little landlocked harbor of Unalaska we found one of Uncle Sam's revenue cutters. These are the beautiful vessels which patrol Alaskan waters, and in the far-off rivers where the rule of the cannery boss takes place of the "rule of man and God" they are the one institution that comes with the voice of authority.

Report Made to U. S.

Many a man has been saved from spending a winter in Alaska against his will by those chivalrous little vessels. To go through one of them and talk to the immaculate crew and keen, kindly officers makes one proud to be an American.

Unalaska is headquarters of the Behring sea patrol and from here the cutters are sent in answer to trouble calls from the canneries. There is a report on the Chinese gang system in Washington from this office, made following a strike at Naknek in 1918, and it tells of

Scene at a cannery in southeastern Alaska, where trouble is brewing over the use of the purse seine. The fishermen declare the purse seine spoils fishing and "breaks up the schools."

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Condemns Contract System

At Ketchikan I talked to M. E. Stuart, president of the Ketchikan Packing Corp., which hires Japanese labor through a Jap foreman. He said that the company allows the foreman \$17.50 a month for food, besides \$70 a month for wages, and that he is confident the foreman "knocks down" at least \$10 a month per man out of the feed money for himself.

"The contract labor system is no good," said Stuart. "It's one of those customs that have hung on in spite of its being outlived. The Jap foreman feeds the men very poorly and they are always kicking, and yet our white mess costs us only \$22.50 a month, or \$5 more than we allow him."

"The contract system, whether through Chinese or Japanese contractors, is a disgrace. It makes for poor food, bad living conditions and downright graft. There seems to me to be no reason why we cannery men could not hire our own common labor direct and cut out the middle men."

Japanese Gamble

Among the Japanese workers gambling is a worse evil than among the Chinese. At Valdez a deputy marshal told me that the Japanese bosses bring up professional cheaters and that if a worker

refuses to gamble, his life is made miserable until he succumbs. In this way a good part of his wages get into the pockets of the bosses.

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The Irish-Hebrew Mirthquake

4 Weeks in San Francisco 6 Months in New York 40 Weeks in Los Angeles

CAST OF WORLD'S GREATEST LAUGH FAVORITES

THAT'S HOW GOOD IT IS!

Seats Now Selling. Prices: Nights—\$1.00, 50c, 25c.
Thursday and Saturday Matinees—25c, 50c, 75c.
Branch Box Office: Sherman, Clay & Co.

Announcement!

OWING TO THE UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND FOR TICKETS FOR THE GREATEST OF ALL FILM SPECTACLES

"When Knighthood Was in Flower"

with MARION DAVIES

The CURRAN THEATER

Geary Street, Near Mason

ANNOUNCES THAT MAIL ORDERS, ACCOMPANIED BY CHECKS AND STAMPED ENVELOPE, WILL NOW BE RECEIVED FOR THE FIRST WEEK OF THE ENGAGEMENT, BEGINNING SUNDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 12. (Mats. Mon., Tues., Wed., Thurs., Sat.)

NOTE: On the two initial gala evenings headmen's seats will be given

PANTAGES

MARKET OPP MASON

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—in—
"Reel Dreams"

OFFICER VOKES & DON

THE LAMYS

CLIFFORD WAYNE & CO.

FARGO & RICHARDS

BURT SHEPHERD

SESSUE HAYAKAWA

NOW PLAYING

EROLIC
MARKET STREET & THOMAS POWELL

A Big Double Feature Bill!

HARRY CAREY

"The Wrong Man"

—in—

A Western Classic of Crime and Thrills

STRIKING CODFISHERMEN SAY THEY MADE ONLY \$20 A MONTH

Article 35

BY MAX STERN

THIS chapter has nothing to do with salmon. It deals with the price of codfish, and it is told by a half dozen striking cod-fishermen, who boarded the mail boat at Unga and Pirates' Cove with just enough money to get to Seward by steamer.



MAX STERN

They were all white men and men of apparent integrity and intelligence, and they were all sore, discouraged and broke, after two months' vain endeavor to make a living in the cod-fisheries in the employ of the "cod-fish trust" of the Pacific.

In the old Shanghai days men were drugged, shipped on dirty schooners, sent by force into whaling stations and cod-fisheries to work the season for nothing.

50c a Day

If we are to believe the stories of these striking cod-fishers, men in 1922 were put on the same craft, plied with liquor and sent to Alaska to troll cod for 50c a day and board.

"A man simply can't make a living in the cod-fields this year at the price the 'trust' is paying," the man declared.

The price paid the men this year was a quarter of a cent a pound, or \$5 a ton. For this they had to man the schooner going up, catch the fish, clean it, wash it and salt it.

Their work is more dangerous than the salmon seiners, for the cod hunters must go out alone in little dories in all sorts of waters and weathers, and pull their heavy catch up alone into a loaded small boat. And their work-day is often 15 hours long and more.

"American Plan"

"And," said these men, "the cod-fishers this year are not averaging more than 50c to 75c a day at the present price."

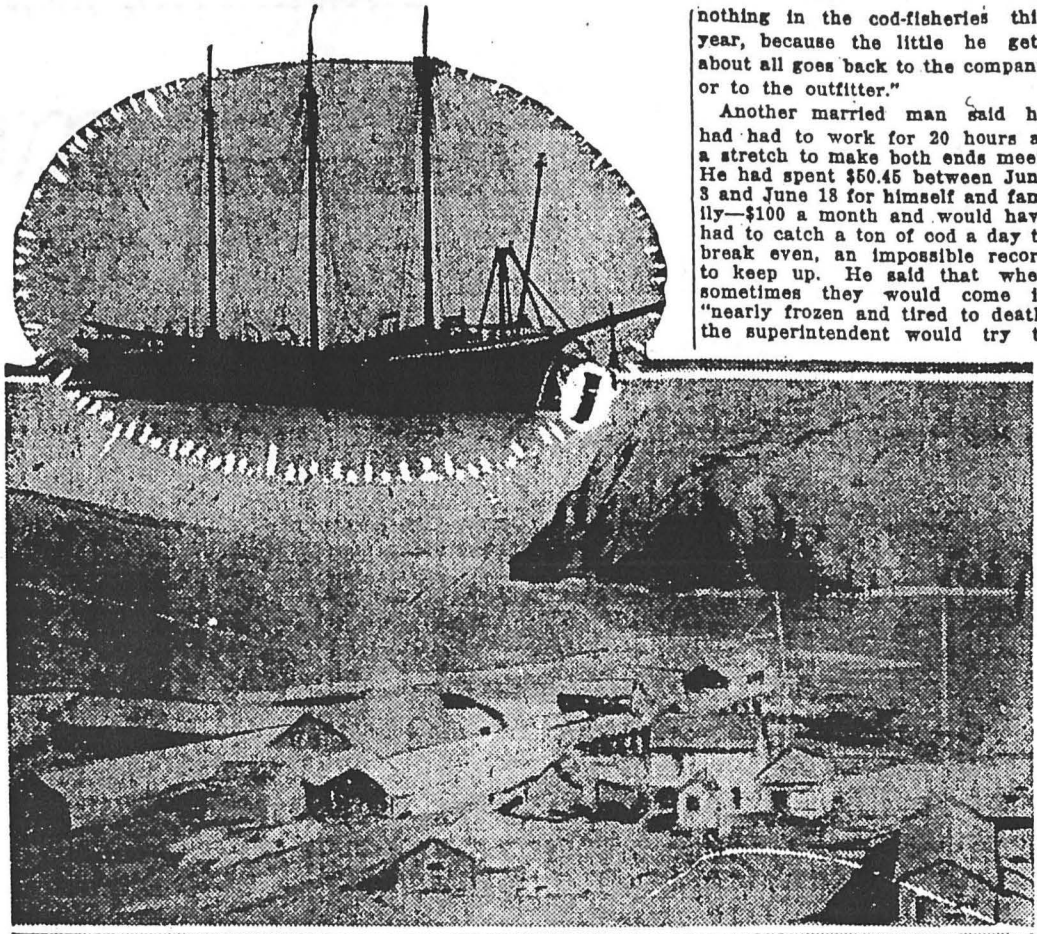
The men are hired in San Francisco. This year the "trust" broke the union and hired under the "American plan," and they are outfitted under much the same conditions as we had been by an outfitter in East-st known as "Pinky."

The prices, the men said, were wartime prices and the goods inferior. They had been given orders on these stores by the company when they were hired. Rubber boots, for instance, that could have been bought at an army goods store at \$4 a pair, cost the men \$10 a pair, they said.

Companies United

There are two cod stations, one at Unga run by the Alaska Codfish Co., and one at Pirates' Cove run by the Union Fish Co. Recently the latter company absorbed the former and together they are known as the "codfish trust." The trust operates 21 out of the 36 schooners in the Pacific codfish fleet.

A Swede, by the name of John Sandberg, was second high man at Pirates' Cove, and after spending \$70 for his outfit and at the store, he had earned only \$36.30 in two



The song of the cod fishermen is more of a wail than that of the salmon fishermen. Here is the camp of the "codfish trust" at Unga, out of which men fish cod for a quarter of a cent a pound, or \$5 a ton. Above is a cod schooner on which men work their way to the cod fields.

brought up fresh memories of the "Hotel St. Francis" up on the Nushagak.

"The roof had partly caved in and leaked," he said. "There wasn't any shower and no bathtub. One day the cook refused to cook two barrels of salt horse the company had given him."

"The nearest doctor was 75 miles away, and we had to buy our own medicine. A man got his heel crushed and he lay for two days before the company took him to the doctor. There weren't any schools in the district, but the Alaskan government collected \$5 school tax from us."

A man named Joe Lyons worked at Unga. He had a wife and baby he was leaving in Alaska, hoping to send for them when he got a job.

"Conditions are rotten at Unga. The bunk houses were lousy and the food poor. If you live in a shack instead of in the bunk houses, the company charges you for coal at \$2 a sack. Had to buy our own mattresses at \$4 apiece. The company has us good and fixed. If we try to fish for ourselves, we can't buy gasoline or coal from their store, and the other stores don't sell those things. The company pays us in paper, and the other stores won't cash it or take it in trade."

"A man with a family is out of luck. Last year we averaged only \$80 for the whole season, which shut down after six weeks."

What Are the Profits?

"A man just about works for

nothing in the cod-fisheries this year, because the little he gets about all goes back to the company or to the outfitter."

Another married man said he had had to work for 20 hours at a stretch to make both ends meet. He had spent \$50.45 between June 3 and June 18 for himself and family—\$100 a month and would have had to catch a ton of cod a day to break even, an impossible record to keep up. He said that when sometimes they would come in "nearly frozen and tired to death, the superintendent would try to

drive them out again and give them hell."

If there is good money in salmon what must there be in codfish at a quarter of a cent a pound?

The company gets it dressed, cleaned, salted and ready to ship for \$5 a ton.

The freight is little, for the fish go back in the company's own sailing vessels.

And codfish in the shape it leaves Alaska brings in San Francisco wholesale 8c a pound or \$160 a ton! The same officers who headed the Alaska Salmon Co., to which I had been sent, control the Union Fish Co. They are: C. P. Hale, president, and Mortimer Fleishacker, vice-president.

(More tomorrow).

POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT

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BY MAX STERN

hapter has nothing to do salmon. It deals with the codfish, and it is told by a man striking cod-fishermen, who read the mail boat at Unga and Pirates' Cove with just enough money to get to Seward by steerage.

They were all white men and men of apparent integrity and intelligence, and they were all sore, discouraged and broke, after two months' vain endeavor to make a living in the cod-fisheries in the employ of the "cod-fish trust" of the Pacific.

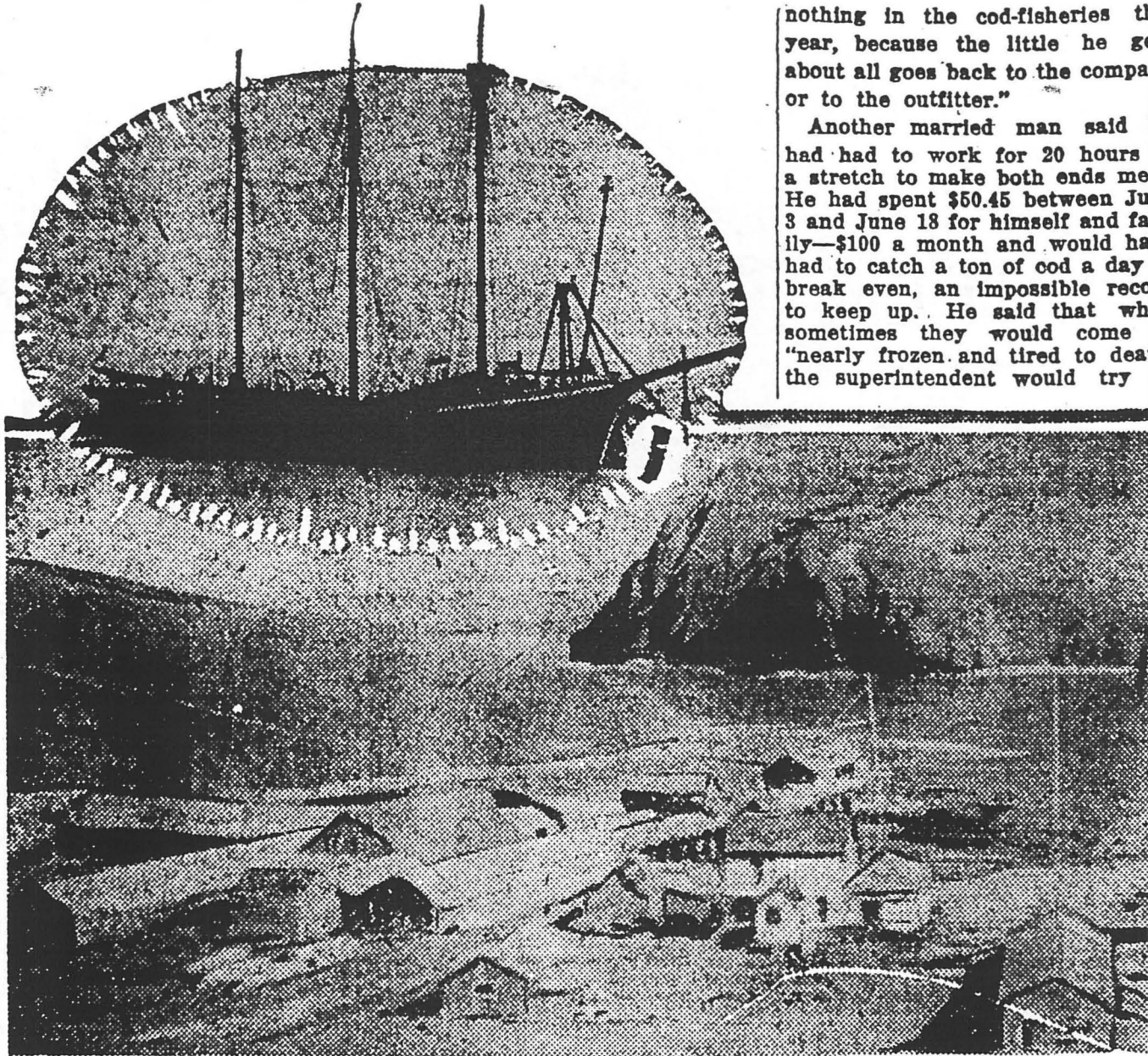
old Shanghai days men rugged, shipped on dirty ships, sent by force into wharves and cod-fisheries to work for nothing.

50c a Day
are to believe the stories of striking cod-fishermen, men were put on the same craft, with liquor and sent to Alaska to work for 50c a day and board. "I simply can't make a living in the cod-fields this year at the 'trust' is paying," they complained.

They paid the men this year a quarter of a cent a pound, or 12. For this they had to clean the schooner going up, catch cod, clean it, wash it and salt

work is more dangerous than salmon seiners, for the men must go out alone in small boats in all sorts of waters. They pull their heavy boats alone into a loaded small boat and their work-day is often long and more.

"American Plan"



The song of the cod fishermen is more of a wail than that of the salmon fishermen. Here is the camp of the "codfish trust" at Unga, out of which men fish cod for a quarter of a cent a pound, or \$5 a ton. Above is a cod schooner on which men work their way to the cod fields.

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Unions by I

BY GEO. W.

Labor has been itself in the case

communists on trial in superior court for criminal syndicalism

A letter signed defendants which charges that the union is being driven out of union labor they were active in movement in Oakland, all unions in Alameda

The letter, signed defendants, intimates hostility of the owners property because of mental in the public of "scabs who took operators in the town 1919, and helped the dismissal of the workers."

"The enemies labor," states the misrepresenting and using certain words railroad these men

"There is no doubt that any of them single act of violence

The communist which they are all members, has been nearly three years in prison for only three months.

The trial was a day because of the defendants, James E. Snyder.

POLITICAL AD

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operates 21 out of the 35 schooners in the Pacific codfish fleet.

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\$44.50 in Two Months

A Yankee named E. Evans helped man one of the San Francisco schooners. He worked at that and at fishing from Apr. 19 to June 24 and made \$44.50, and out of that he spent \$10.80 at the company store in Alaska.

"The boat was dirty and loaded with barrels so full that there was no place to walk," said Evans, a down-easter and experienced fisherman. "The bunks leaked and the bed clothes were wet in stormy weather. We lost a foresail and a jib because the sails were too old to stand the strain.

"I took the wheel but I got nothing extra for that. We also manned the pumps by hand. There were no lamps or lanterns, and we had to buy our own candles.

"Just before we shipped and while we were lying in San Francisco harbor off Sausalito, I saw the mate giving the fishermen moonshine. Finally I said: 'Say, Mate, isn't that about enough of that stuff?'"

"He said: 'I gotta keep 'em paralyzed to keep 'em aboard.'"

"The men came aboard drunk and they stayed drunk till the ship got out to sea."

50c a Meal

"At the camp in Pirates' Cove our boss was a German and a bit of a bully. He tried to make us go out in any kind of weather. If we didn't go, the company charged us 50c a meal for board. If we quit, we had to pay our own way home, of course; so they sort of had us.

"We got no fresh meat and we ate mostly codfish. We had a good cook and the food might have been worse.

"I would get up at 3:30, eat breakfast and go out to fish till 11. The company promised me a power dory, but I didn't get it and I had to pull myself out and my load in, if I couldn't get a tow. Then I'd throw my fish on the dock, clean them and dress them and wash them, and finally salt them. In the afternoon, I'd get time to keep my gear up and do other odd jobs. It was usually a 14-hour day, and I averaged about \$20 a month.

Work and Owe Money

"There are lots of fellows up there who couldn't get away. They have worked three months and most of 'em still owe from \$40 to \$50. There's not a man in the codfish fields who wouldn't quit if he could."

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Local radio New York.

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Men and women of California, let's quit having to about "NO" such pernicious measures as Amendment 20, the Single Tax and The ballot is too long. Amendment 27 will shorten the ball difficult for issues affecting taxation to come before the voters Beat the Single Tax again, and by adopting 27 let's KEEP IT

Recommended and urged by
S. F. Bureau of Governmental Research, Chamb
Real Estate Boards and Civic Organizations thro
ANTI-SINGLE TAX ASSOCIATION OF CALIF
SAN FRANCISCO

Vote "NO!"

ALASKANS THREATEN TO CLEAN UP THE SALMON CANNERIES

Article 36

BY MAX STERN

WHAT does Alaska think of the oriental labor contract system in its salmon fisheries?

I had an unusually good chance to find out, and I can say that from Nushagak to Kodiak and from Seward to Seattle the people of Alaska are everlastingly opposed to its operation in their midst.



MAX STERN

I interviewed many prominent Alaskans, and from Gov. Scott C. Bone down they expressed disapproval and indignation over the workings of this system in the canneries. Their concern was not

only over its effect on the workers themselves, but upon the trail of crime, disease and insanity that it has left in its wake in Alaska.

Mean Nothing But Trouble

S. O. Casler of Valdez, for nine years chief U. S. deputy marshal for the Bristol bay region, speaks with knowledge and authority.

"Seventy per cent of all the insane that Alaska is supporting come out of the salmon canneries," he told me, "and practically all of that 70 per cent comes from the Chinese gangs."

"The gangs have meant nothing but trouble for Alaska. It's been a case of one 'belly strike' after another. Two years ago we took 16 affidavits at one of these strike hearings. Low wages, poor food, dope peddling, booze, disease—these were a few of the effects of the Chinese gang system. The physical examination in the cannery ships is a joke."

"One year ago we took out 13 insane from this district alone. Alaska gets an average of a dozen insane left up here a year. They are mostly Mexicans and other Latins, who go crazy from marabuan weed, or booze, venereal disease or overwork. It is costing the territory \$10,000 a year to care for these insane alone. What it costs in its effect on the natives no one knows. We want Alaska made safe for white cannery hands, not a dumping ground for all the cheap labor from the states."

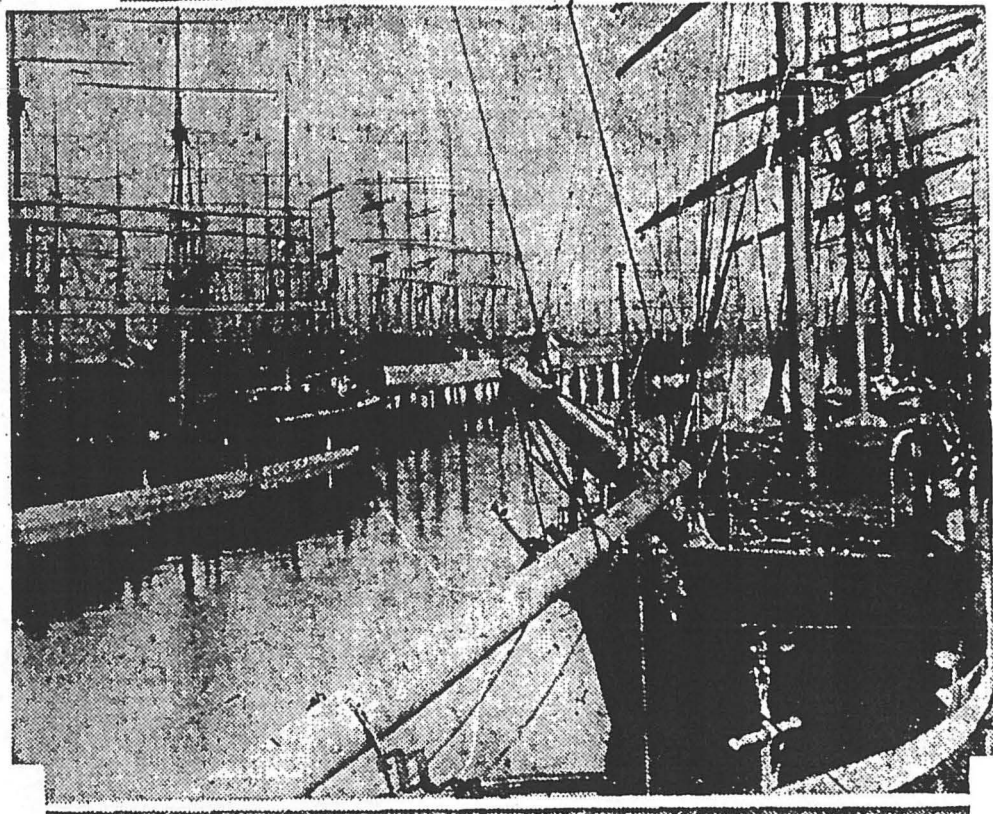
Governor Urges Supervision

Said Gov. Bone: "I do not approve of the Chinese contract system at all. We cannot afford to have our fish prepared by men living under unwholesome conditions. The canneries must have closer supervision."

"I have talked the matter over with Sec'y Hoover, and I look for better regulation under his jurisdiction. For their own sakes, the cannery owners should improve this situation."

Atty-Gen. John Rustgard: "If some of the cannery men would show more interest in humanity there would be a lot less trouble. Prior to 1919 many canneries had no lavatories. Now that is improved, but there's much still to be done to bring conditions up to what they should be."

"Our federal bureau of fisheries have inspectors, but their time is taken in seeing the fish laws enforced, and the canneries do not



Home again. Here's Oakland estuary with its fleet of battered windjammers, awaiting another salmon season next year.

get the proper inspection as to labor and sanitary conditions.

"We'll Clean 'Em

"The Mexican and Central Americans of the Chinese gangs form a big part of our criminal and insane problems. The Japanese in the gangs are careless about our game, and many Japanese have lived the whole season on venison and have even used it for fish bait."

Surveyor-Gen. Carl Thiele: "I've been all over the situation, and I can say that if the canneries don't clean house themselves, we're going to do it for 'em."

"I'm an Alaskan and I can say that we're tired of the sort of labor the canneries are shipping up here. The conditions in Bristol bay are such as demand some immediate steps looking to improvement. If they don't start improving, then we will start some legislation."

W. S. Craig, former commissioner for Dillingham, Bristol Bay: "I've heard cases in the Bristol bay settlement for two years. The big majority of cases that came before me were those of the Chinese gangs. It's a shame the way they are treated and it is up to the companies to look into the situation. These gangs sell booze to our natives and take their last dollar. It would be better for our natives if the canneries had never come."

He'd Close 'Em Up

H. E. Ellsworth, fish commissioner for the third district: "If I had my way I'd close up all the canneries for four years until we could work out some protective legislation."

"Go to our orphanages and you'll see the effect of the kind of labor

the canneries are bringing up here. The workers they are sending up here are deteriorating our population, and adding to our crime and insanity problems."

Delegate Dan Sutherland, Seward: "We want white men sent up here to help us colonize Alaska. There ought to be a village every few miles of our 2000 miles of coast, like in Norway. As it is, the fisheries are being exploited for all the traffic will bear by a handful of capitalists. They want their capital back the first year. They treat the fisheries like a placer mine."

"Looting Alaska"

H. B. Selby, editor of the Seward "Gateway": "The oriental contract system should be abolished. The insane, criminal and diseased are left on our hands. They are the result of dope, booze and overwork, and they are the problem for the canneries. There are very few sound-doughs in our insane asylum. The big majority come from the cannery gangs. While the canneries are busy looting Alaska, they ought to at least be made to care for their insane."

Commissioner Tom Padden, Dillingham: "The Chinese gang system is a thoroughly bad institution. It brings the riff-raff of the states to Alaska and does us no good. I think the cannery owners themselves would find it to their advantage to do away with the system and hire for themselves a better type of workers."

Sell Booze to Natives

Sen. Chamberlain, member of the Alaska legislature from Seward: "Two-thirds of all our crime and insanity is traceable to the Chinese

labor camps of our salmon canneries. They kill our game, sell booze to our natives, and then what little money they make they cannot spend outside the company stores."

"If Alaska had the power to make her own laws, she'd soon put a stop to it."

"The organic law governing Alaska results in the bureaucratic form of government and our hands are pretty much tied. When we try to do anything, as we did when we tried to raise the salmon tax from 5c to 10c a case, the big lobbies of the cannery men are too strong for us."

Little Better Than Slavery

"The Chinese contract system is a relic of the feudal days, and has to go sooner or later. It's little better than slavery."

A. E. Rucker, former chief deputy clerk of the third division: "Alaska wants white labor. The Chinese contract system is repulsive to our ideal of Americanism. Moreover, we don't want their grappa and their dope brought up here to contaminate our natives. You only have to live in Seward and see every year the insane brought out of the cannery region to realize what the effects of the system are."

Thus speaks Alaska. One could quote to the limit of all its 20,000 people, for they do not love the canneries and their ways. The people of Alaska don't mind hard work and certainly they aren't squeamish, but they insist on fair play. And the Alaskans figure that the canneries, with their Chinese gang system, have gone a bit too far.

(More Tomorrow)

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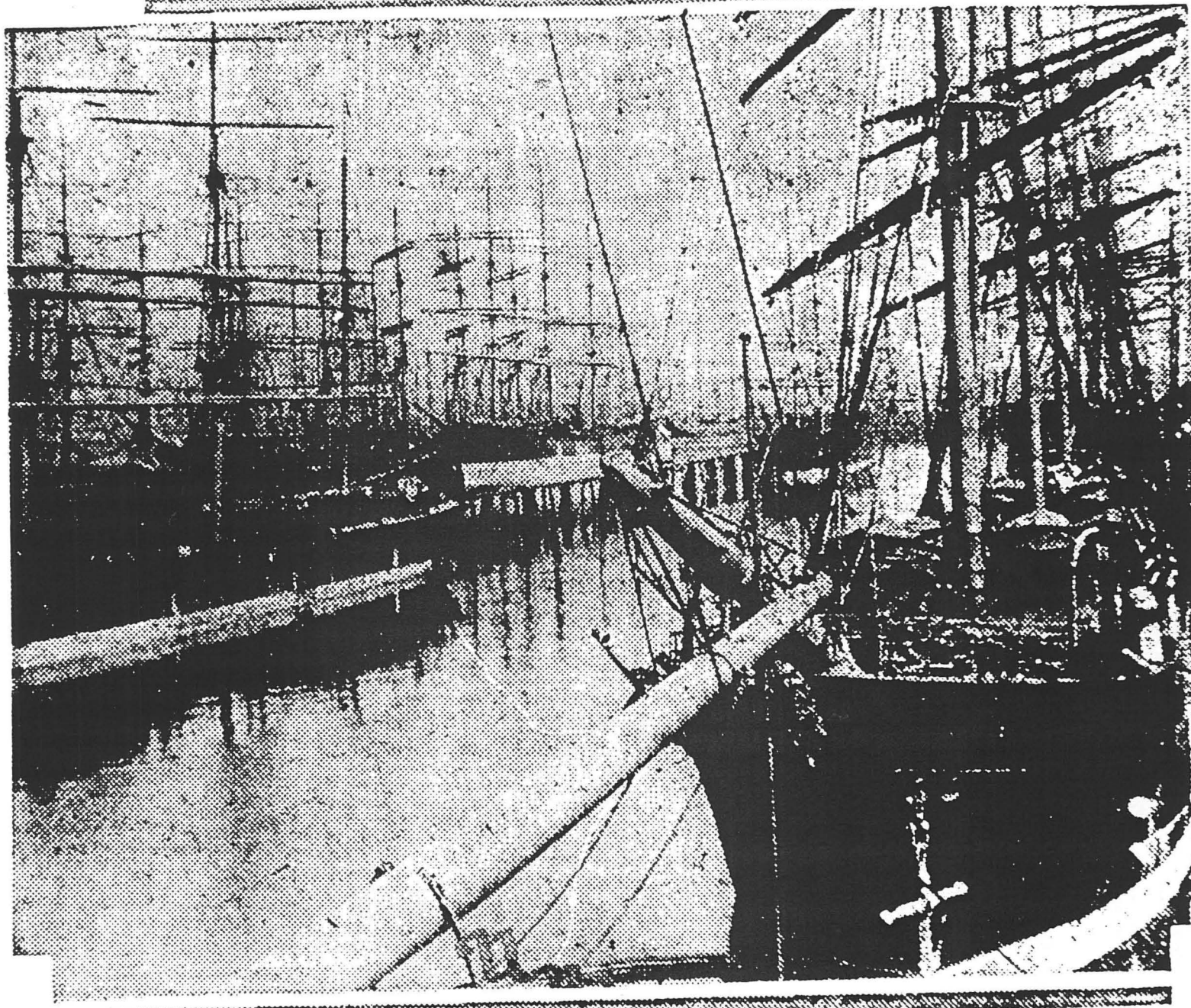
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"IT'S ALWAYS BEEN DONE," IS EXCUSE FOR LABOR CONTRACT

Article 37

BY MAX STERN

THERE are some institutions which everybody agrees are unscientific and retrogressive, but which we still cling to, because "it's always been done."



Full dress suits, for instance, were designed many years ago for men who rode astride of horses and carried swords. They are hang-overs from the old horsey days, and belong only in museums and in colonial masquerades. More than 99 per cent of all adult males loathe them and themselves when stuffed into them.

MAX STERN Dress suits violate every modern code of hygiene, comfort and beauty, yet they still survive as the insignia of the correctly doled-up 1922 man. It is the same with battleships, butlers, after-dinner toasts and many other things.

And, although it is a far cry from full-dress suits, to the same category belongs the Chinese labor contract system in the salmon canneries of Alaska.

What's the Excuse

Useful, perhaps, in the pioneer days, when Chinese coolies did all the work in the salmon canneries, this system is today not only uneconomical and unscientific, but bobs up every autumn to furnish the annual labor scandal on the Pacific coast.

I have yet to find a single reason why the cannery owners should consign to orientals the hiring of their labor, other than the dress-suit excuse, that "it's always been done."

"Why do you turn the hiring and caring for your workmen over to absentee Chinamen, whose only interest can be to exploit them?" I asked C. H. Bentley, head of the California Packing Corp., which five years ago absorbed the Alaska Packers' ass'n, the biggest salmon combination in the world.

Bentley is a thoughtful and kindly-appearing type of capitalist. He is one of the "new school," and since taking over the salmon fisheries has been doing a lot to improve the housing facilities in the company's many canneries.

"Well," he smiled, "it's always been done that way, and it's always worked satisfactorily."

Bentley Surprised

He was sincerely surprised and shocked to hear of some of my experiences, and quite readily agreed that perhaps it is not working out so satisfactorily for the thousands of cannery hands who come under it.

The usual excuse for the system is that it saves the cannery superintendents a lot of trouble. The Alaska Packers' ass'n has given orders to hire no white men and, the company figures, a Chinaman knows best how to scout the other kind.

But several cannery owners I talked to in southeast Alaska declared that the Chinese contract



fed from one mess. There could be several sittings. This would insure three good meals a day and eliminate the double standard of living and its constant incentive to "belly strikes" and rebellion.

Would End Profiteering

4—The workers could be permitted and encouraged to buy their outfits where they could get them cheapest and best, and thus profiteering on the part of the outfitter would be eliminated.

5—The Chinese store and the Mexican store aboardship made unnecessary by the good mess and three "squares" a day, the men could trade with the ship's slop-chest and cannery store, and another form of exploitation be eliminated.

6—With the men hired direct, a better system of medical inspection could be worked out, gambling could be regulated and the ship watched for booze and drugs.

7—With the ability to hire and fire restored to it the company could select a better type of workers than now go up under the Chinaman and the outfitter. Whereas, the latter's first interest is to hire men easy to exploit and their second interest getting good hands, the company's primary interest would be to get competent help.

Would Return With Money

8—Instead of coming back, owing the Mexican boss for gambling, the outfitter for inferior clothing and bedding, and the Chinaman for needed food extras, the workers under this system would come back with nearly their whole season's earnings, healthy, contented and ready to meet the winter with some sense of security.

The question of shortening the trip by the installation of auxiliary engines in the wind-jammers is a purely economic one. Bentley said that the matter had been before his directors for some time, but for the time being nothing will be done.

The fact that the A. P. A. this year bought two steel square-riggers bears out the belief that the ancient wind-baggers are here for



What Alaska wants. Above, a row of white cannery hands of the sort that Alaska's prominent men demand shall replace the Chinese gangs now putting up the salmon pack. Below is Gov. Scott C. Bone of Alaska, who says the Chinese gang system must go.

ously to the evils of the Chinese gang system, could help in a reform movement by taking the \$5 school tax off the backs of the common cannery hands. The \$5 isn't such an item for the better paid workers, but for a common worker in Alaska today it means several days' work and it is one more burden to the ones he now carries.

Efficiency Needed

In spite of the waste of fish in the past and the certainty of some protective measures in the future, the salmon industry in Alaska is on a pretty sound basis.

Salmon packers will, however, in the future have to begin to apply to their industry the same yardstick that other industries in the states are measuring up to.

They will not only have to adopt the Chicago packers' economy

live up to the fact that California, Oregon, Washington and Alaska are not a part of China, Japan or "barbarous Mexico," but belong to the U. S. A. and that they are living not in the days of feudalism, but in 1922. And the U. S. A. in 1922 means quite the opposite of the conditions such as I found them in the Chinese gangs.

If the salmon canners are going to march abreast of their country and their age, they will have to bring down the price of salmon. That doesn't mean the price in cents, but the price in human misery which is now altogether too high. (The End)

ANOTHER BIG W MISSION ST

To get such merchandise at the price listed below is indeed fortunate. If a to you in addition to good merchandise to come early and take advantage of

WHAT OUR DRY GOODS DEPT. IS OFFERING

Table Oil Cloths—	75c
Each	
36-in. Bleached Muslin—Buy it cheaper if you can.	12½c
Our price is, yard...	
Crash Toweling—	11c
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Of Interest to Smokers

Chesterfield Cigarettes—	
20 in pkg.	13¢
Camel Cigarettes—	
20 in pkg.	12½¢
8-oz. Cans Union Leader	
Tobacco	37¢
Climax Chewing Tobacco—	
15-oz. plugs	69¢
"111" Cigarettes	8¢
8-oz. Tuxedo or Prince Albert	
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BY MAX STERN

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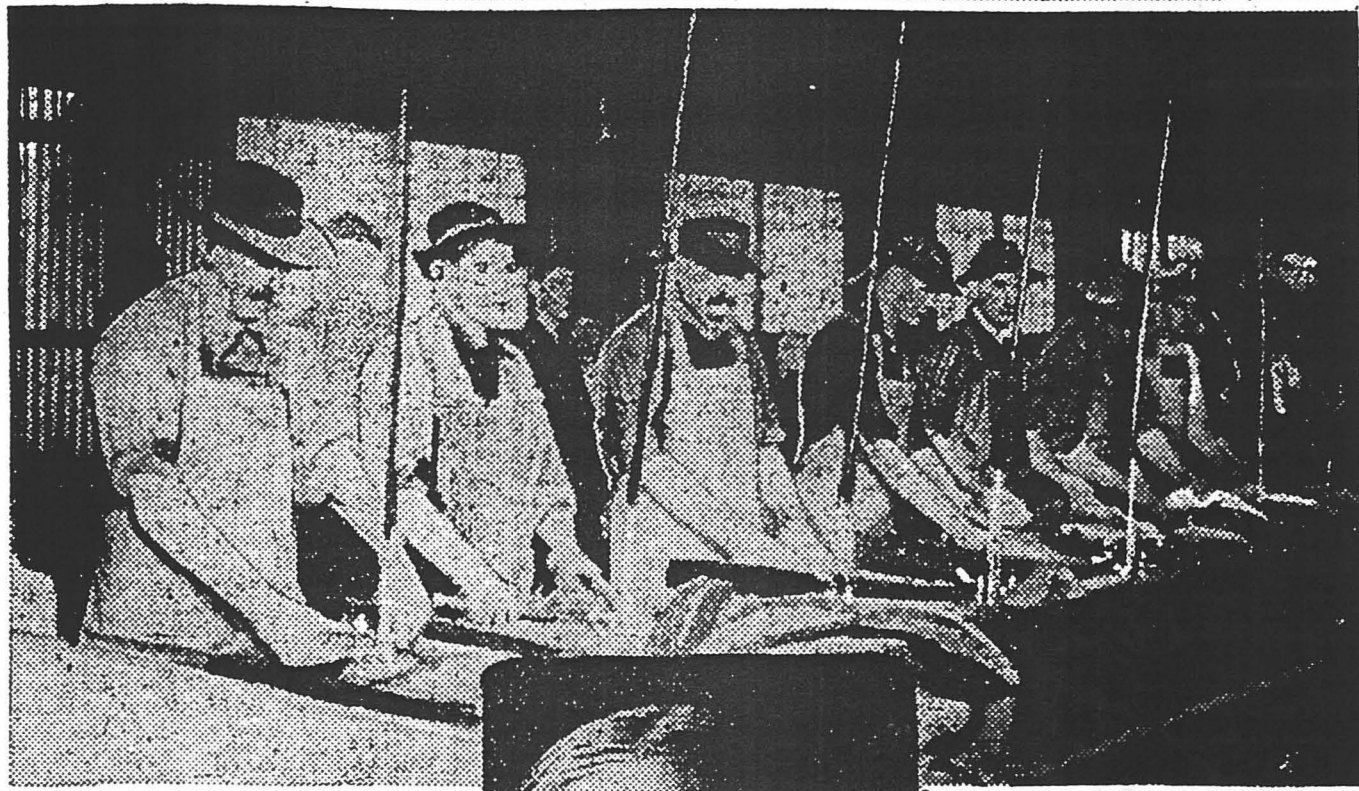
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What Alaska wants. Above.

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If the salmon canners are going to march abreast of their country and their age, they will have to bring down the price of salmon. That doesn't mean the price in cents, but the price in human misery which is now altogether too high. (The End)

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ANOTHER BIG WEEK AT MISSION ST. S'

late every modern code of hygiene, comfort and beauty, yet they still survive as the insignia of the correctly dolled-up 1922 man. It is the same with battleships, butlers, after-dinner toasts and many other things.

And, although it is a far cry from full-dress suits, to the same category belongs the Chinese labor contract system in the salmon canneries of Alaska.

What's the Excuse

Useful, perhaps, in the pioneer days, when Chinese coolies did all the work in the salmon canneries, this system is today not only uneconomical and unscientific, but bobs up every autumn to furnish the annual labor scandal on the Pacific coast.

I have yet to find a single reason why the cannery owners should consign to orientals the hiring of their labor, other than the dress-suit excuse, that "it's always been done."

"Why do you turn the hiring and caring for your workmen over to absentee Chinamen, whose only interest can be to exploit them?" I asked C. H. Bentley, head of the California Packing Corp., which five years ago absorbed the Alaska Packers' ass'n, the biggest salmon combination in the world.

Bentley is a thoughtful and kindly-appearing type of capitalist. He is one of the "new school," and since taking over the salmon fisheries has been doing a lot to improve the housing facilities in the company's many canneries.

"Well," he smiled, "it's always been done that way, and it's always worked satisfactorily."

Bentley Surprised

He was sincerely surprised and shocked to hear of some of my experiences, and quite readily agreed that perhaps it is not working out so satisfactorily for the thousands of cannery hands who come under it.

The usual excuse for the system is that it saves the cannery superintendents a lot of trouble. The Alaska Packers' ass'n has given orders to hire no white men and, the company figures, a Chinaman knows best how to scout the other kind.

But several cannery owners I talked to in southeast Alaska declared that the Chinese contract system is vicious and would soon have to be abandoned. They said that it is not working out satisfactorily even for them.

Here's Plan

None of them could see why something like this could not be substituted:

1—All workers in the canneries to be hired direct by the company, as the fishermen are. These workers could be the same general type as those hired by the Chinaman, or they could be preferably white Americans as the supply became available.

2—The Chinese contractor and his understudy, the outfitter and procurer eliminated, their rake-offs would be available for better wages, and the men could be paid more than \$170 a season. In this way the jobs would gradually become attractive to a better type of workers.

3—Aboard ship and at the canneries the men could all be

fed from one mess. There could be several sittings. This would insure three good meals a day and eliminate the double standard of living and its constant incentive to "belly strikes" and rebellion.

Would End Profiteering

4—The workers could be permitted and encouraged to buy their outfits where they could get them cheapest and best, and thus profiteering on the part of the outfitter would be eliminated.

5—The Chinese store and the Mexican store aboardship made unnecessary by the good mess and three "squares" a day, the men could trade with the ship's slop-chest and cannery store, and another form of exploitation be eliminated.

6—With the men hired direct, a better system of medical inspection could be worked out, gambling could be regulated and the ship watched for booze and drugs.

7—With the ability to hire and fire restored to it the company could select a better type of workers than now go up under the Chinaman and the outfitter. Whereas, the latter's first interest is to hire men easy to exploit and their second interest getting good hands, the company's primary interest would be to get competent help.

Would Return With Money

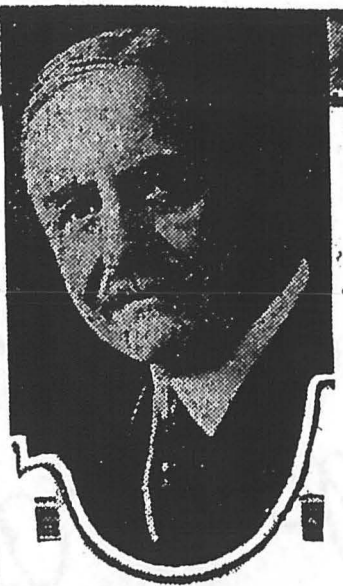
8—Instead of coming back, owing the Mexican boss for gambling, the outfitter for inferior clothing and bedding, and the Chinaman for needed food extras, the workers under this system would come back with nearly their whole season's earnings, healthy, contented and ready to meet the winter with some sense of security.

The question of shortening the trip by the installation of auxiliary engines in the wind-jammers is a purely economic one. Bentley said that the matter had been before his directors for some time, but for the time being nothing will be done.

The fact that the A. P. A. this year bought two steel square-riggers bears out the belief that the ancient wind-baggers are here for some time to come. As long as labor is cheaper than machinery, there will be no change.

\$5 Tax Hurts

Alaska, which objects so strenu-



What Alaska wants. Above, a row of white cannery hands of the sort that Alaska's prominent men demand shall replace the Chinese gangs now putting up the salmon pack. Below is Gov. Scott C. Bone of Alaska, who says the Chinese gang system must go.

ously to the evils of the Chinese gang system, could help in a reform movement by taking the \$5 school tax off the backs of the common cannery hands. The \$5 isn't such an item for the better paid workers, but for a common worker in Alaska today it means several days' work and it is one more burden to the ones he now carries.

Efficiency Needed In spite of the waste of fish in the past and the certainty of some protective measures in the future, the salmon industry in Alaska is on a pretty sound basis.

Salmon packers will, however, in the future have to begin to apply to their industry the same yardstick that other industries in the states are measuring up to.

They will not only have to adopt the Chicago packers' economy slogan and save all the salmon but the scales. They will not only have to quit wasting fish. They will have to quit wasting human beings. The salmon packers will have to

live up to the fact that California, Oregon, Washington and Alaska are not a part of China, Japan or "barbarous Mexico," but belong to the U. S. A. and that they are living not in the days of feudalism, but in 1922. And the U. S. A. in 1922 means quite the opposite of the conditions such as I found them in the Chinese gangs.

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(The End)

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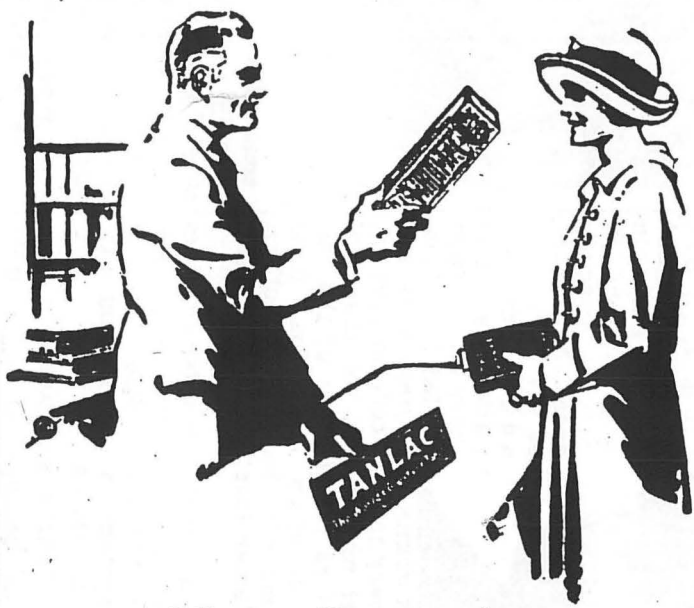
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